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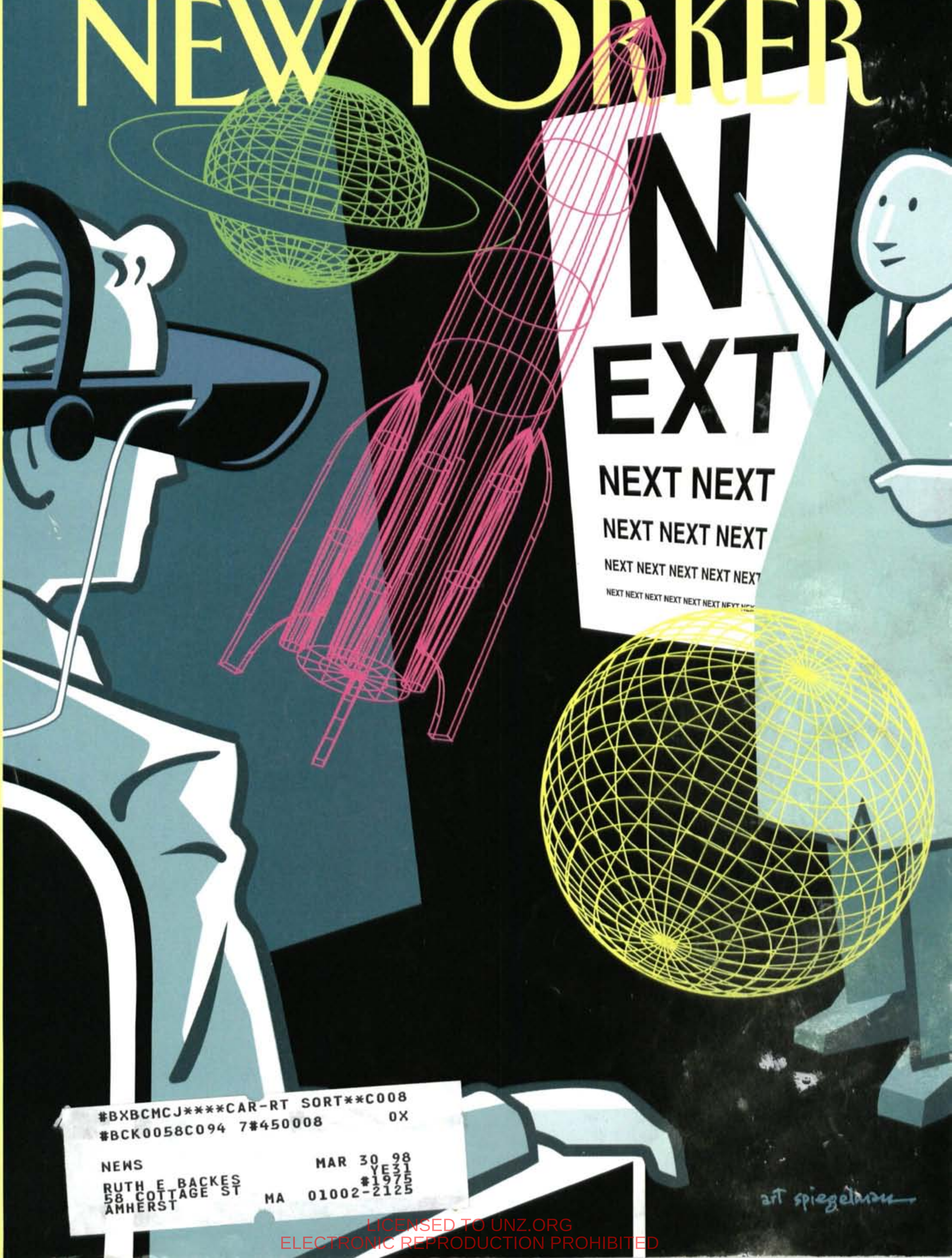
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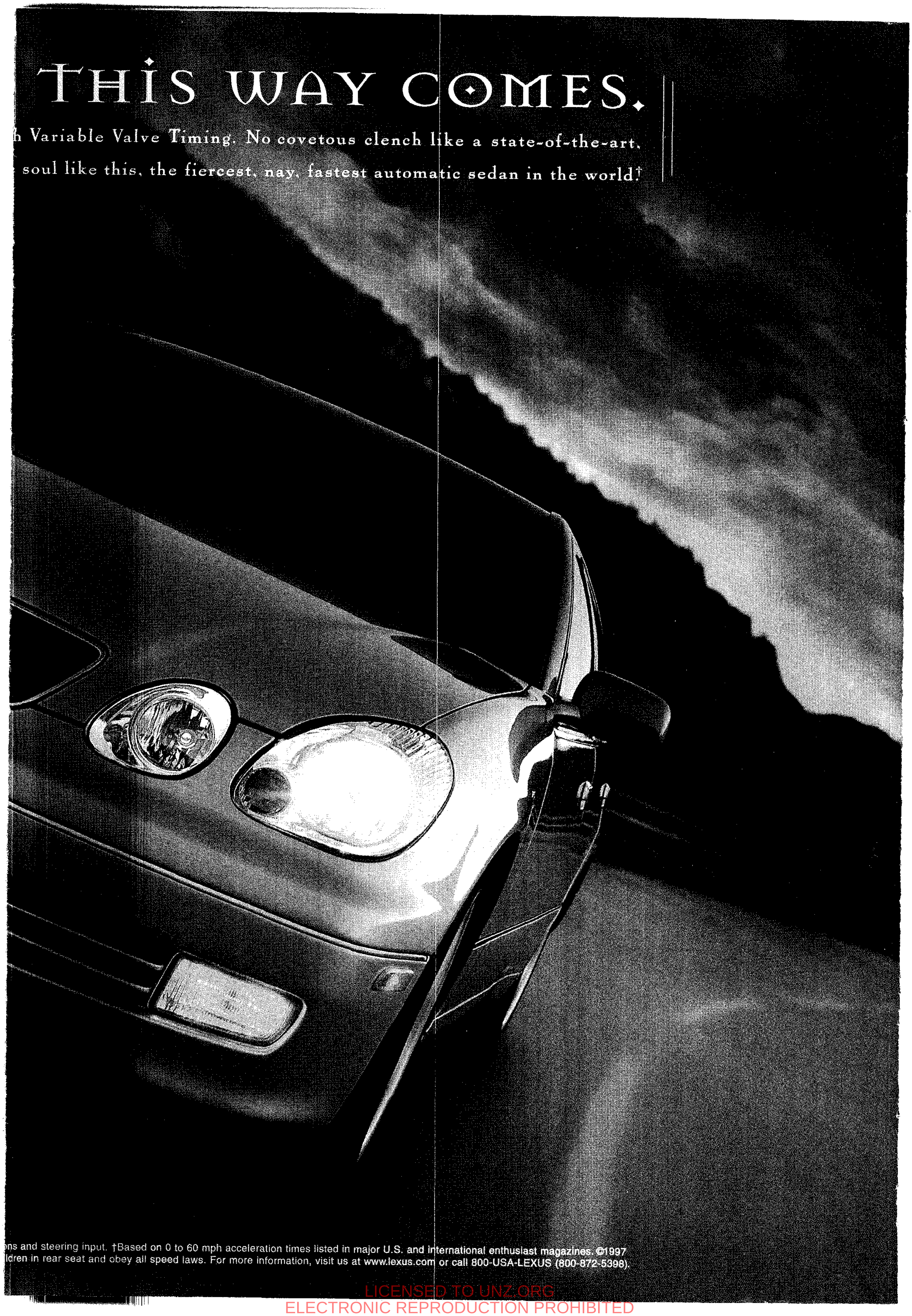

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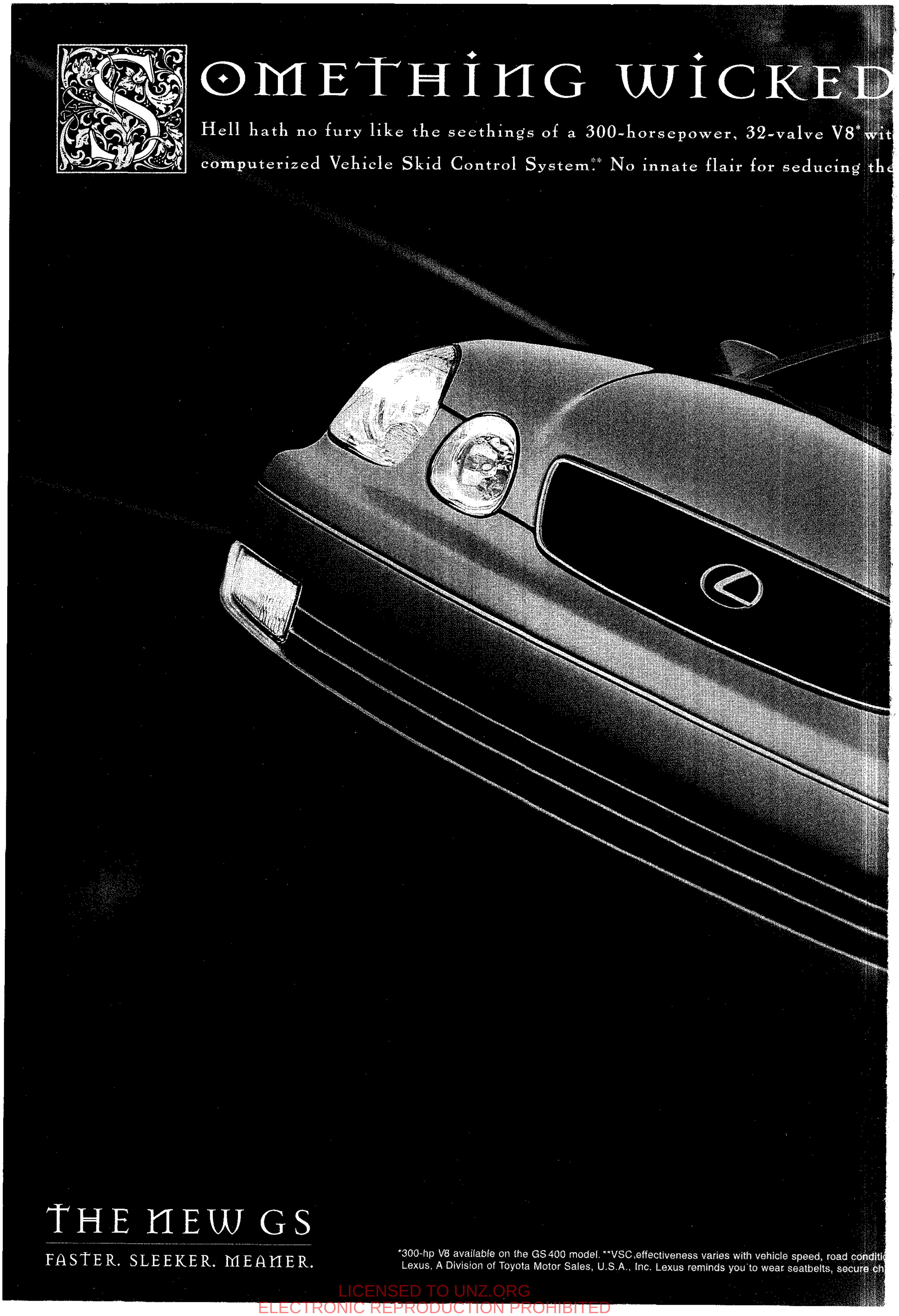

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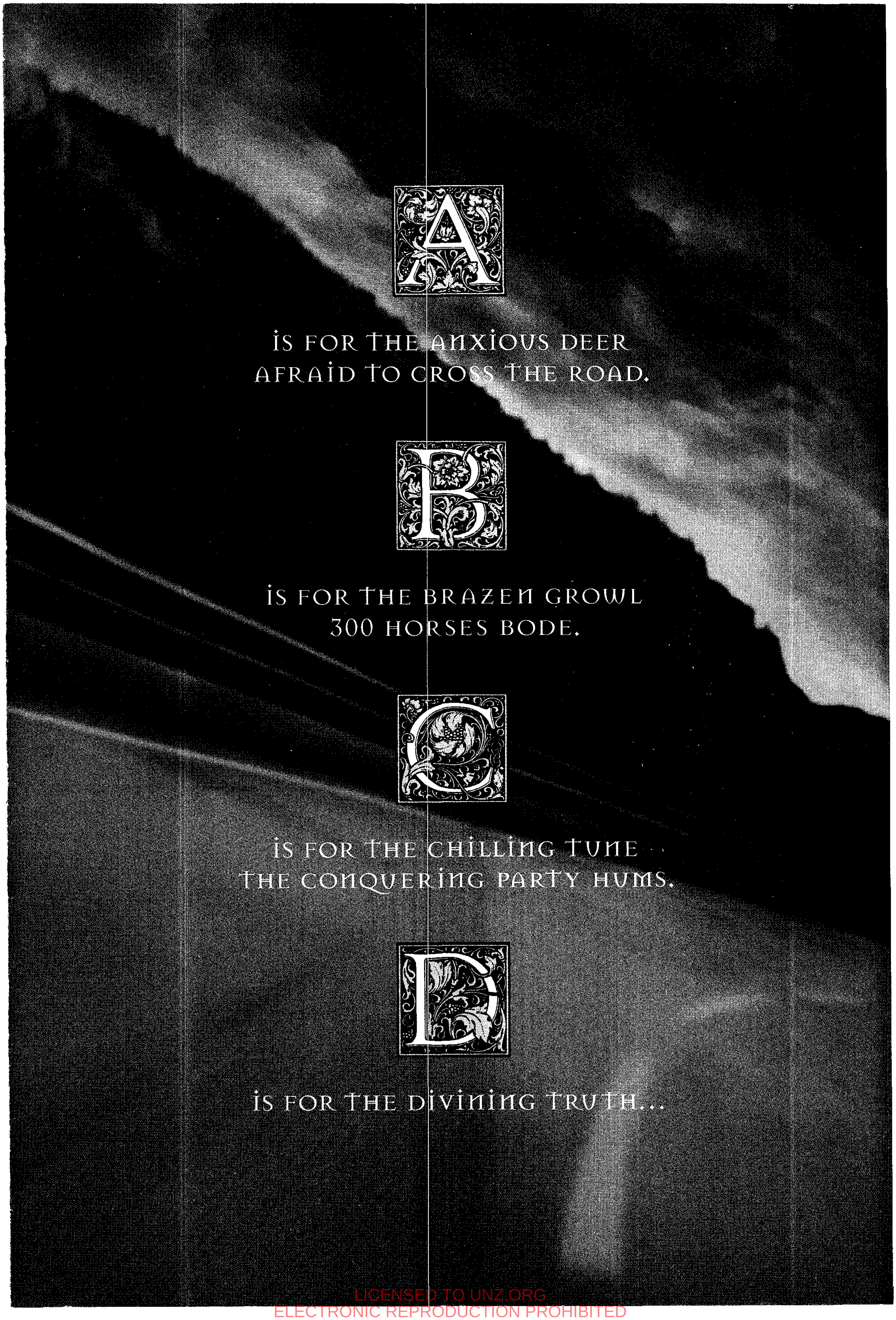

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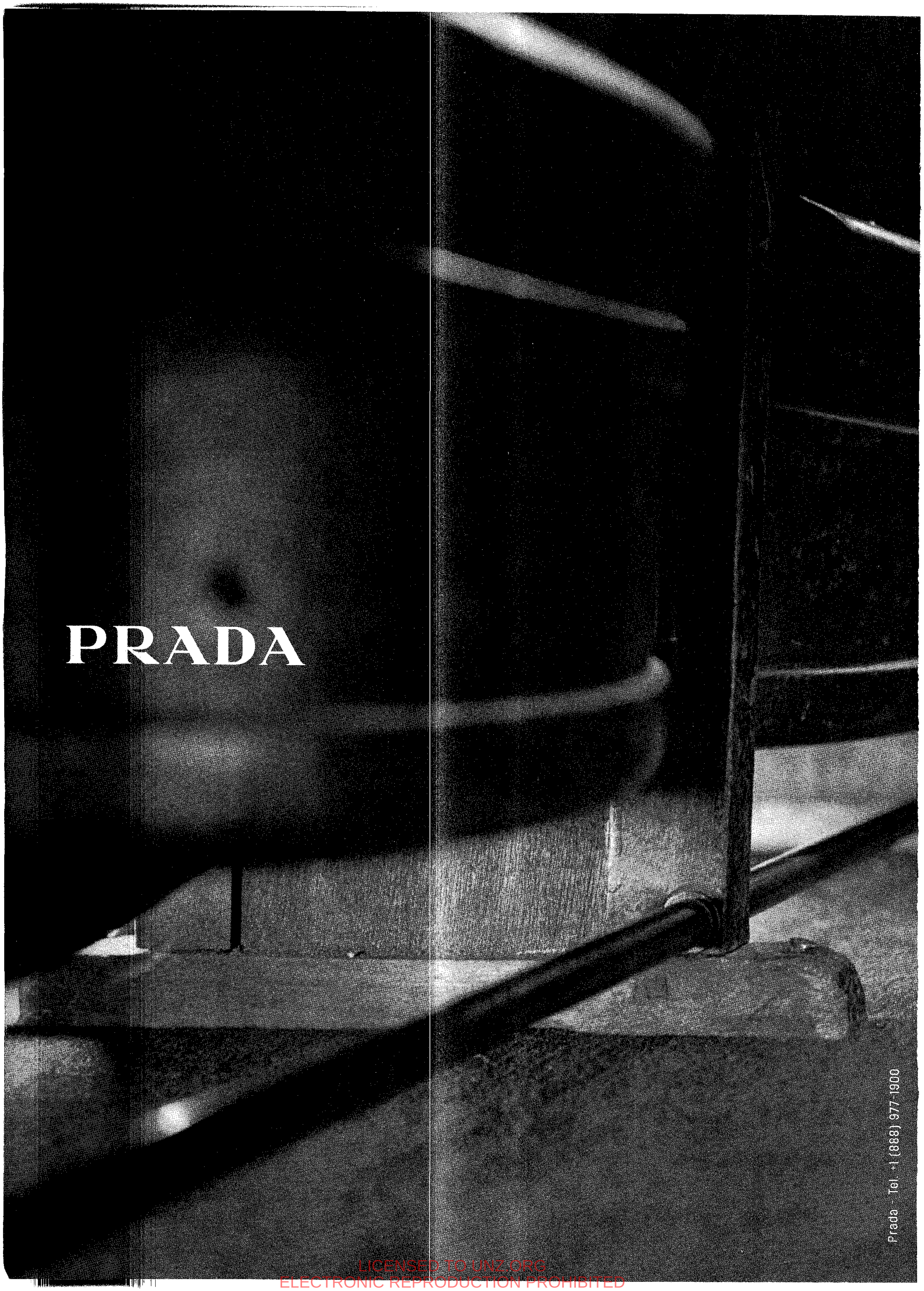
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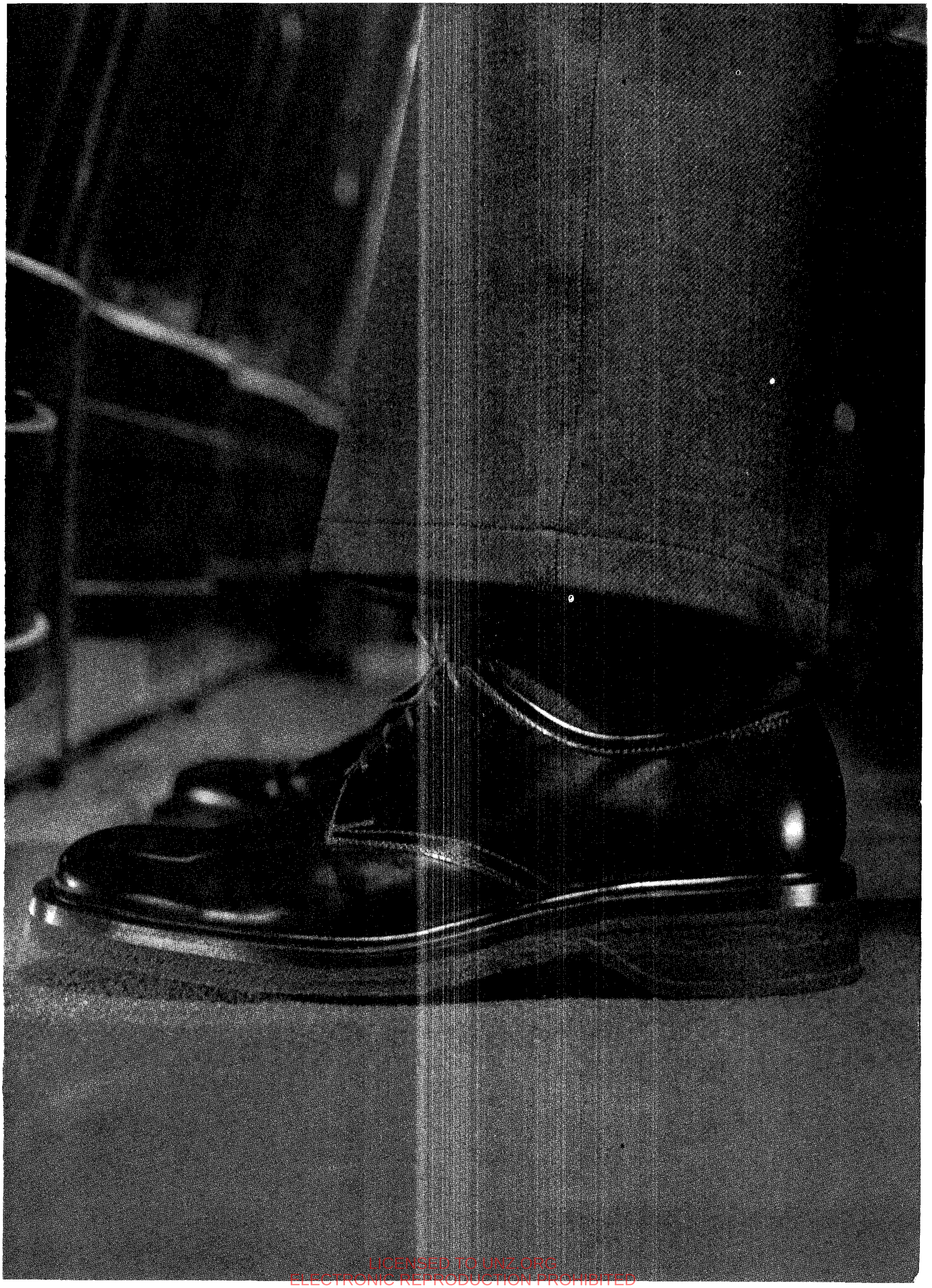

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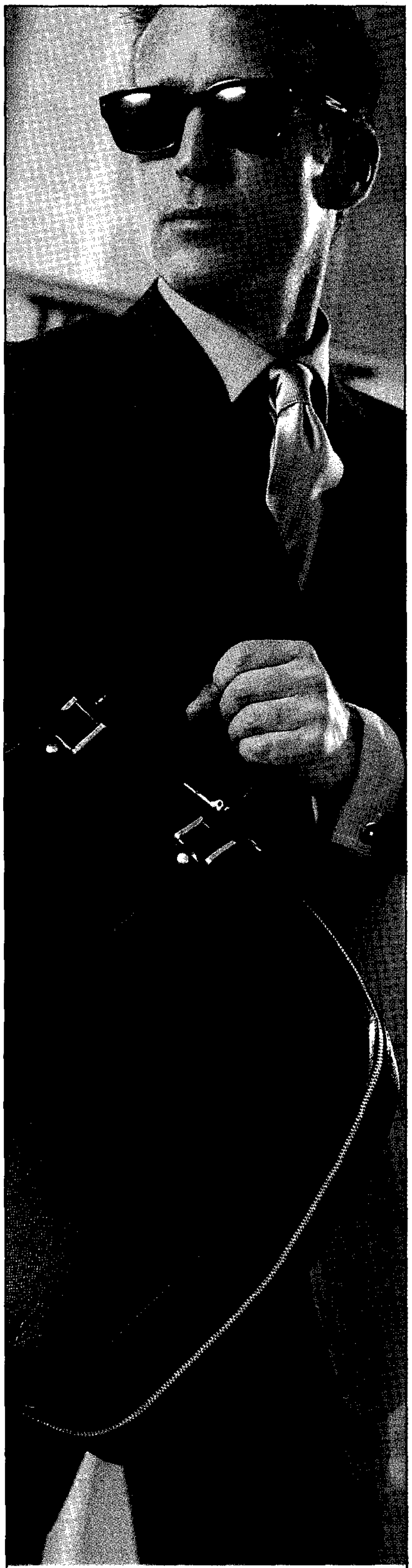

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THE NEXT ISSUE

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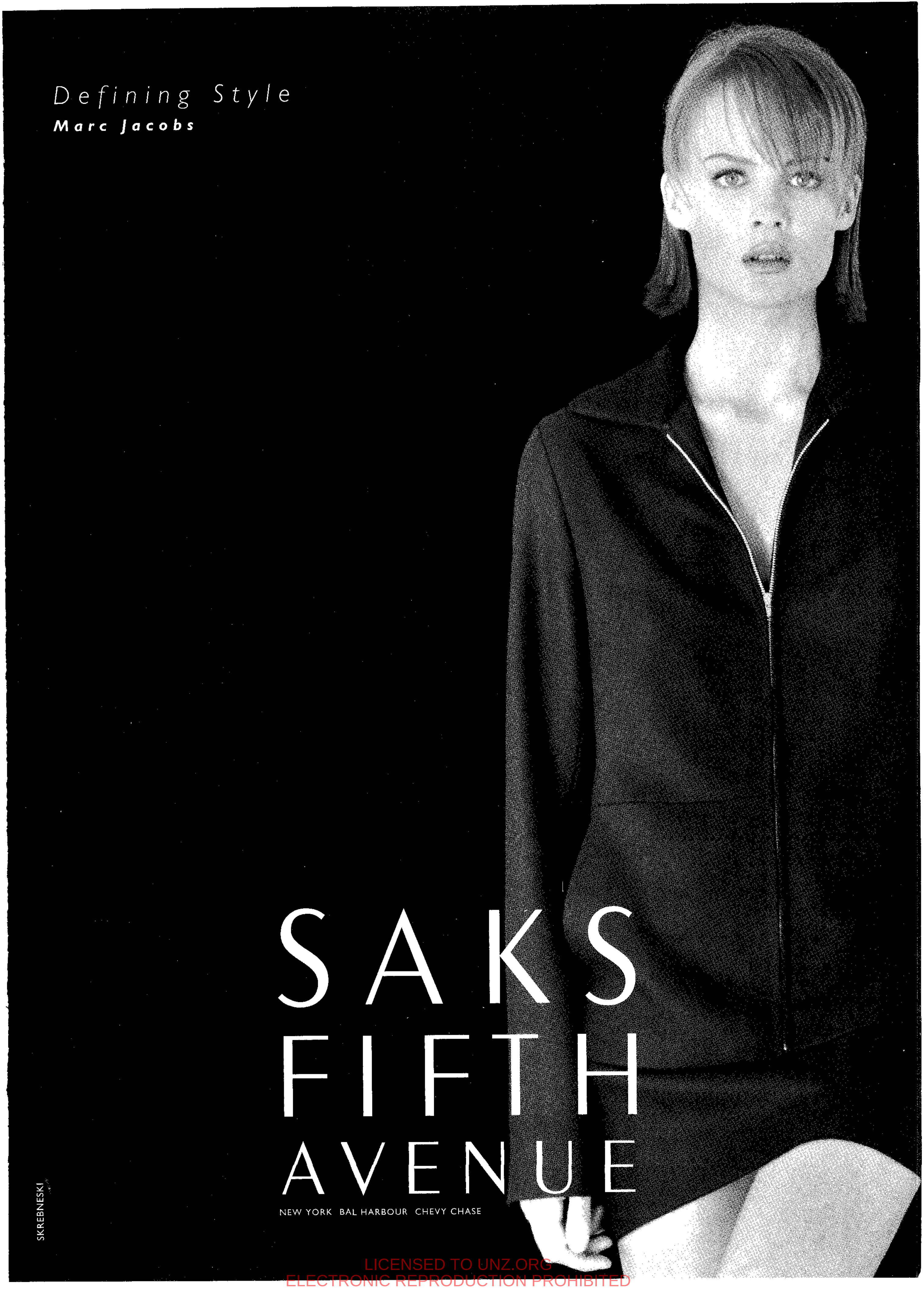
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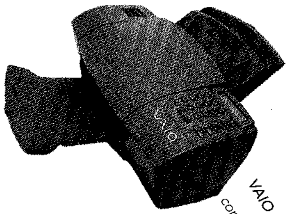

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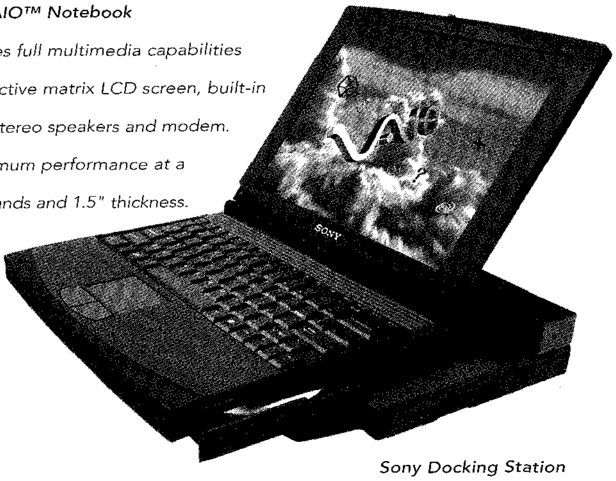

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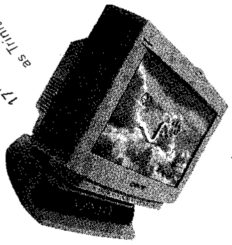

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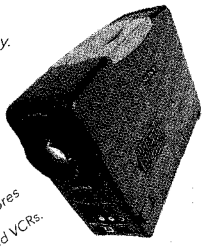

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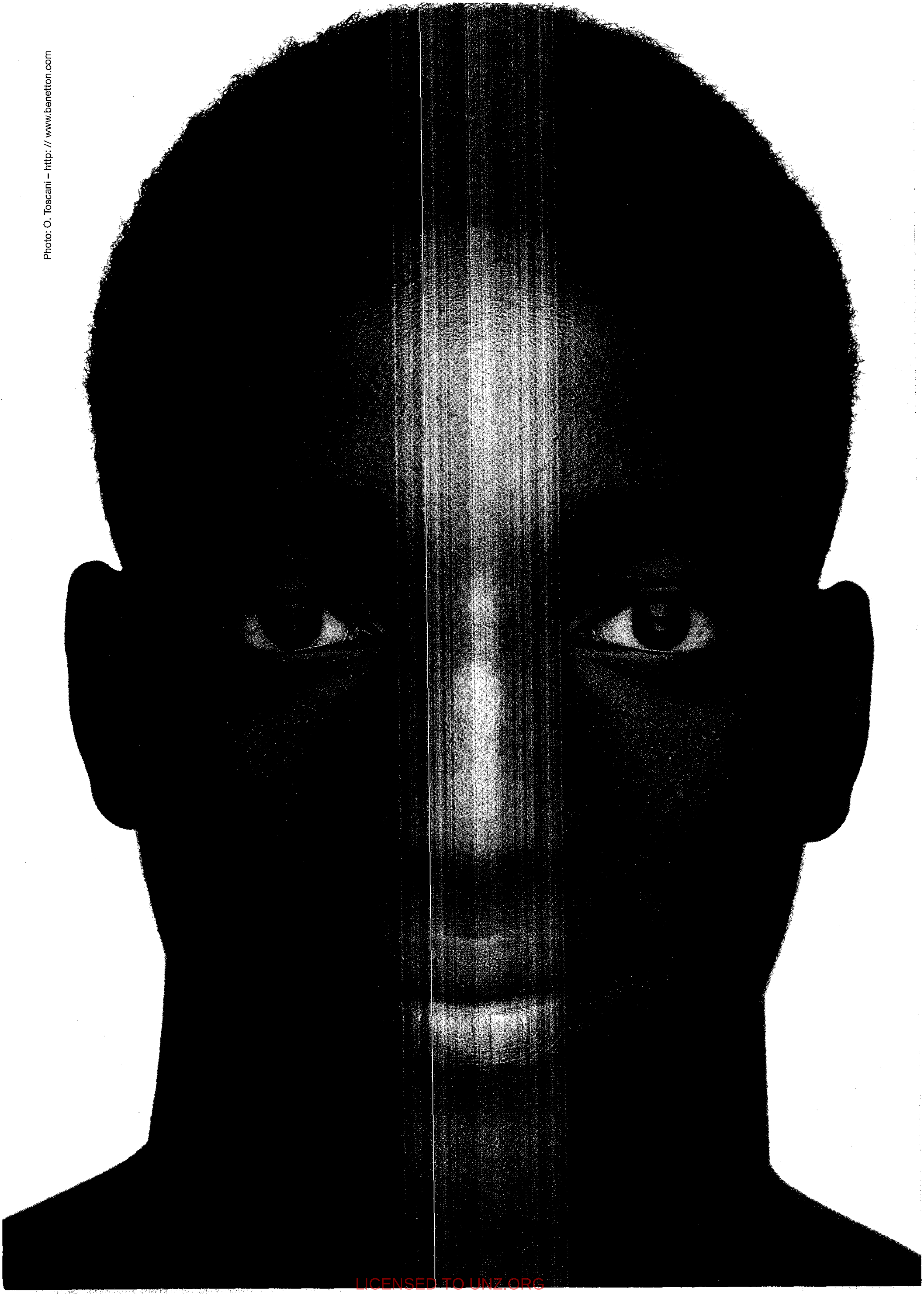

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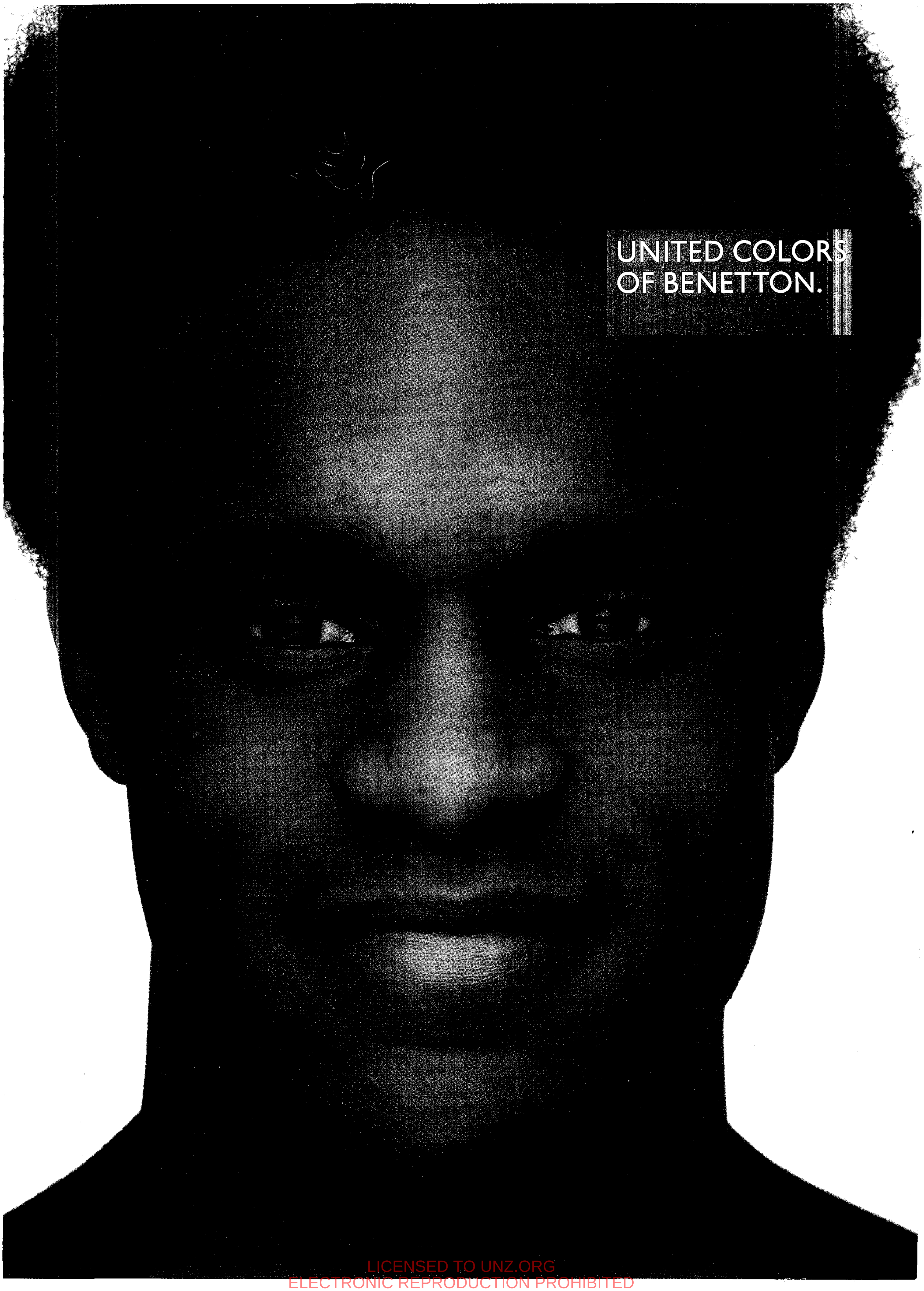
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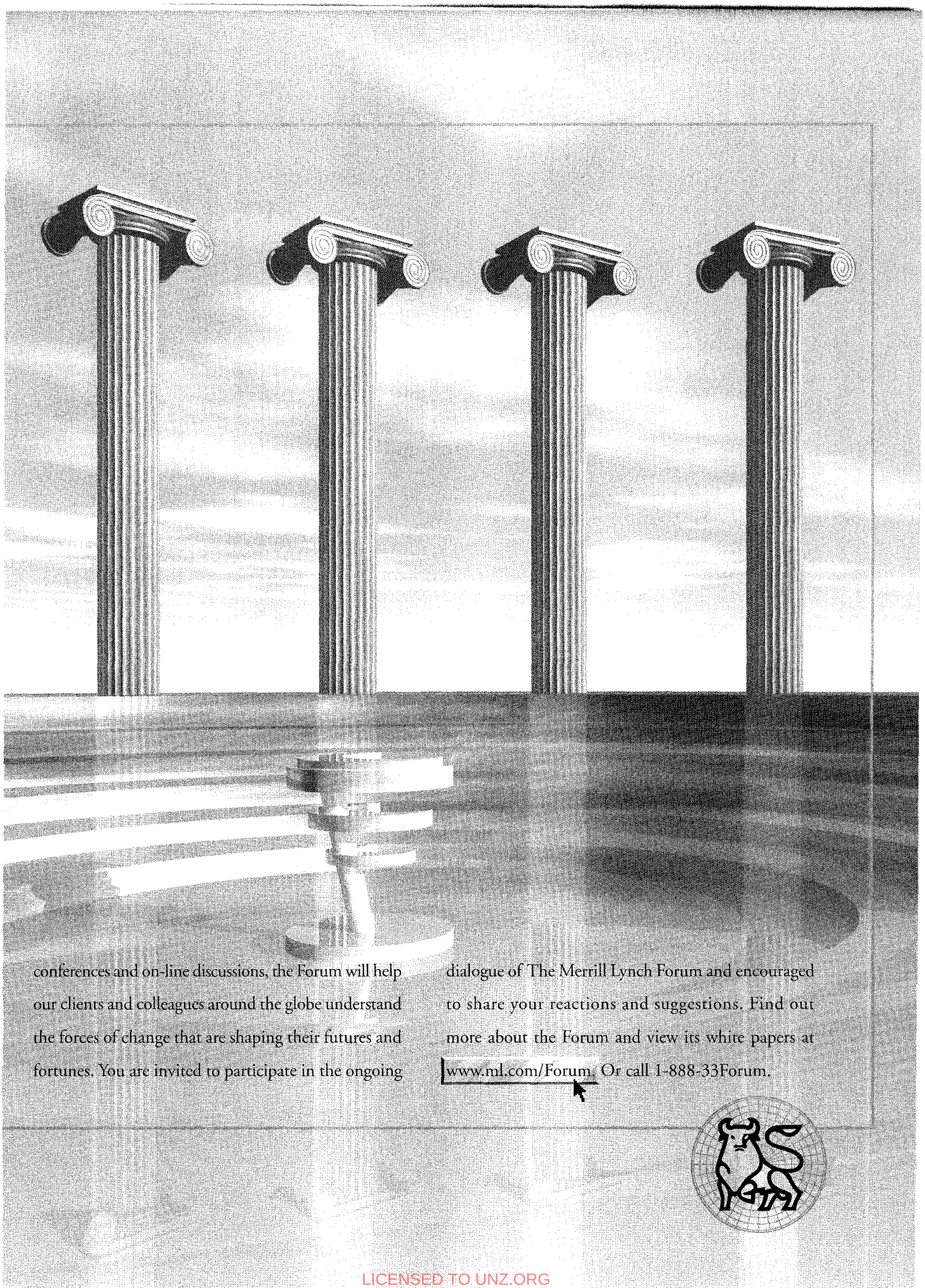

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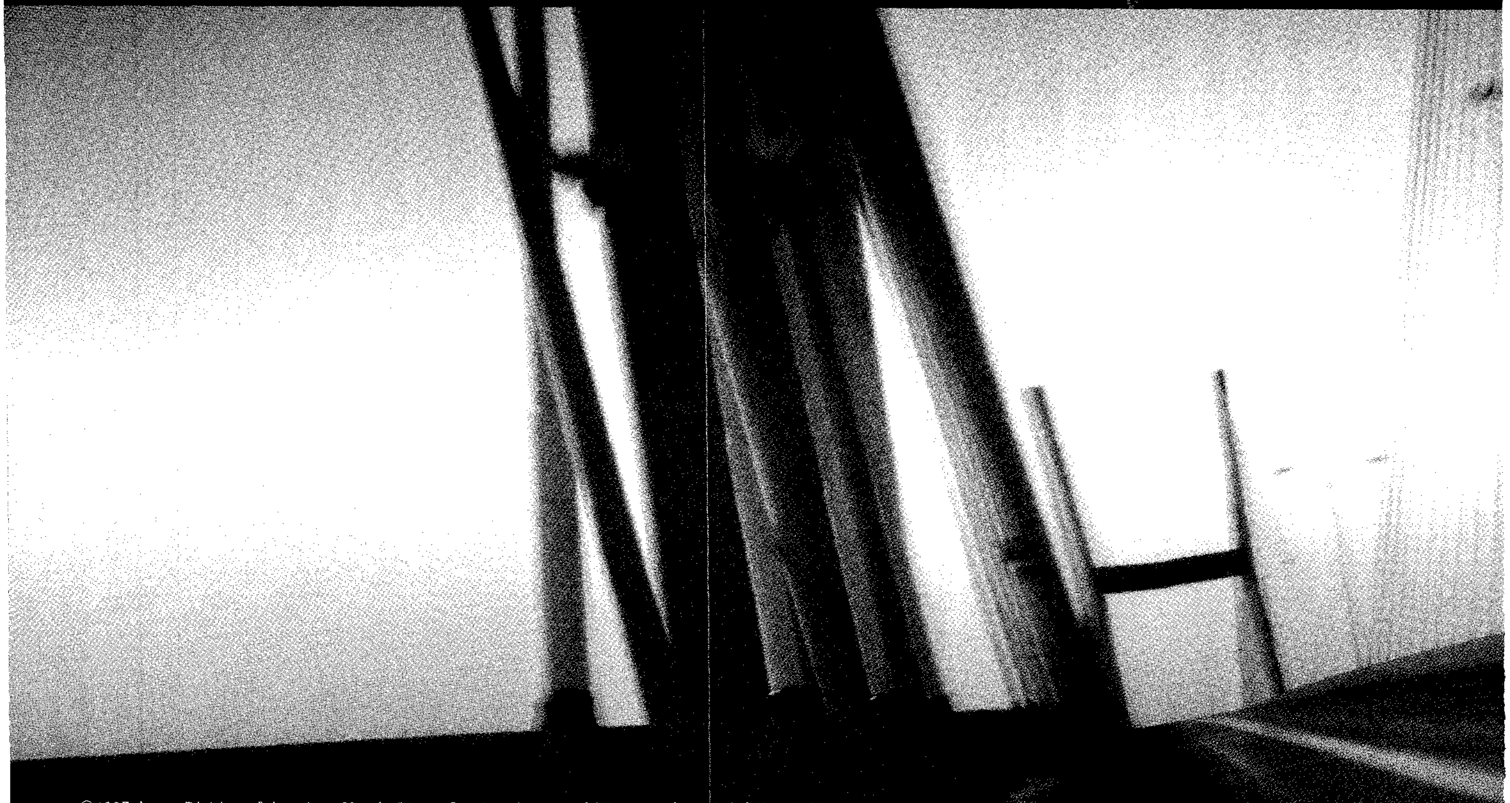

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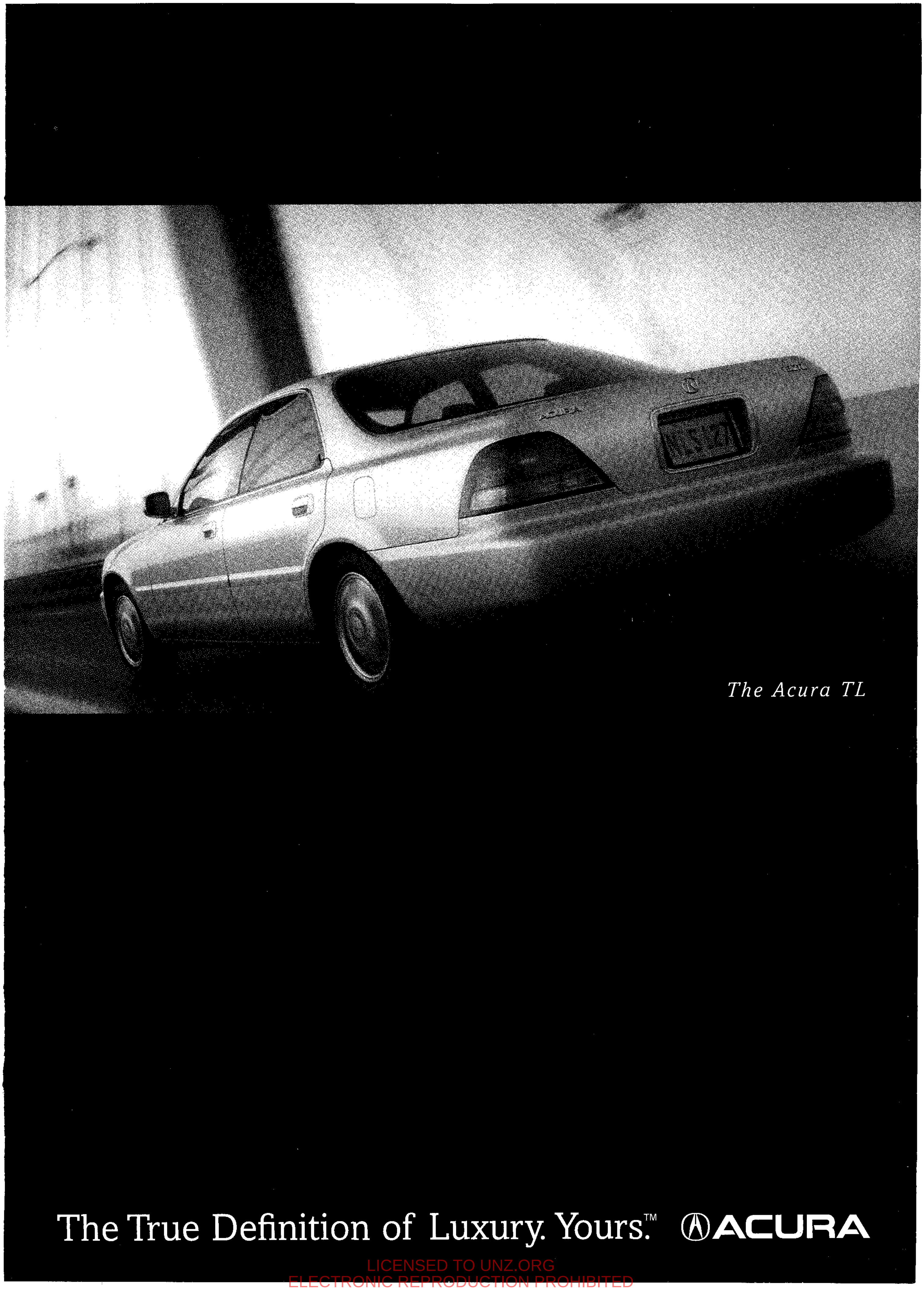
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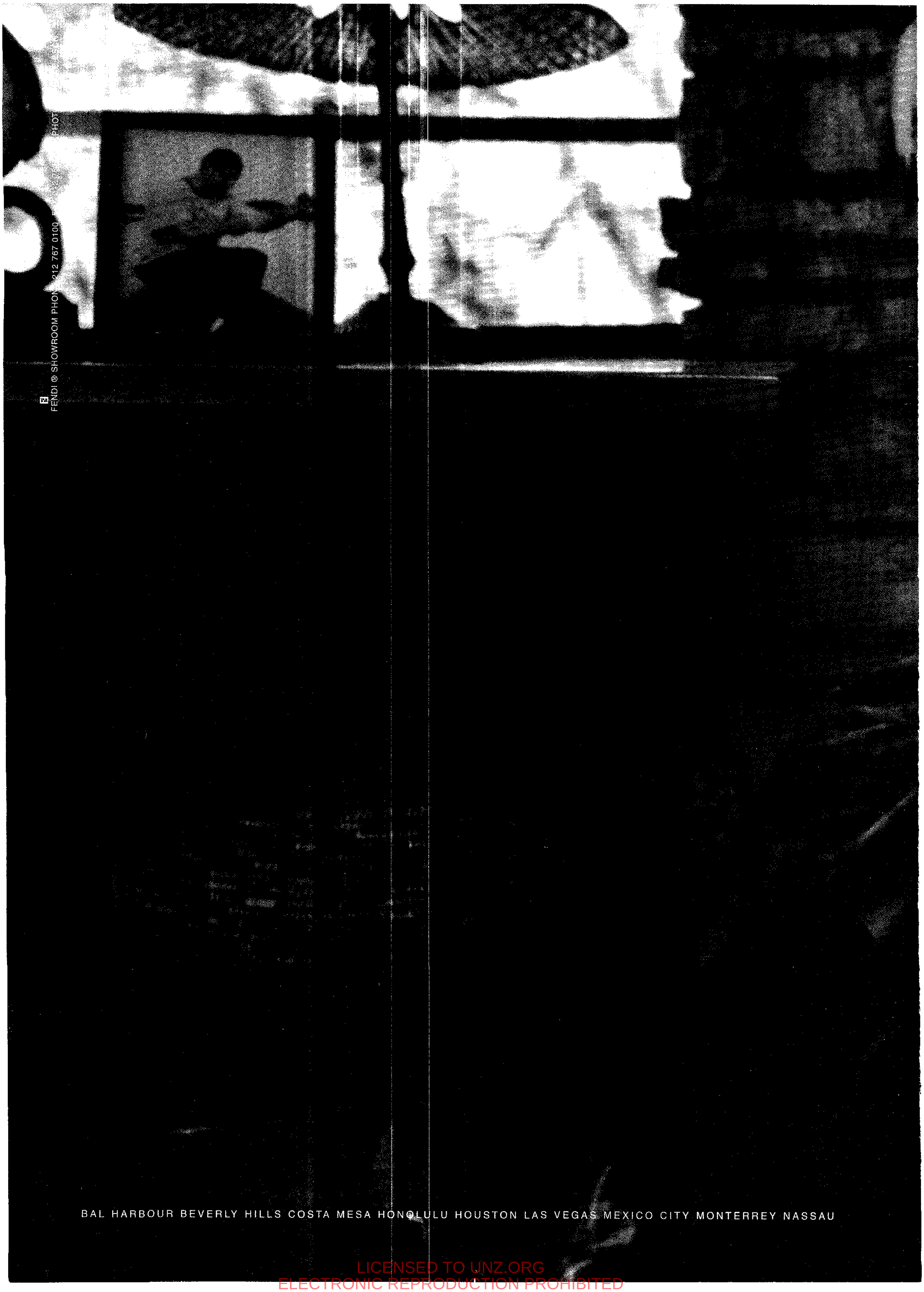
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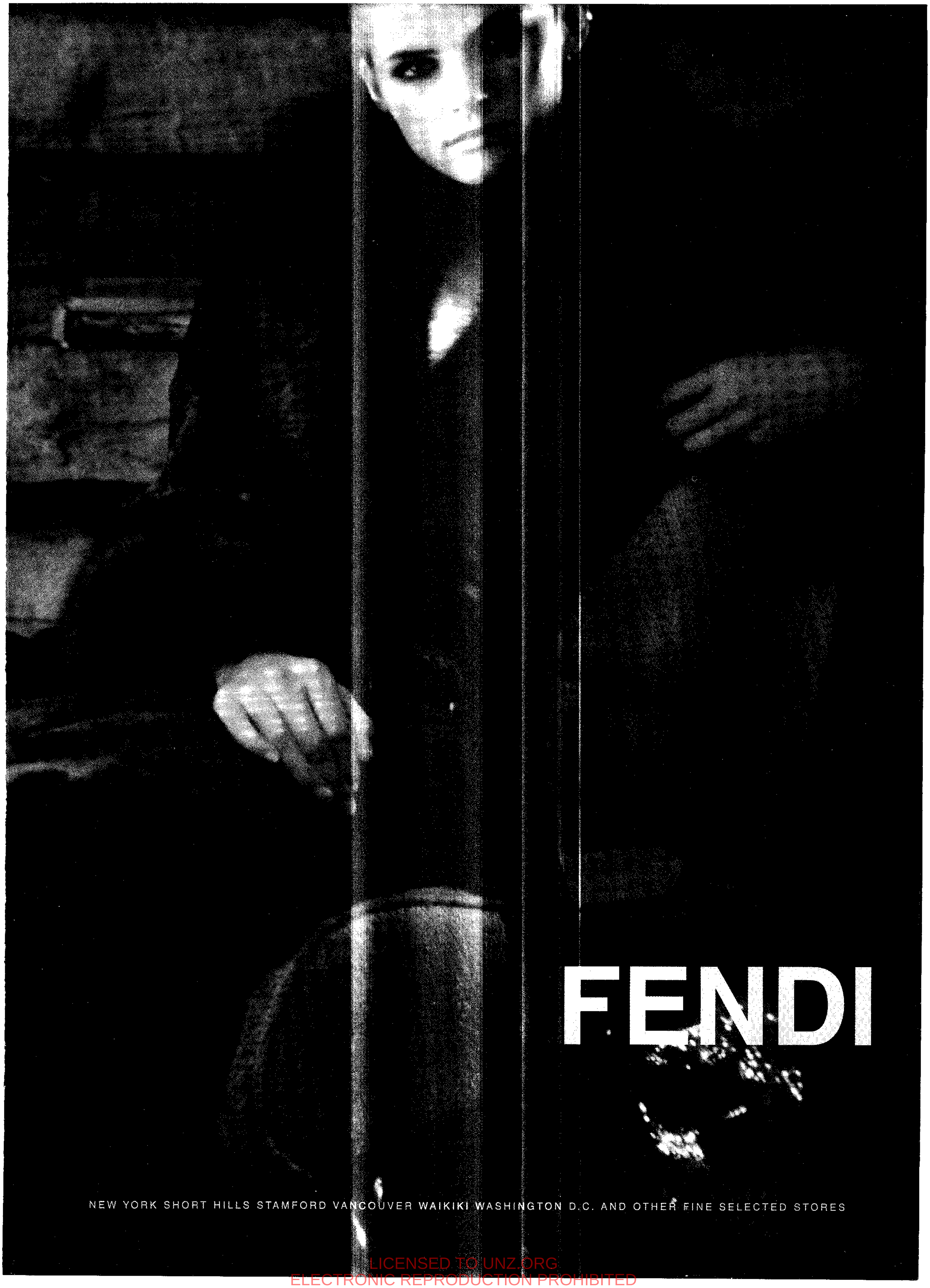
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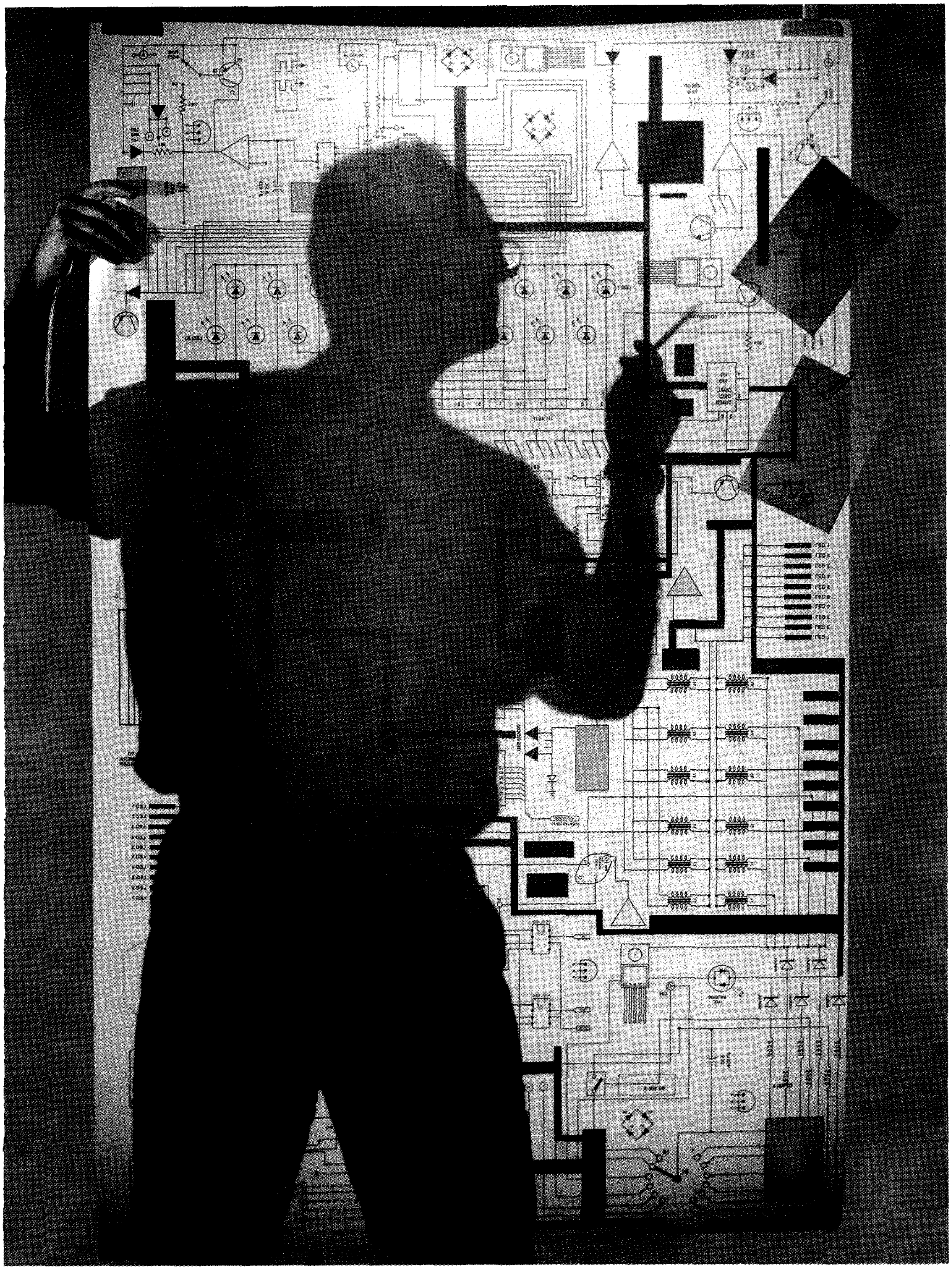

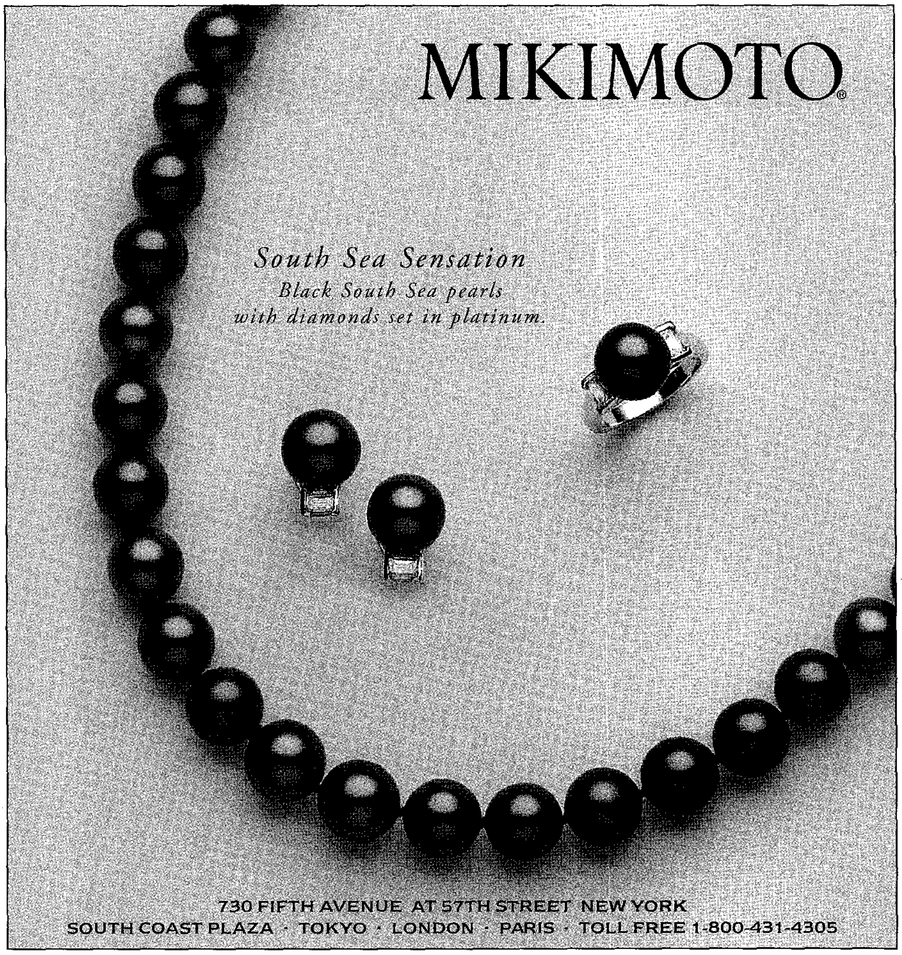
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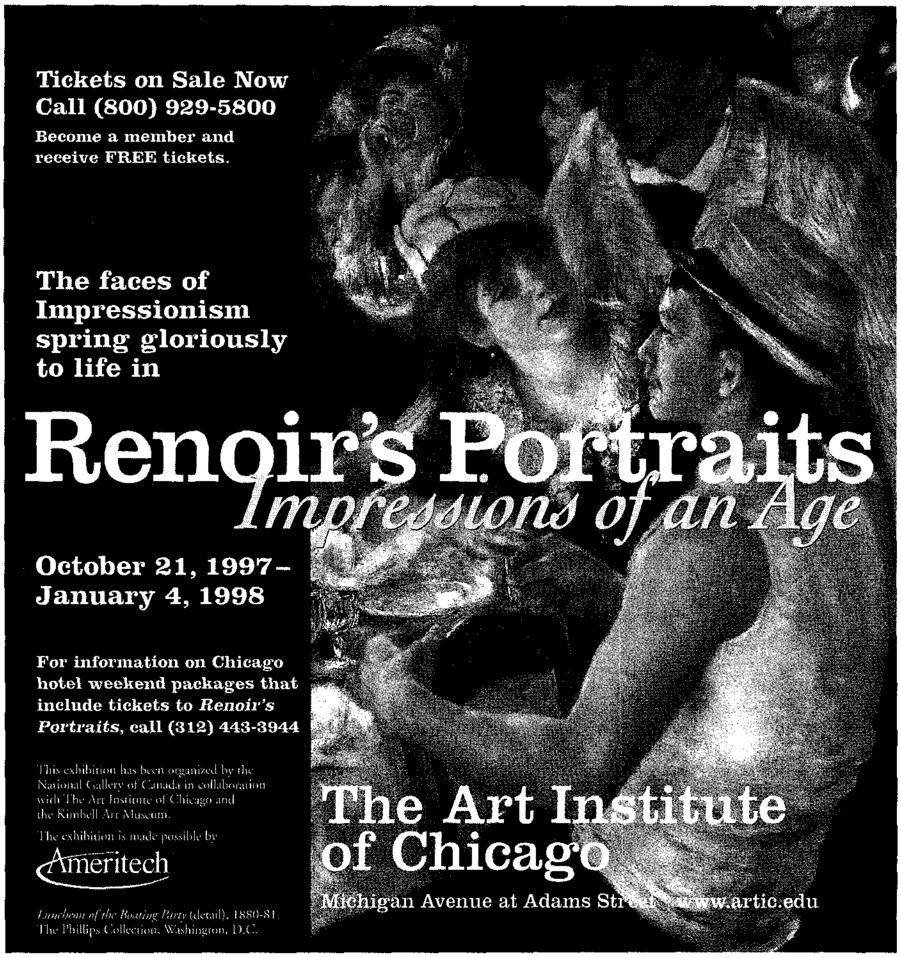
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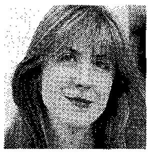

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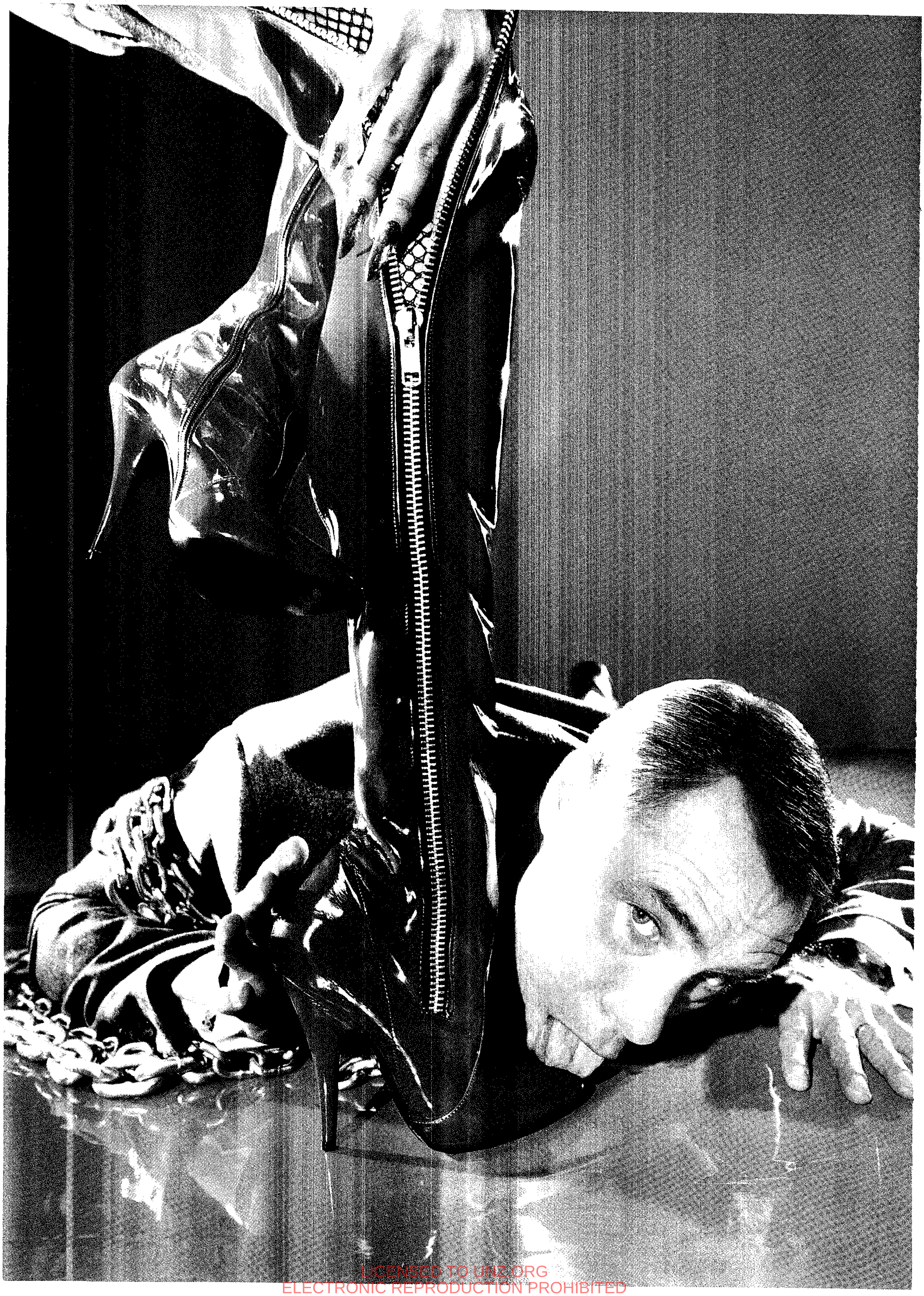

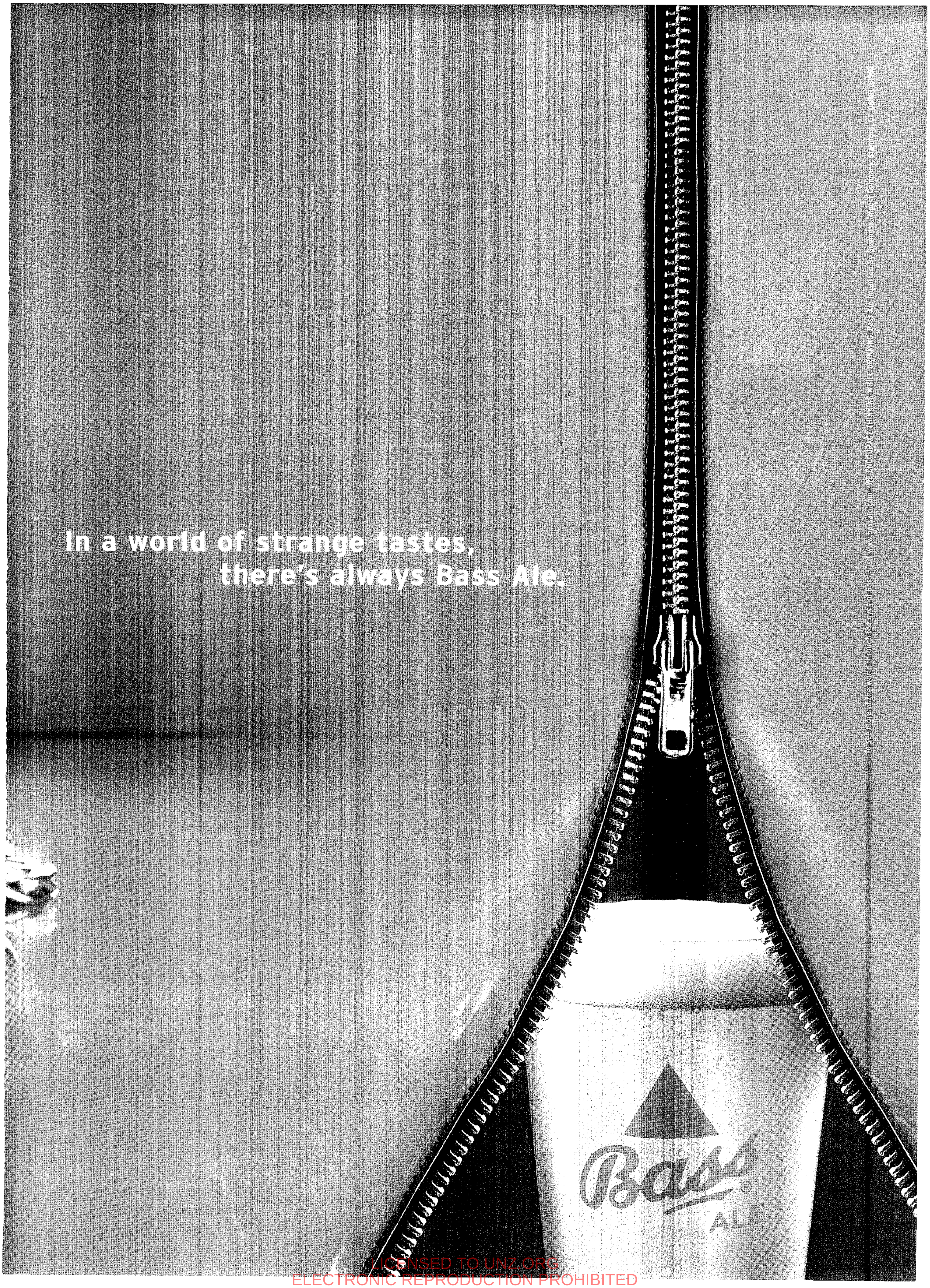
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COMMENT

WHAT NEXT?

The millennium is over, but the melody lingers on.

RIGHT now, in Paris, there's a big digital clock on the Eiffel Tower, counting the days to the year 2000. The approaching millennium is shaping up less as the occasion for some sort of religious celebration and more as the moment for a party. We don't expect a Messiah, but we do expect a countdown, and a certain number of Special Issues.

Look just a little farther down the tower's face, below the clock, and you will see a telltale bit of steel fringe peeking out—a lovely bit of Belle Époque filigree that Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel put there for no better reason than that he liked the way it looked. It is pure, pointless fretwork, and its presence reminds us that a vision of the future always incorporates the ornament of the moment. What we like best about futuristic projects, from the Eiffel Tower to Tomorrowland, is how beautifully they evoke their period. In Kubrick's "2001," for instance, whose predictions we will soon test and find wanting (no voyages to Jupiter, no black-light posters if we ever do get there), what delights us more than anything else is the fabric on the soles of the shoes of the space-woman in the aisle of the starship. (Look at her walking upside down! 'Tis Velcro, miracle fibre, that lets her do that!)

The Next looks not only like the Now but very often like the Way Back There. When we try to imagine the future in any kind of detail, we turn for guidance to the only alternative to the present we possess, and that is the past. Peering ahead, we see the same old things looming up again. As John Cassidy writes in this issue, capitalism at the end of our globalized century seems to be looking more and more like the remorseless, proletarianized world prophesied by Marx. According to James Traub, the educational future offers something like the English landscape circa 1800: a cleric's education in metaphysics for the few and a trade apprenticeship for everyone else. Jeffrey Rosen reports that the coming approach to crime and punishment will take us deeper and deeper back into the seventeenth century, with social disapproval doing the work of law. (Surely, though, there should now be new letters of shame: the vermillion "R" for "Fails to Rewind"; the black "LP" for the man who talks too much about analog sound.) The "domestic

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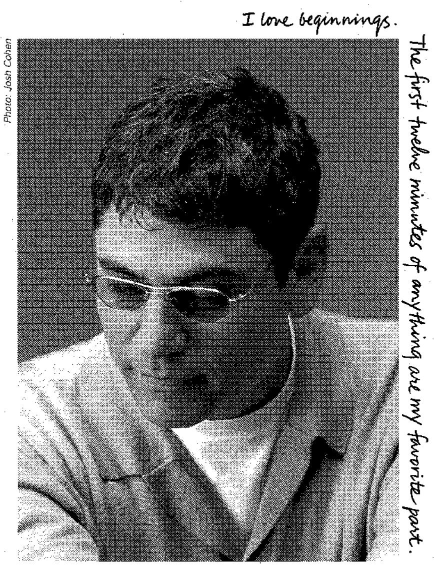

I love beginnings.

The first twelve minutes of anything are my favorite part.

Photo: Josh Cohen

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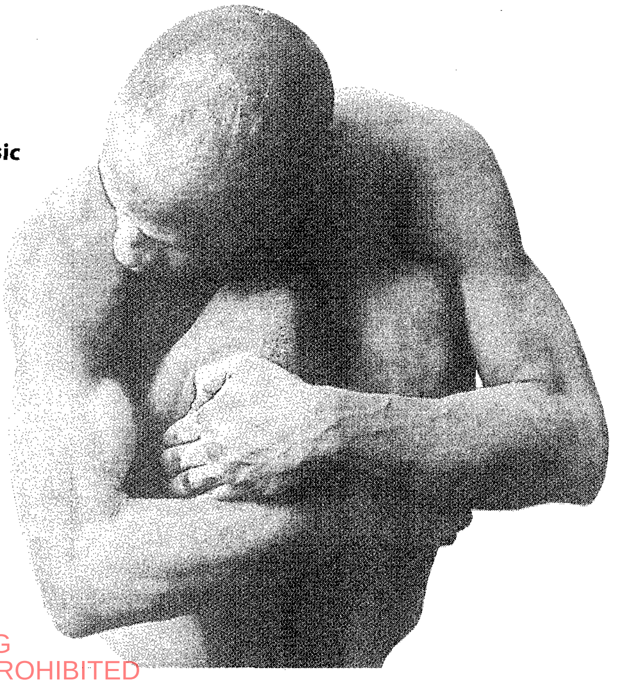

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twists and turns

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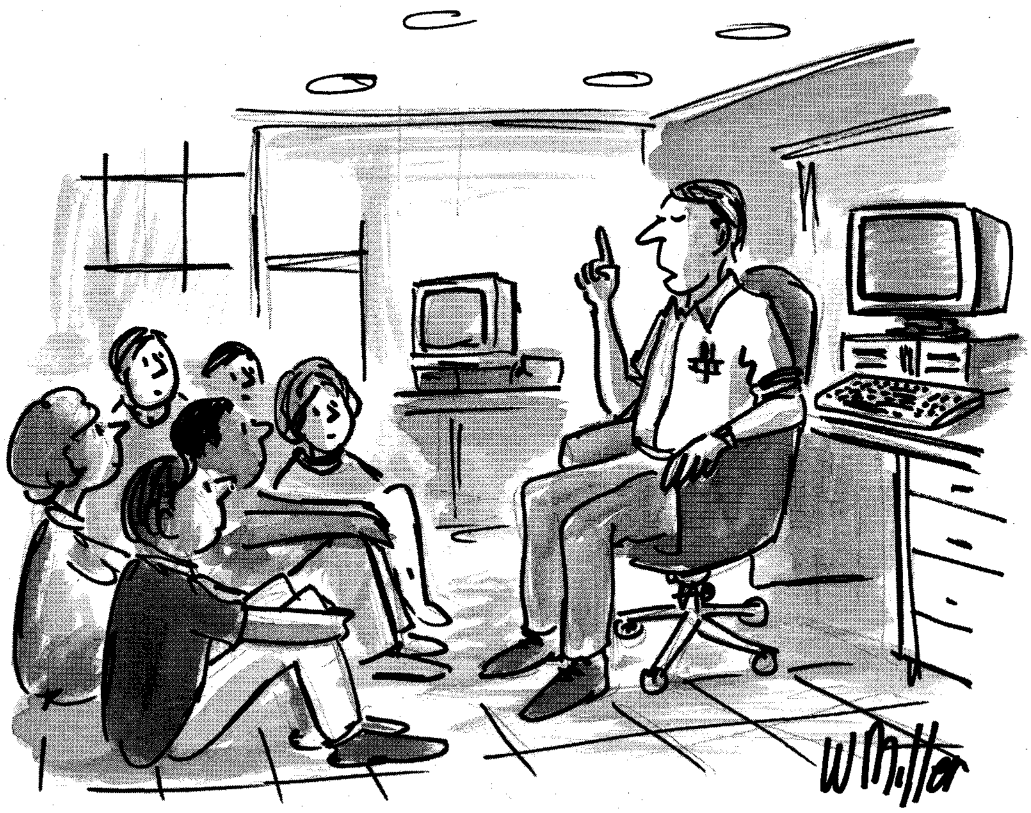


“Those who do not learn from the future are destined to make mistakes in it.”

• •

out-sourcer,” or order-in wife, who, Margaret Talbot tells us, may be on her way into every yuppie household, and seems likely to resemble an eighteenth-century Chinese concubine (whose duties were not entirely erotic) and a mail-order bride in a bad M-G-M musical.

Even evolutionary psychology, the most energetic and self-confident predictor around, tells us that the way to get in shape for tomorrow is to become again what we were a very long time ago—to rediscover our inner chimp—and that’s not so demanding, really. The slippage between past and future taunts us here, too: if we are programmed to behave as we do because of what our ancestors did, then surely our descendants will be programmed to do what they do because of what we are doing now. A thousand years down the road, some professor will be explaining to his students how their psychology was produced by the stressful environment in which their late-twentieth-century ancestors evolved: “Why is the rear an erogenous zone? Because our ancestors sought their mates as they bent to change the cartridge in a fax machine. Notice the way we sweat in enclosed spaces? This is because we once had to ward off predators in something called ‘the subway.’ ”

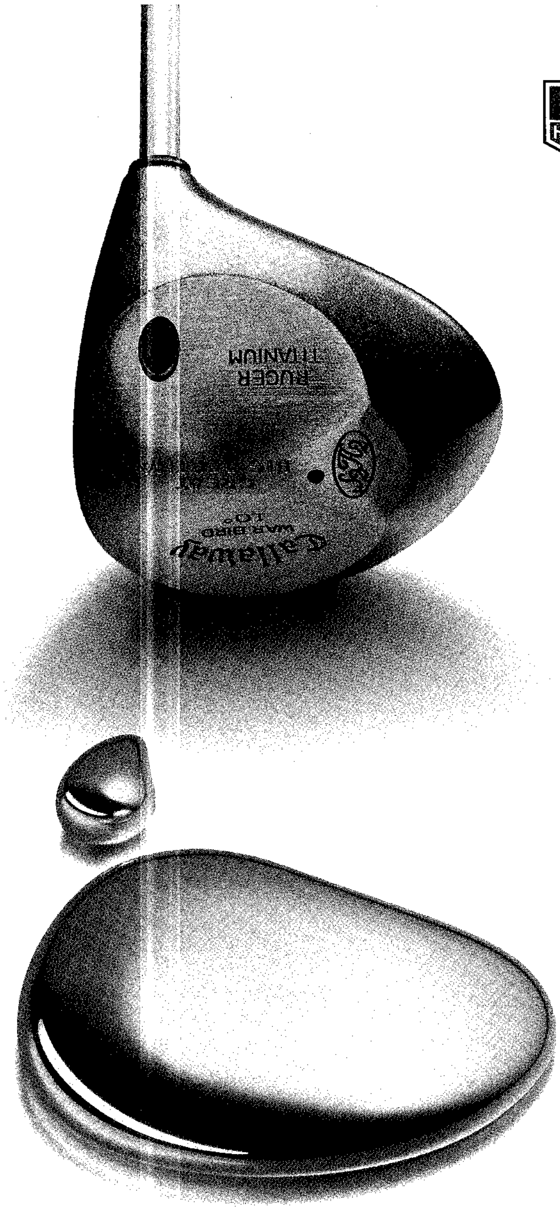
Yet the thing that all these attempts to guess what lies ahead seem to miss is any sense of the inescapable dailiness of life, which no period of the past has ever been able to escape. It isn’t just the failure of so many predictions to come true that makes reasonable people doubt the whole futurist enterprise (where now are our personal helicopters? our robot maids? our space academies?) but the fact that so many predictions have come true without changing the tenor of lived experience. We have the two-way wrist radio, but we are not yet Dick Tracy. (They forgot to invent the shiny yellow cuff and the permanent cleft chin, which are what we really wanted.) Maybe only the animators at Hanna-Barbera, back in the sixties, ever really grasped this truth in all its complexity, thereby producing what some bright student of cultural history has probably already called the Flintstones-Jetsons Theory: it is not just that the ancient past and the dim future will resemble each other but that both will resemble the basic plot line of “The Honeymooners.”

Probably they will; the burden of normal life—wanting and getting or failing to get the things we want—seems irreducible. And that, of course, leaves us where we always are: right here and right now. If projecting ourselves into the future has any special value, it may be that it enables us to think about the present historically. When we do, it doesn’t seem unreasonable to regard this particular moment—not this epoch but this month, in the fall of 1997—as a particularly golden one. With all our troubles, we are in a period of relative peace and prosperity that the world has not seen in at least a hundred years. We know that such times can’t last—or, anyway, that they never have lasted—and that someplace in these pages there is probably a portent of the next bad thing to come. But we don’t know which page.

In any case, what frightens us is not what the future will bring to the big world and big history but what it will bring to *us*. When we imagine the future, sometimes it looks as though it were composed of individuals waiting nervously in line, like travellers just off a plane in the immigration shed, baggage at their feet and circles around their eyes, and wondering which guard they will encounter. Will my future, each of us wonders at such a moment, be determined by that officious-looking woman or by that unhappy-looking middle-aged man or by that overjovial officer with the beard? Suddenly, another passenger is waved through, the line jolts, and that only gateway to the new country, *there*, has become my own—though the person who guards it hardly seems to care and, without even looking up, calls out wearily to the waiting traveller, “Next.”

—ADAM GOPNIK

TAGHeuer
SWISS MADE SINCE 1860



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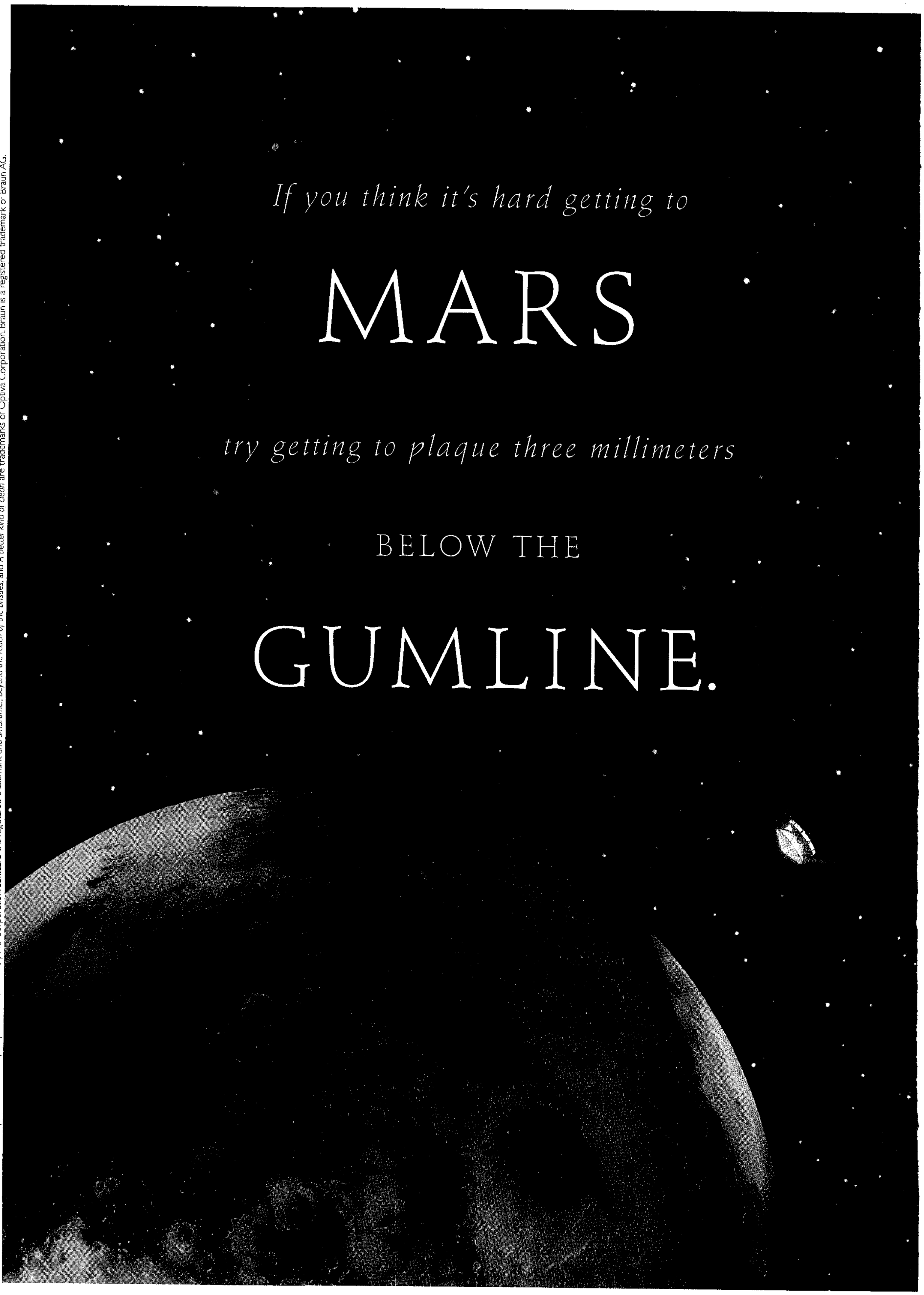
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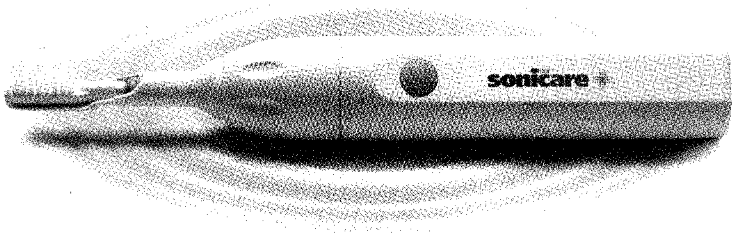

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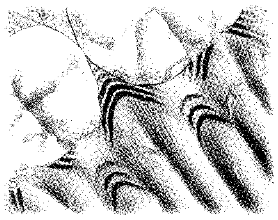

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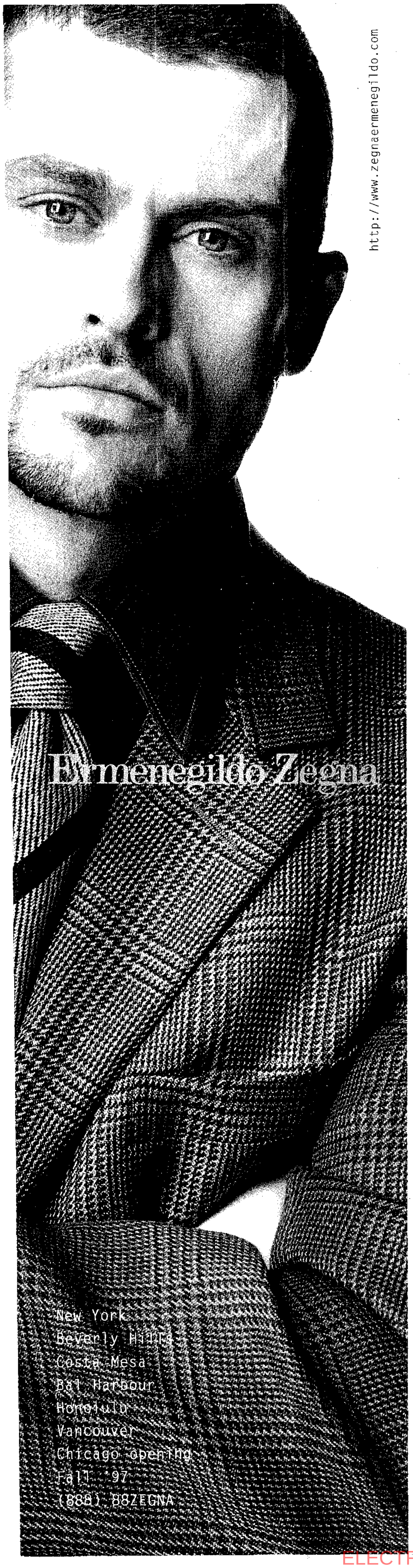


THE MAIL

FAIR PLAY

I found much of interest in Cynthia Ozick's article "Who Owns Anne Frank?" (October 6th). I was puzzled, however, by her suggestion that Meyer Levin was unjustly treated by Otto Frank and his publishers, and that his dark view of the Holocaust was suppressed.

I wonder whether Ms. Ozick can have read the dramatic version of the "Diary" that Meyer Levin submitted to ten Broadway producers (who were, by the way, chosen by Doubleday and Levin himself), and whether she was thus able to assess the quality of his play. Without a sense of that text it would seem difficult, if not impossible, to judge the producers' fairness in rejecting it.

Without that text, too, it would seem impossible, if not presumptuous, to cast doubt on Otto Frank's loyalty or to judge his character.

BARBARA EPSTEIN
New York City

FAITH, HOPE, AND DIVERSITY

Mr. Denby's Comment ("Passion at Yale," September 22nd) was amusingly on point, but I must take exception to his view that African-American students who sit together at meals are a problem because the sight of them discourages white students from joining their tables. It is typical of white people to expect us to function as the vehicles through which *their* diverse experiences occur, without pausing to consider that many of us are simply experiencing the wealth of diversity that exists within our own community. Ironically, we are surrounded in college dining halls by tables full of white students—why not take *them* to task for their failure to be more proactively inclusive? All this aside, Denby can take heart from the fact that his hypothetical white student, intimidated by the sight of so many black students at one table, has not missed his chance to experience diversity: at that moment, he has an inkling of how the other group feels every day.

TIFFANY C. GRAHAM
Charlottesville, Va.

LOOKS COUNT

I've informally toured the new Getty Center, overlooking Los Angeles, and I agree with Kurt Andersen's depiction of its plaza, gardens, high-ceilinged galleries, and stunning views as dazzling and serene ("A City on a Hill," September 29th), but he didn't mention what seems to me the most controversial aspect of the center: the way it looks to anyone driving along the freeway below it—which is, of course, how most of Los Angeles will experience it. The center does not beckon the viewer, and, rather than reflecting its mission as a home for art and scholarship, it appears to be an undistinguished collection of routine buildings, one that could be easily mistaken for a corporate park or a sprawling medical center. Surely architecture on this scale and of this importance should add to the visual glory of its community as well as provide facilities for what takes place inside.

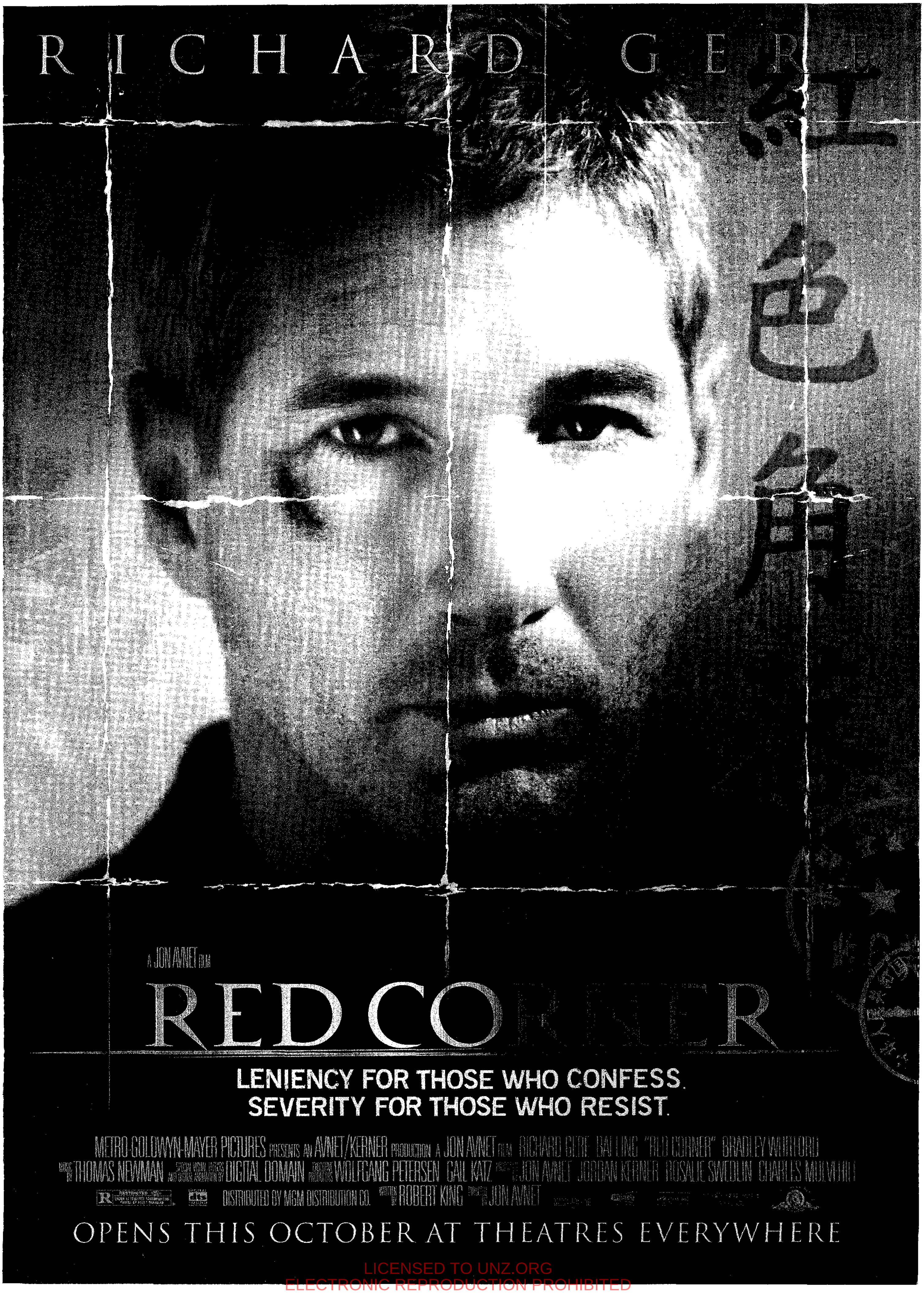
JAY BROAD
Santa Monica, Calif.

A DODGER FAN'S LAMENT

David Remnick, in his piece on Don DeLillo ("Exile on Main Street," September 15th), recalls "the city's ecstatic reactions" and the "communal joy" following Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning home run for the New York Giants in 1951. Alas, there was no joy in Flatbush, no joy for the legions of Dodger fans, like myself, who lived in other parts of the city, no joy for the Dodgers' second-baseman Jackie Robinson or for their pitcher Ralph Branca. A few moments after hearing the broadcast of Bobby's home run, I tried to stand up but fell back down in a swoon. Some ecstasy.

EUGENE KRAMER
Rochester, N.Y.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.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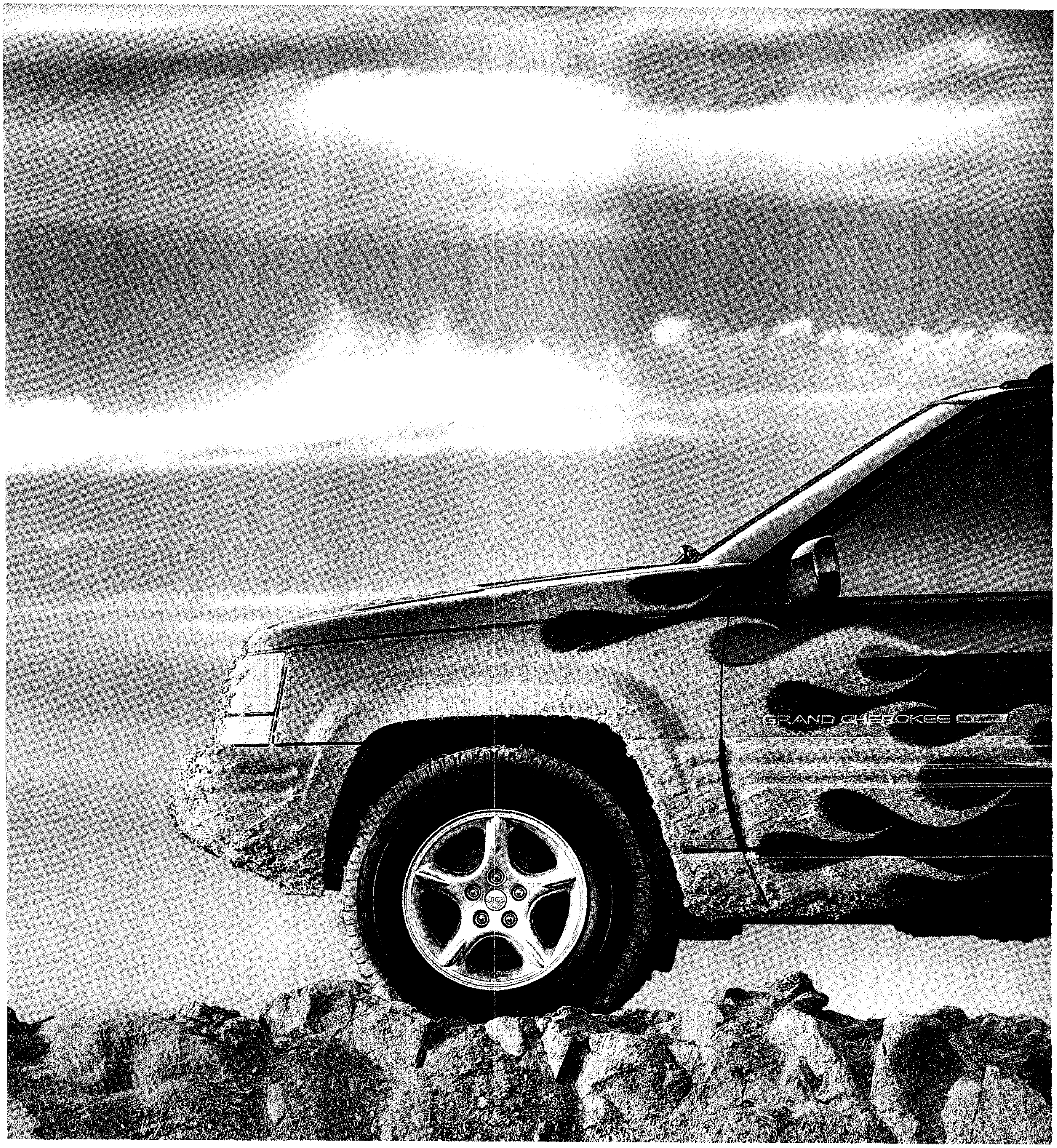

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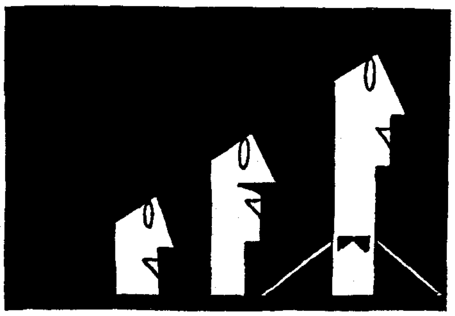

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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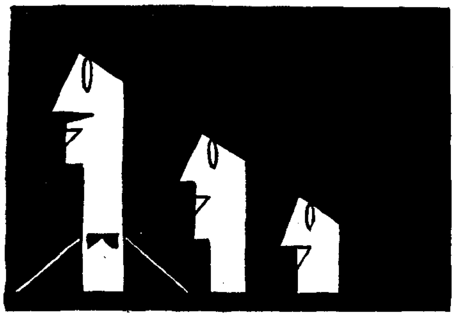


THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Alligator Tales—Manhattan Theatre Club opens the season with a one-woman show written and performed by Anne Galjour, set in Cajun country during the hurricane season. In previews through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 21 at 7:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The American Clock—The Signature Theatre Company, now in its new house, begins its Arthur Miller season with the playwright's 1980 drama about a Jewish family's struggles during the Depression. Directed by James Houghton. In previews through Oct. 18. Opens Oct. 19 at 7:30 (555 W. 42nd St. 244-7529.)

Antony and Cleopatra—In a brief engagement, the British troupe Northern Broadsides presents its pared-down version of Shakespeare's tragedy. Directed by Barry Rutter. Opens Oct. 28 at 8 and runs through Nov. 1. (BAM's Majestic Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100.)

Brutality of Fact—Keith Reddin's dark comedy about a family of dysfunctional women opens the season at Primary Stages. Previews begin Oct. 22. (354 W. 45th St. 333-4052.)

Defying Gravity—Jane Anderson has based her new drama on the disastrous launching, in 1986, of the space shuttle Challenger. Previews begin Oct. 18. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Duet! A Romantic Fable—The Adobe Theatre Company presents Gregory Jackson and Erin Quinn Purcell's comic multimedia love story. Opens Oct. 15 at 8 and continues through Nov. 8. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 560-7387.)

Filumena—Maria Tucci co-stars with Tony Amendola in her own adaptation of Eduardo DeFilippo's 1946 romantic comedy. A Blue Light Theatre Company production, directed by James Naughton. Previews begin Oct. 22. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

Fly—A comedy about black American manhood, written by Joseph Edward, who is also in the cast. Previews begin Oct. 22. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200.)

Ivanov—Kevin Kline stars in David Hare's adaptation of Chekhov's 1887 drama, in a staging directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Previews begin Oct. 23. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Jackie—Margaret Colin portrays Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and a cast of eight depicts a hundred additional figures, in Gip Hoppe's comedy, which satirizes public perceptions of events in the title character's life. In previews. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Last Session—A reworked version of a musical by Steve Schalchlin (music and lyrics) and Jim Brochu (book), about an AIDS-afflicted songwriter's final studio work. In previews through Oct. 16. Opens Oct. 17 at 8. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Lion King—A cast of forty-six takes the stage in Disney's Broadway version of the animated film, directed by Julie Taymor. Choreographed by Garth Fagan. With music and lyrics by Elton John and Tim Rice. Previews begin Oct. 15. (New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

Mad Shadows—An adaptation by Kristin Marting of the Canadian writer Marie-Claire Blais's 1960 novel, in which a jealous girl disfigures her handsome brother. Ms. Marting is also the director. In previews through Oct. 18. Opens Oct. 19 at 8 and continues through Nov. 8. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

Marc Salem's Mindgames—The mind reader takes volunteers from the audience in his show of telepathic feats. In previews. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

A Pirate's Lullaby—Rattlestick Productions presents a comedy about a mother, a daughter, and three pirates, written by Jessica Litwak. Previews Oct. 15-18. Opens Oct. 19 at 3. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Queen Amarantha—Ruth Williamson and Marcus Lovett join Charles Busch in his latest play, in which he portrays a princess who decides to live as a man after inheriting her father's throne. In previews through Oct. 22. Opens Oct. 23 at 8. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Sam and Itkeh—The American Jewish Theatre presents a drama by Jack LaZebnick, about a retired couple whose relationship is disrupted when a secret from the past surfaces. Previews Oct. 18-26. Opens Oct. 28 at 8. (307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel—A musical version of the 1905 Baroness Orczy novel. With music by Frank Wildhorn and a book and lyrics by Nan Knighton. Peter Hunt is the director. In previews. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Side Show—The story of the Siamese twins Daisy and Violet Hilton (Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley), who were part of a travelling vaudeville act in the nineteen-thirties, is the basis of this new musical conceived, directed, and choreographed by Robert Longbottom, with music by Henry Krieger ("Dreamgirls") and a book and lyrics by Bill Russell. Two previews on Oct. 15. Opens Oct. 16 at 6:30. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Sumidagawa and **Curlew River**—The Japan Society presents back-to-back productions of Juro Motomasa's fifteenth-century Noh play, performed by the Tessenkai Noh Company, and the Benjamin Britten one-act opera it inspired, staged by Jonathan Eaton and starring Jacque Trussel. Oct. 22-24 at 7. (333 E. 47th St. 752-3015.)

Tell-Tale—Theatre Couture's comic thriller, which puts a drag spin on Edgar Allan Poe, reopens at the Cherry Lane Theatre following its summer run at P.S. 122. Sherry Vine and Jackie Beat are the stars. Opens Oct. 15 at 8. (38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

Thérèse Raquin—The Classic Stage Company opens its thirtieth season with Neal Bell's adaption of Zola's 1867 novel. David Esbjornson is the director. Previews begin Oct. 21. (136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Three Days of Rain—After the death of a famous architect, his son and daughter uncover a mysterious legacy, in a drama by Richard Greenberg. Previews begin Oct. 21. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

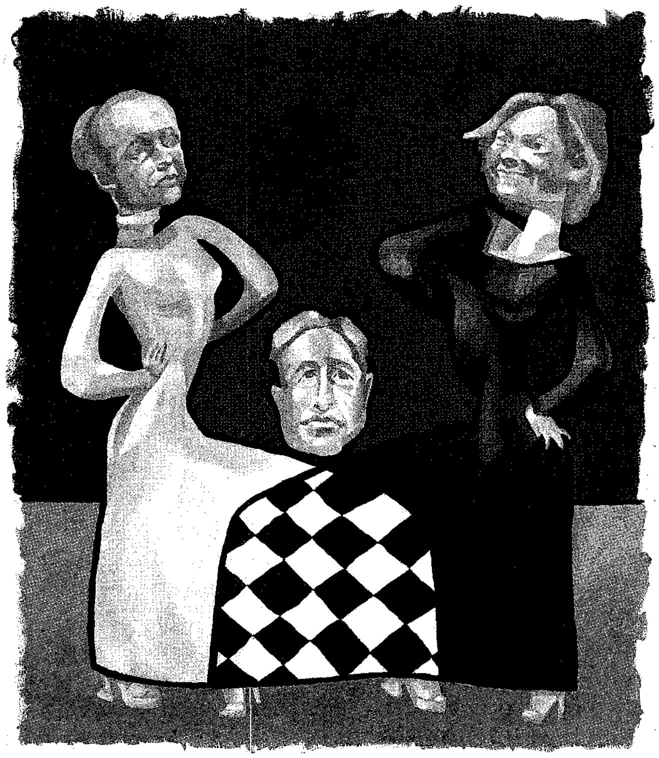
Triumph of Love—Susan Egan, F. Murray Abraham, Betty Buckley, and Nancy Opel lead the cast in this musical version of the 1732 comedy by Pierre Carlet de Marivaux. With music by Jeffrey Stock and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead. Michael Mayer is the director. In previews through Oct. 22. Opens Oct. 23 at 6:30. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Two Pianos, Four Hands—Canadian keyboardists Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt perform both classical and pop selections while recounting their years of musical training, in a comedy they co-wrote. Directed by Gloria Muzio. Previews begin Oct. 21. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

The Water Children—Wendy MacLeod's drama about reproductive rights, staged by Women's Project & Productions and Playwrights Horizons. Previews begin Oct. 22. (416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

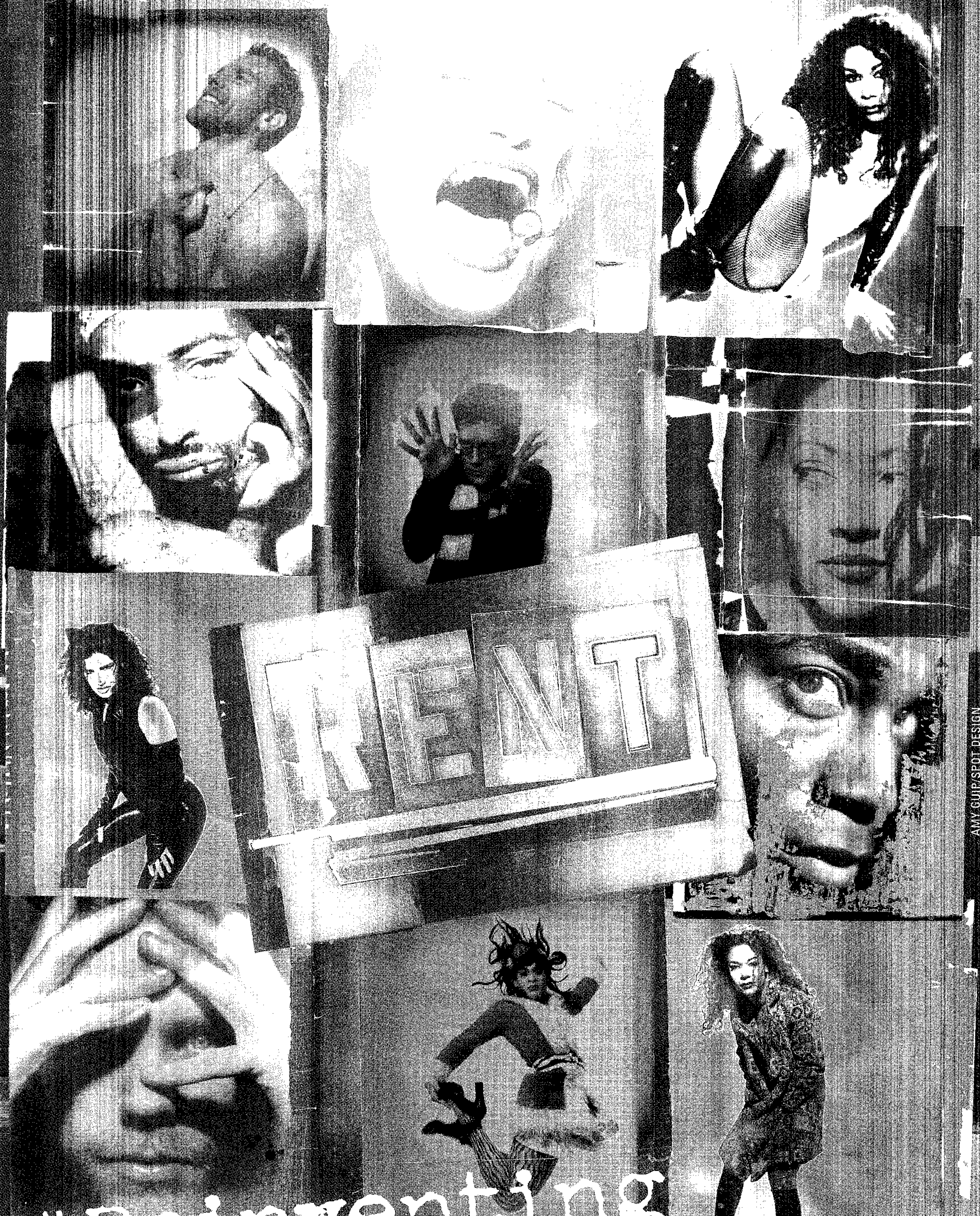
OPENED RECENTLY

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Not quite a revue, not quite a play, this spirited and Nashville-slick celebra-



Ivo van Hove's staging of "More Stately Mansions."

THOMAS FUCHS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tion of the late, great country singer is, rather, a streamlined song-delivery device. Tori Lynn Palazola doesn't sound exactly like Patsy, but she's good at doing Patsy. The unsung, as it were, heroes of the production are the six members of the backup band, titans of twang all. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Annie—Eight-year-old Brittny Kissinger wears the red fright wig in this twentieth-anniversary revival, which closes on Oct. 19. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Bees in Honey Drown—In Douglas Carter Beane's comic indictment of America's obsession with fame, J. Smith-Cameron is hilarious as a cultural arbiter whose fabricated personality is, as an adoring Saks salesman puts it, "a mixture of every woman I've ever loved in a movie." The script's satirical power sours only when, every once in a while, it takes itself too seriously. Mark Brokaw directed. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—George Furth directs a one-man portrait of the late Republican National Committee chairman and controversial spin doctor Lee Atwater. Written by Robert Myers and starring Bruce McIntosh. (28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 591-0019. Closes Oct. 26.)

Barrymore—Christopher Plummer's rich, unmiked voice hits every note of sarcasm and self-loathing in William Luce's rambunctious script as he perfectly captures the grief behind the old ham's gallant frivolity. Well directed by Gene Saks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Nov. 2.)

Fnu Lnu—Mac Wellman's latest is a musical ghost story set in Florida. The music and the sound design are by David Van Tieghem. (SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. 869-3530. Closes Nov. 2.)

Forever Tango—This stepchild of Vegas and Buenos Aires gets everything right, from the basic ingredients (sex, pomade) to the big emotions (e.g., the weltschmerz of the bandonion players). But the real treat is the character dancing: it's a big surprise to encounter so many styles and such a variety of song-length minidramas. Created and directed by Luis Bravo. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Freak—A one-man work in progress from John Leguizamo ("Mambo Mouth," "Spic-O-Rama"). (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 19.)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—Writer-director Moisés Kaufman renders the playwright's trials from edited transcripts, interposing passages from letters, Wilde's writings, and other people's memoirs and commentaries. The result is powerful and surprisingly theatrical. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Hiroshima—Ron Destro's drama, based on victims' memories of the 1945 bombing, with a score by Yoko Ono. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 254-1109. Closes Nov. 2.)

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's memory play, about a young woman (Molly Ringwald) who comes of age too quickly under the tutelage of her pedophile uncle (Bruce Davison), is a clear-eyed marvel. Mark Brokaw directed. (Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—This revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes," is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. McCourt's stories of the Potato Famine are heart-wrenching, and his view that the privation gave the rather dreamy Irish a hard streak of fortitude lends poignance to his mostly lighthearted portrayal of the travails of Irish-Americans. As in "Angela's Ashes," tragedy is always present, but here even more than in the book it's leavened by achievement and a great deal of humor. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

Jekyll & Hyde—Enjoyable bombast, loosely based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/12/97.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Le Malentendu—Camus's 1944 tragedy, staged by the Ubu Repertory Theatre, which offers performances in both English and French. (15 W. 28th St. For information, call 679-7562. Closes Oct. 19.)

Mere Mortals—Only two of these six short plays by David Ives are new, but they are the playwright at his clever best: "Time Flies" is about the short life of two mayflies—only one day to grow up and get it on before going to the great beyond—and "Dr. Fritz; or, The Forces of Light" is a piece of insanity set somewhere south of the border. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Misalliance—Shaw's 1910 comedy is a rather bossy piece of work—a comedic tract more than a comedy—but this production has much to recommend it: namely, the glimmer in Shaw's cold eye, Derek McLane's splendid set, and a superb ensemble. David Warren directed. (9/8/97) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Oct. 19.)

More Stately Mansions—New York Theatre Workshop presents the Dutch director Ivo van Hove's staging of Eugene O'Neill's unfinished family drama. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

The Official Show (Now with Blimp)—A comedy by Rob Keefe, about a family of con artists. (Producers Club, 358 W. 44th St. 501-6023. Closes Oct. 25.)

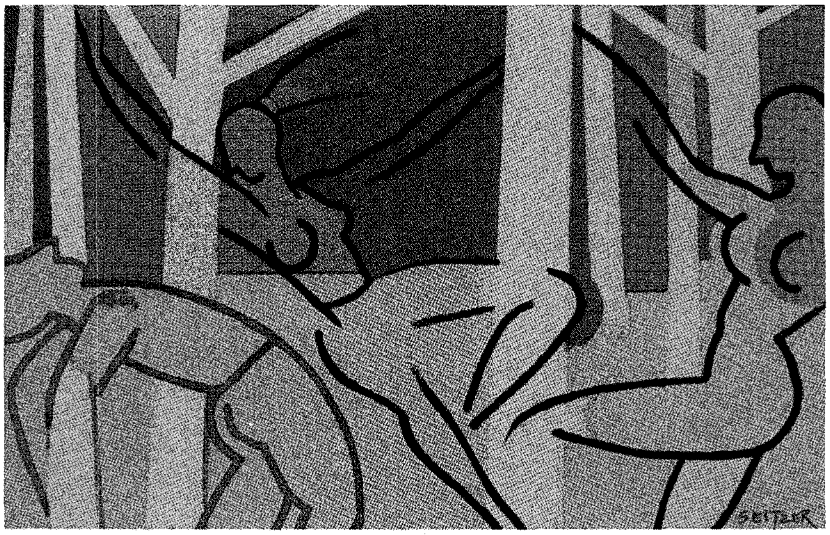
The Quick-Change Room (Scenes from a Revolution)—Economic exigencies transform a production of "The Three Sisters" into a musical comedy in this satire by Nagle Jackson, about a formerly state-run theatre troupe in Russia undergoing perestroika pains. Orson Bean is the director. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 2.)

1776—Sherman Edwards and Peter Stone's still fresh 1969 musical about the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. Scott Ellis's lean, lively production and the many vivid performances bring the Continental Congressmen's personalities and ideas into high relief, and the result is possibly the most entertaining and the wittiest history lesson you've ever received. (9/8/97) (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Three-for-All—The Spanish troupe Tricicle (Joan Gracia, Paco Mir, and Carles Sans), which specializes in physical comedy, brings its latest production to the Union Square Theatre. (100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **THE KING AND I:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 279-4200. . . . **THE LIFE:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

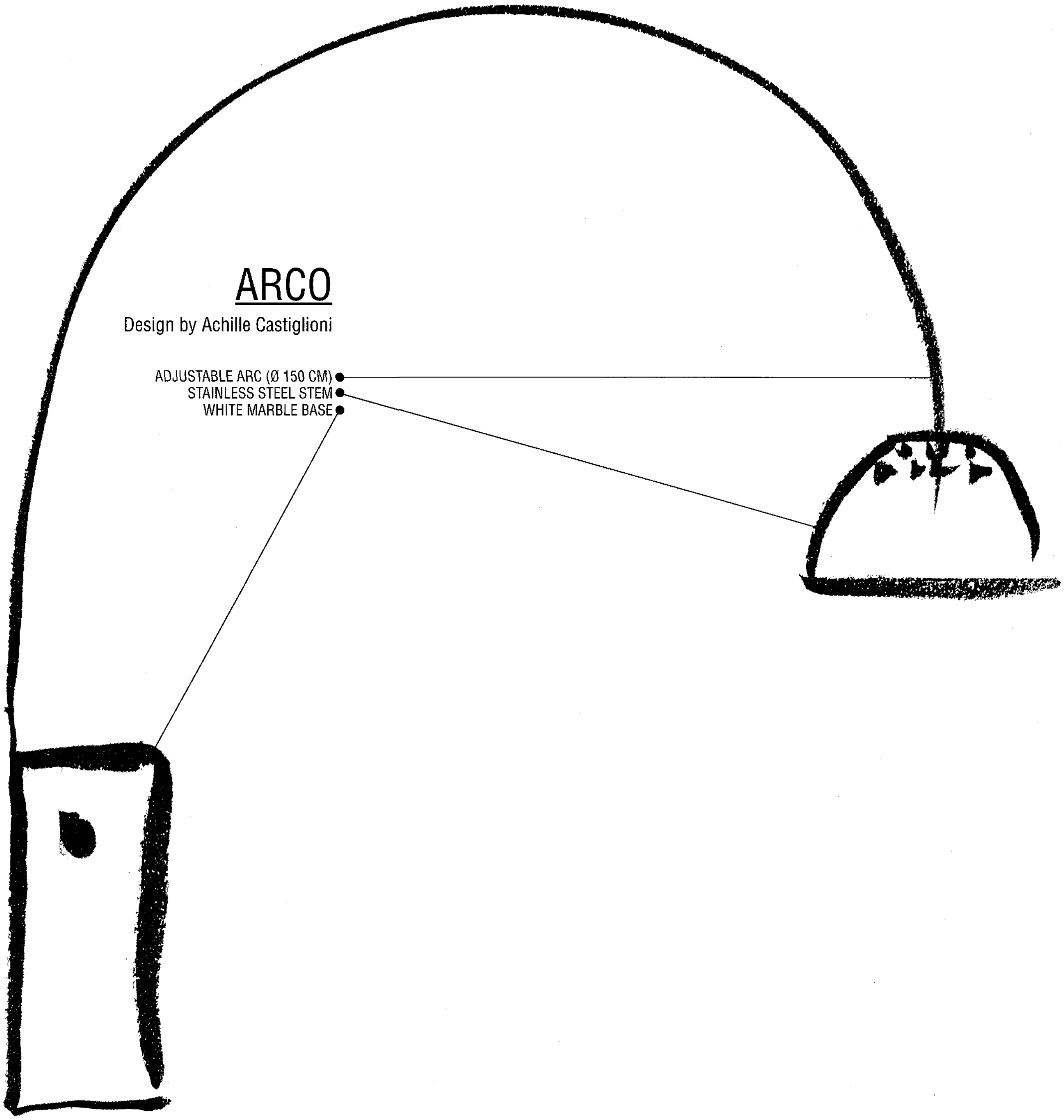


Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker's "Woud," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

ISADORE SELTZER

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Modern dance's grand master of chance offers three local premières: "Installations," a technically complex work incorporating multiple video monitors; "Rondo," which changes from performance to performance depending on last-minute cast alterations; and the luminous and beautiful "Windows," named for the computer program. The nightly "MinEvents" offer vintage sets by Warhol, Johns (après Duchamp), and Rauschenberg, among others, and some choreographic revivals, including segments from the legendarily difficult "Torse." The brand-new "Scenario" has a rather peculiar décor by the Japanese couturier Rei Kawakubo, in her first theatrical outing, and a score by Takehisa Kosugi, the company's eccentric musical director. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 17-18 at 7:30—note the early performance time—and Oct. 19 at 3.)



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"Woud"—Anne Teresa De Keersmaeker and Rosas, the resident choreographer and dance company, respectively, of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, return to BAM with "Woud" ("The Woods"), an evening-length work set in an oak forest at night. (Oct. 22, Oct. 24, and Oct. 25 at 7:30.)

Cristina Hoyos Company—The Seville native and her sixteen-member flamenco troupe in "Caminos Andaluces" and "Arsa y Toma Flamenco." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Oct. 14-17 and Oct. 21-24 at 8; Oct. 18 and Oct. 25 at 2 and 8; and Oct. 19 and Oct. 26 at 3.)

Alberta Ballet—The Calgary-based company, in works by Mark Godden ("Minor Threat"), Serge Bennathan ("The Last I Saw . . ."), and artistic director Ali Pourfarrokh ("Facets" and the "Butterfly Dream" pas de deux). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 14-17 at 8, Oct. 18 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 19 at 2.)

Limón Dance Company—The company celebrates its fiftieth-anniversary season with three premières, by Jiri Kylian, Doug Varone, and resident choreographer Donald McKayle, and seven revivals, including "A Choreographic Offering," José Limón's homage to Doris Humphrey. (Joyce Theatre. Oct. 21-24 and Oct. 28 at 8, Oct. 25 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 26 at 2 and 7:30. Through Nov. 2.)

"The Circle Effect"—For the second installment of Danspace Project's Global Exchange series, choreographers Andrea Leine and Harijono Roebana of the Netherlands present an evening-length work for five dancers. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 16-19 at 8:30.)

Ricochet Dance Company—The first performances of a British dance invasion (five U.K. companies are appearing in New York in the next month) feature two works this dancer-led troupe commissioned from the choreographer Javier de Frutos: "E Muoio Disperato" ("And I Die in Despair") and "All Visitors Bring Happiness, Some by Coming, Some by Going." (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. Oct. 23-26 at 8:30.)

Fred Darsow Dance—The choreographer blends elements of flamenco and modern dance in "Kicking Up Sand" and "Son of Soleá por Bulerías." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 23-26 at 8.)

"Flesh Food"—Former artist's model Andrea Kleine's full-length farce about art, complete with knives, nurses, monsters, and nudes. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Oct. 16-19 at 8:30.)

"A Little Space of Intermediate Time"—Dancer Vicky Schick and scenarist Barbara Kilpatrick collaborate on a work about the nuances of everyday gestures. (P.S. 122. Oct. 23-26 at 8:30.)

"Art of Love"—Selected repertory from Henning Rubsam's Sensedance, including the title work, an homage to the late songwriter Laura Nyro. (Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. 334-7479. Oct. 16-19 at 8.)

Tamburitzans of Duquesne University—Central and Eastern European folk dances, including a Bulgarian barrel dance and the leaping Ukrainian *hopak*. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 879-8893. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Noche Flamenca—The eight-member flamenco company specializing in the intimate *tablao* style returns for two nights. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 24-25 at 8.)

"Rainbow Cafe"—A suite by Eun Me Ahn of seven vignettes for as many dancers, each one arrayed in a different color. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 23-25 at 8 and Oct. 26 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Eighth Annual Mabel Mercer Cabaret Convention—The end of a week's worth of song at Town Hall. (123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 15-18 at 6 and Oct. 19 at 3.)

David Bowie—Save for his financially brilliant decision to leverage his gilded back catalogue into a fifty-five-million-dollar commodity, Bowie hasn't been considered much of a news story lately; not many reporters find this year's eminently listenable, often fascinating "Earthling" newsworthy. Unlike other artists of his generation, the Thin White Duke continues to court the cutting edge, a tendency that has the effect of making him irrelevant to younger generations (who characterize him as Weird Old Guy) and inexplicable to older fans (who'd prefer to see him hustling chestnuts). (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 15 at 8.)

At Tramps, a rare appearance by Link Wray.

Luther Vandross—The platinum-throated one. (Westbury Music Fair. 516-334-0800. Oct. 15 and Oct. 17-18 at 8.)

Paulo Bragança—Fado is Portugal's take on soul, a throaty, lonesome cry that speaks of heartache and existential displacement. It's not exactly good-time music, but, performed by a master like Bragança, it's deeply moving stuff. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5689. Oct. 16 at 7:30.)

K. D. Lang—The golden voice croons torch songs and new-country classics in one of the world's grandest rooms. (Radio City Music Hall. Oct. 16 at 8.)

The Rolling Stones—Unlike David Bowie, the Stones don't need to hock their song catalogue: with a corporate giant like Sprint eager to pick up the tab for the "Bridges to Babylon" tour, the money is pouring in. Too bad, then, that the new Stones record is such a murky, dispirited embarrassment. Still, you have to give Mick Jagger credit—at fifty-four, he's older than the President, but his hips and lips are still fine-tuned, fully loaded weapons. With the Foo Fighters. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 212-307-7171. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

Harry (Sweets) Edison and the Monty Alexander Trio—Do opposites really attract? The sublime trumpeter Edison can say more with less than any player alive. (You sometimes get the impression that conceptualizing a note may be as rewarding to him as actually playing it.) Pianist Alexander, on the other hand, seems as though he could use another hand and another keyboard—working eighty-eight keys continuously just doesn't give him enough to do. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Oct. 16 at 8.)

Robert Hunter—Jerry Garcia is gone, but Hunter, his longtime lyricist, keeps on truckin'. A singer-songwriter with his own singular vision, he may have a more limited forum these days, but he still has something to say. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. Oct. 16 at 9.)

Primus—Cheerfully demented power punk. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 17 at 7:30.)

Julio Iglesias—The Spanish crooner. (Radio City Music Hall. Oct. 17-19 at 8.)

Marc Anthony—An evening of romantic salsa. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Muzsikás and Márta Sebestyén—Hungarian folk music featuring vocalist Sebestyén, who was heard on the soundtrack of "The English Patient." (Town Hall. Oct. 19 at 7.)

Ray Davies—Middle age looks and sounds great on this Hall of Fame rock and roller. (Westbury Music Fair. Oct. 20 at 8.)

Shirley Bassey—The British star of the booming voice and the haughty stance had a few big hits back in the sixties; the brassy "Goldfinger," from 1964, was the biggest. (Westbury Music Fair. Oct. 21 at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Fiona Apple—Artist of the Year? She's only twenty, but her protean material already suggests depths that should keep her fans happy for a very long time. Her latest video, the disturbingly kiddie-porn-flavored "Criminal," is the first to capture her odd mix of childish petulance and seething sexuality, and it's driven her straight to the top of the charts. In performance, she's uneven and often uncomfortable, but there's no denying she's got something special. (Roseland. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Jim White—A storyteller from Pensacola whose literate, Southern-gothic début album, "Wrong-Eyed Jesus," is endlessly fascinating. (New School. Oct. 23 at 7:30.)

"Geri Allen Plays Mary Lou Williams"—Williams (1910-81) started out as the modernist innovator behind the Kansas City big band of Andy Kirk; a decade later she was exchanging ideas with such boppers as Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, and her eclectic, omnivorous musicality only broadened with time. Pianist and composer Allen squirms out of any category you try to confine her to—a fluid mainstreamer when she wants to be, she's just as comfortable peering around corners with Ornette Coleman and Paul Motian. Allen obviously recognizes a kindred spirit in Williams, and she's the perfect player to rescue that pioneering figure from respectful-footnote status. (St. Ann's Church, 157 Montague St., Brooklyn. 718-858-2424. Oct. 24 at 8.)

Raffi—If we're lucky, this gentle performer (who has twenty years of children's songs about spiders, elephants, and baby belugas under his belt) will be around long after Barney is extinct. (Town Hall. Oct. 25 at 1 and 4.)

Echo and the Bunnymen—The inimitable eighties band, now on the comeback trail. With the Longpigs. (Roseland. Oct. 25 at 7:30.)

Bill Frisell, Jerry Douglas, and Viktor Krauss—Guitarist Frisell, perhaps the most distinctive stylist in contemporary jazz, has spent much of his career getting in touch with his inner Chet Atkins. On his most recent recording, "Nashville," he finally comes clean, luxuriating in the mountain-stream lyricism of country-style picking. He's joined here by Dobro virtuoso Douglas and by Alison Krauss's brother Viktor on bass. (St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn. Oct. 25 at 7:30 and 10.)

"Cleo Laine 70th Birthday Concert"—The singer performs and is fêted by her husband and musical director, John Dankworth, and by vocalist Rosemary Clooney, pianists Marian McPartland and Billy Taylor, and baritone Kevin Mahogany. (Town Hall. Oct. 26 at 7.)

DOUG ALLEN

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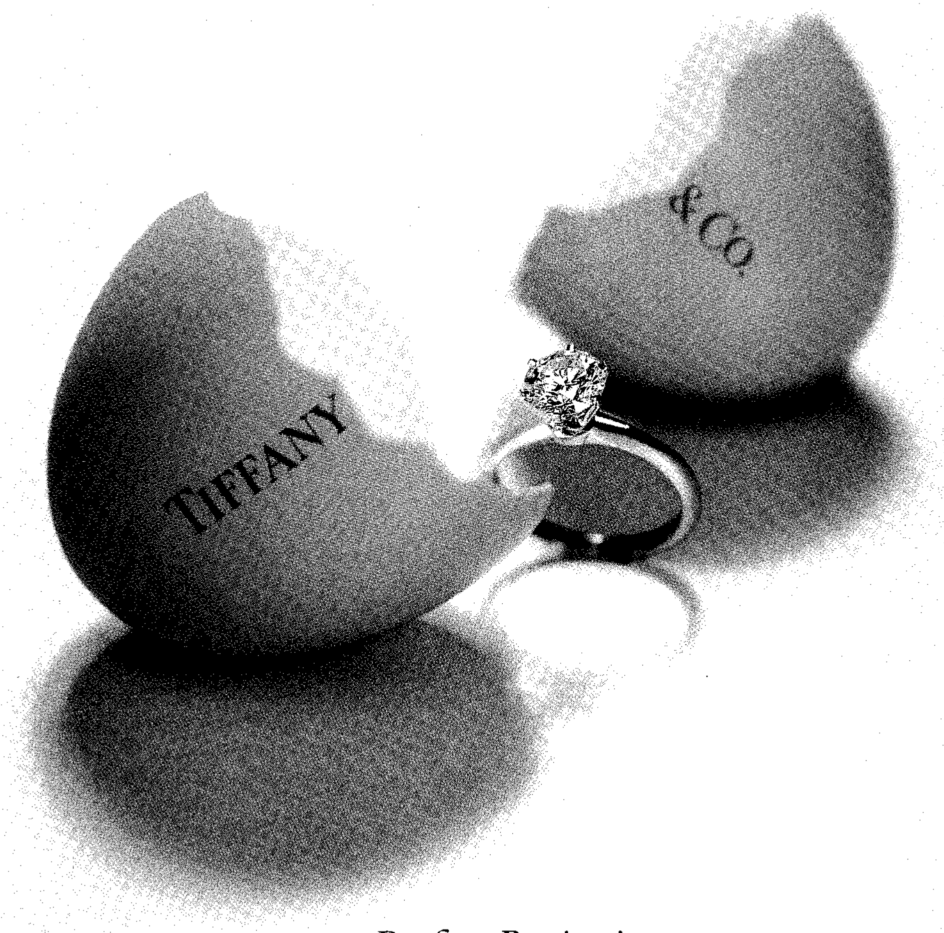

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TASTE OF NEW YORK

The VISA Preferred Guide to Dining

By Ralph DiGennaro

More than other cities, New York boasts a wealth of restaurants as diverse as its population. From the exotic ethnic cuisine that virtually every New Yorker enjoys, to the elegant fine dining establishments that challenge Europe's best, this is a city that caters to any palate, any pocketbook. On any day of the week. At practically any hour. Now, with Visa's "Taste of New York" featuring culinary gems uptown, downtown, and all around the town, discovering new restaurants has never been more fun. Or rewarding, since every time you use your VISA® card at participating restaurants reviewed in "Taste of New York," Visa will make a contribution to Citymeals-on-Wheels.* So go ahead, savor New York and don't forget dessert.

ALVA • 36 EAST 22nd STREET • 212-228-4399 • Hard to imagine the naked light bulb as a source of inspiration for a restaurant, but the aptly named Alva (after Thomas Edison's middle name), shines brightly. Located in the space once occupied by the celebrated Chefs and Cuisiniers Club, Alva is yet another culinary brainstorm of Charlie Palmer of Aureole, who, with Fernando Saralegui, turned it into Alva. Casual and arty, with its black and white photograph-laden walls lit by bulbs everywhere, Alva's menu is a portrait in eclecticism. Garlicky roasted chicken, tender and juicy, is truly memorable, as is grilled salmon cooked with oven-roasted Jersey tomatoes, the crunchy texture of the outside in perfect balance to the soft, just cooked center. Then again, the kitchen turns out a great burger at lunch, one of the city's best steak au poivre at dinner, terrific salads, and hors d'oeuvres that continually change.

Illustrations by Steven Salerno

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BECCO • 355 West 46th Street • 212-397-7597
Joe Bastianich was born into a great family of restaurateurs; his parents, Felice and Lidia Bastianich, own Felidia on 58th Street, considered by many to be one of New York's premier Italian restaurants. A favorite of theater-goers for five years, Becco boasts a terrific prix-fixe menu that keeps the rooms filled both upstairs and downstairs. Small wonder. Bountiful seafood antipasto is a wonder of salt water delights. The Caesar salad is as good as it gets. If pasta is your thing, try the triple pasta sampler, which allows you to choose from three different preparations, all made fresh daily. And it's all you can eat. For those with less hearty appetites, there's succulent roasted chicken with herbs and an assortment of fresh fish. Salmon is grilled and served with a tangy mustard sauce; swordfish comes bathed in a flavorful red balsamic reduction. Either is an excellent choice and worth a rave or two.

IL CANTINORI • 32 East 10th Street • 212-673-6044
Credit Il Cantinori with being one of the first downtown restaurants to champion classic Tuscan cuisine at a time when Italian dining rooms uptown were still piling hefty wedges of lasagna onto plates at equally hefty prices. This oasis of exposed brick and terra cotta floors tucked into a quiet, leafy sidestreet in Greenwich Village has lifted country cooking to an art, achieved in no small part by an insistence on quality ingredients and careful preparations. Simply stated, Il Cantinori's bruschettas are the best, whether as a simple freshly chopped ripened tomato with garlic and basil or quickly sautéed fungi. Tender baby octopus is braised with fresh tomatoes, parsley, garlic, wine, and hot pepper and heaped upon garlic toast. The freshest fish is flown in daily from the Mediterranean and the veal, especially the *osso buco*, is always tender, hearty, and flavorful, and worth a trip whenever it is on the menu in the cooler months. Nice to see an original still in fine form.

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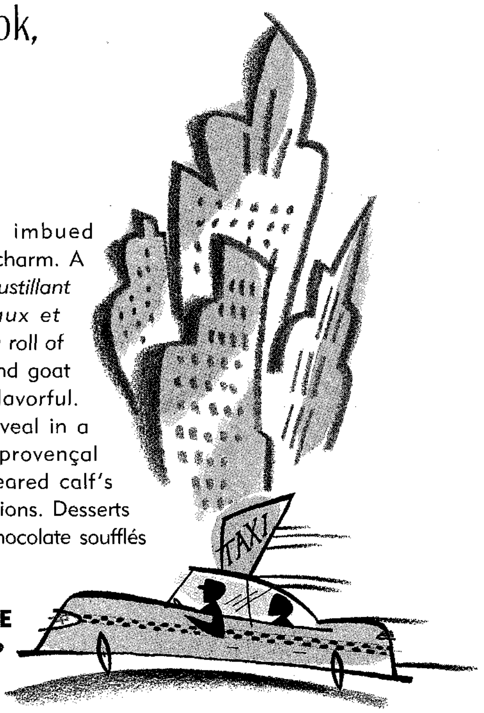
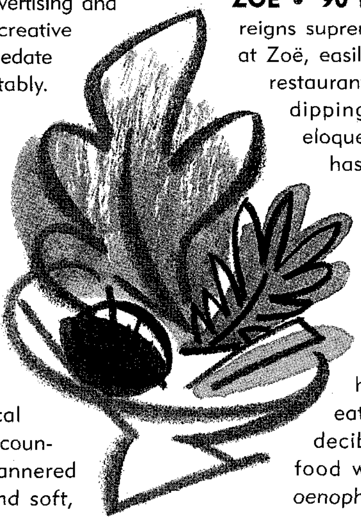
DAWAT • 210 East 58th Street • 212-355-7555
To those who recognize authentic, home-style Indian cuisine, executive chef and food consultant Madhur Jaffrey is held in high esteem, a patron saint of sorts to tandoor cooking and to curries at once fierce and flavorful. Now a best selling cookbook author, Jaffrey has been Dawat's helm since it opened in 1987, steering the attractively appointed restaurant into brave and heretofore uncharted waters. A case in point: *dahi aloo poori*, a Bombay street snack of crispy noodles and rice, minced onions and chutney is a mouth-watering starter, as is spicy *baghari jhinga*, a popular shrimp dish with New Yorkers that is bathed in garlic, mustard seed, and curry leaves. Jaffrey's famous Goan curries heighten the flavors of chicken, shrimp and lamb, as do the *vindaloos*. The breads are all wonderful, as are the chutneys, both the cool and the fiery. A refreshing *kheer* (Indian rice pudding) or homemade mango ice cream completes the meal.

JUDSON GRILL • 152 West 52nd Street • 212-582-5252
This classic restaurant both suave and sophisticated epitomizes "New York" style. Cavernous as the room may be, it is impeccably tailored, and the buttoned-up staff is always knowledgeable and efficient. The wine list, intelligently engineered, with more than a few surprises, will please even the aficionado. While the menu explores various regions of the world, it is clear that chef John Villa has an affection for Asia and Asian spices. But if a succulent slab of Black Angus beef turns you on, here it is seared as it should be, accompanied by a heap of thin pommes frites or mashed potatoes. Many of the fish dishes arrive in customized blankets of varying vegetables, which keep the salmon and Arctic char moist. The kitchen enjoys inventing a new pasta dish every day. At lunch the place rocks with advertising and fashion executives; the latter attracted by the creative salads always on the menu. Evenings are more sedate and Judson Grill is slipped into more comfortably. Just make sure your tie is straight.

LE PÉRIGORD • 405 East 52nd Street 212-755-6244 • Most come for the food but there's little doubt that many return for the affable charm of owner Georges Briguet. Mention that you still delight in the virtues of classic French cuisine and Briguet beams. Talk tennis and you've gained a friend for life. And a good friend to have because if rack of lamb in rosemary juice is your thing, there is none better than that prepared by chef Pascal Coudouille, who also has a way with a hearty, country-style beef stew, served en croûte. This mannered room, with its warm, peach-colored walls and soft, soothing lighting, is imbued with a fresh insouciant charm. A Coudouille specialty, *croustillant de chèvre aux pruneaux et canard fumé* (crisp spring roll of smoked duck, prunes, and goat cheese) is unique yet flavorful. Ditto for medallions of veal in a rich morel sauce with provençal tomato and perfectly seared calf's liver with caramelized onions. Desserts like their Armagnac or chocolate soufflés are not to be missed.



SHUN LEE PALACE 155 East 55th Street • 212-371-8844
With its main dining room newly Adam Tihany-ized, this gloriously fine restaurant is as much a feast for the eyes as for the mouth. It is here where I had my first experience with chicken *soong*, a chopped up mixture of breast meat, pine nuts, vegetables, and hoisin sauce eaten taco-style in a lettuce leaf. I've yet to have better. Anywhere. If help is needed in ordering—the Chinese menu runs to nearly 150 items—owner Michael Tong is quick to the rescue. Shun Lee excels in fish preparations, and there isn't a shrimp dish on the menu that doesn't thrill me time and again. If crunch keeps you happy, try the Grand Marnier prawns or crispy sole, two classic Shun Lee dishes guaranteed to satisfy. And don't forget the scrumptious lobster rolls.



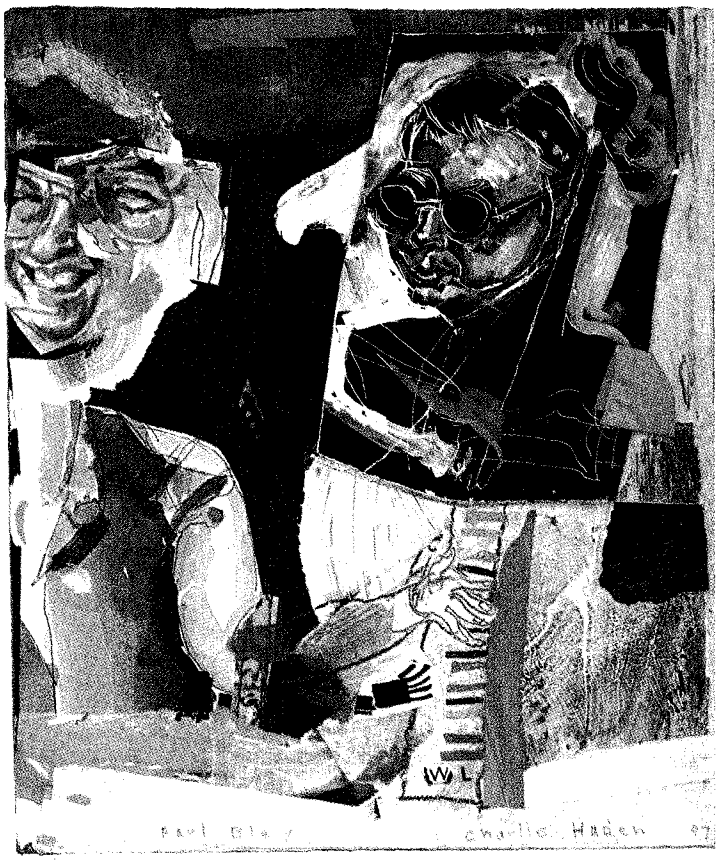
ZOË • 90 Prince Street • 212-966-6722 • Confidence reigns supreme in executive chef Kevin Reilly's open kitchen at Zoë, easily one of SoHo's most impressive and consistent restaurants. Don't be deceived by the decked-out crowd dipping in and around the bar up front, this is an eloquent example of how far creative American cuisine has evolved. Spices, glazes, rubs, the dishes at Zoë echo other ethnic influences but the two sous chefs at work achieve a wonderful fusion. Seared tuna is practically blackened on the outside, nearly raw at the center. Perfect. One forkful and you're easily a sucker for the tasty salmon tartare, a great opener for the school of expertly seared fish, which includes halibut and wild striped bass. So what if the eating bar at the kitchen raises the noise level a decibel or two, this is imaginative, well-prepared food with friendly service. And the wine list is an *oenophile's dream.* ❒

Mötley Crüe / Cheap Trick—Vince Neil is back. Need we say more? / The good-time boys with an ample supply of hooks, licks, and smirks. (Nassau Coliseum. 516-794-9300. Oct. 26 at 8.)

"An Evening with Michael Feinstein"—A program of songs by Gershwin, Berlin, Porter, and the singer himself. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 28 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is always advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)



Paul Bley and Charlie Haden, at Iridium.

WARREN LINN

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER,** in through Oct. 19, is an adroit technician with a newfound emotional depth and substance. Oct. 22-25: The **STANLEY TURRENTINE** quintet. You judge a tenor saxophonist like Turrentine not by his virtuosity or his invention but by his sound—in this case, a huge, rounded calling card of warmth and gritty soul. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Oct. 19: Having pianist **McCOY TYNER** take on the music of the sophisticated pop composer Burt Bacharach is a great late-nineties idea; gussying up the melodies with fussy string arrangements, as was done at this year's JVC Jazz Festival, is a terrible one. Unless they've revamped it all (highly unlikely), this affair will be just as clumsy. Oct. 21-26: "Dizzy Gillespie's 80th Birthday Party." Among those honoring the bop patriarch will be trumpet scion **JON FADDIS,** trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON,** and pianist **CYRUS CHESTNUT.** Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The sparkling **BOBBY SHORT** presides in the Café Carlyle through Dec. 31. On Mondays, **WOODY ALLEN** plays with the **EDDY DAVIS NEW ORLEANS JAZZ BAND**. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** settles in for a stay that will take her through to the New Year.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Whether **KENNY BARRON** (through Oct. 19) brings along his tried-and-true horn-driven band or his newer, edgier violin-plus-percussion unit is almost beside the point. What's assured is crisply arranged ensemble work highlighted by healthy doses of the leader's ever-lustrous piano. Oct. 21-26: Bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** and pianist **PAUL BLEY** go back so far that when they first played together Ornette Coleman was a sideman in Bley's band. They've been through it all—from bop to free jazz and back—and their firsthand knowledge affords them wisdom and distinction. Mondays belong to electric-guitar pioneer **LES PAUL.** Dining.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—**JOEY BARON'S DOWN HOME** is in on Oct. 15-16. Drummer Baron, a vital element of such cutting-edge new-jazz units as John Zorn's Masada and his own trio, Baron Down, has put together the most intriguing ensemble of the season: he's teamed **RON CARTER,** mainstream jazz's main man of the bass, with guitarist **BILL FRISELL** (see Concerts) and alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** two established masters of inside/outside improvisation. If it all works, Baron should grab the next flight to Israel and sort out the Middle East crisis; if not, it was still a valiant effort.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. Vocalist **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** is here through Oct. 25, in a reprise of last winter's show, "Mothers and Daughters."

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Expanding the conventional range of the baritone saxophone, **HAMIETT BLUIETT** (through Oct. 19) can coax unnatural but beautiful sounds from his cumbersome instrument. Oct. 21-26: The **BENNY WATERS** quintet, led by a ninety-five-year-old saxman who predates jazz itself; and who can still conjure up the lusty pleasures of the Swing Era. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The **LOU DONALDSON** quartet is in through Oct. 19. With one foot in well-turned bop soil and the other in R. & B. territory, Donaldson, an alto saxophonist, pledges allegiance to both virtuosity and entertainment. His timing—as a bop soloist and as a comic—has never been better. He's joined here by **DR. LONNIE SMITH** on organ, **PETER BERNSTEIN** on guitar, and **FUKUSHI TAINAKA** on drums. Oct. 21-26: The **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** quartet. It took Hutcherson to translate the modernist grammar of sixties jazz for the vibraphone. He's at his best when he glides into the spare, mysterious ruminations perfected on classics like Eric Dolphy's "Out to Lunch," but he also loves to strut his piston-mallet technique on up-tempo chargers. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Clarinettist and saxophonist **KEN PEPLOWSKI,** guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN,** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** (in through Oct. 18) play only beautiful music: they immerse themselves in the pleasures of melody and tone. Oct. 20-25: Bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** and pianist **LYNNE ARRIALE.**

ROCK, ETC.

Arlene Grocery, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—Local boys make good funk: **FONTAINE,** in on Oct. 18, assembles the tightest mix of guitar-driven rock and bass-popping grooves that's been heard downtown in a long time.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Oct. 17: **DAVID LINDLEY,** the eccentric guitar genius best known for his work with Jackson Brown and Ry Cooder. With the killer Creole crunch of the **LEO NOCENTELLI** band. Oct. 18: **JANIS IAN** continues her strong comeback. The Oct. 23 installment of "Nightbirds," an evening established in memory of the late disk jockey Alison Steele, features Throwing Muses leader **KRISTIN HERSH,** dancer and performance artist **CLAIRE PORTER,** and singer-songwriters **LUCY KAPLANSKY** and **MEHUMAN JONSON.** Oct. 24: **BUSTER POINDEXTER AND HIS SPANISH ROCKETSHIP BAND.** Oct. 25: The three-girl glam-funk of **BETTY.**

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—On Oct. 22, the **FRANK & WALTERS** bring their keen, feel-good pop in from their home shores of Cork. Oct. 25: The legendary downtown bombshell banshee **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE.**

Coney Island High, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—Oct. 25: An evening of old and new rock with, among others, **? AND THE MYSTERIANS** (who recorded "96 Tears," arguably the greatest single in history), the **LYRES,** and the **CHESTERFIELD KINGS.**

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Oct. 17: The country, folk, and rock sounds of the **HEALTH & HAPPINESS SHOW.** Oct. 21: Vocalist **NATALIE GAMSU.** Oct. 27: Up-and-coming pianist and songwriter **LEE FELDMAN.** Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Oct. 15: Neo-metal libertarians **MACHINE HEAD.** The **NIXONS** (Oct. 16) play jangly R.E.M.-style undergraduate rock. Oct. 17: As yet unsigned local rock-and-roll faves the **KNOCKOUT DROPS.** Top-shelf y'alternative rock takes over on Oct. 18 with the **OLD 97'S** and **WHISKEYTOWN.** Oct. 24: The funky, thrilling tenor saxophonist **MACEO PARKER.**

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Guitar-strumming warbler **JONATHAN RICHMAN** comes in for two nights of partying on Oct. 24-25. **DEREK BAILEY,** who's in Oct. 27-29, is a poet of guitar noise and nonlinear improvisation.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Singer-songwriter **RICHARD BUCKNER** brings his edgy urban folk stories in on Oct. 17. With guitarist and singer **LORI CARSON,** whose monologues give you the sensation of eavesdropping—you feel as though you should leave, but you're riveted by the stark, beautiful sadness of her voice and her lyrics. Oct. 18: **CHRIS KNOX,** a seminal figure in the New Zealand punk scene of the past decade, who has mellowed into a tuneful, whimsical iconoclast. Oct. 22: Local power pop with **44.** Oct. 24: **JOHN LURIE AND THE LOUNGE LIZARDS.**

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Blues-guitar stylist **ROBBEN FORD** comes in on Oct. 16. Rock and Roll Hall of Famer **JERRY LEE LEWIS,** in on Oct. 17, continues to pump the piano with satanic glee. Oct. 18: **BJÖRN AGAIN,** the world's greatest Abba tribute band. Oct. 22: Post-punk hero **BOB MOULD.** Oct. 23: Emerging from the swamps near Dunn, North Carolina, guitarist **LINK WRAY** and his brothers Ray and Doug—the Wraymen—started out as a Western-swing outfit. Then, in 1958, Link decided to punch a pencil through his amplifier speakers; the result was the landmark instrumental "Rumble," which gave birth to one of rock's enduring staples: the power chord. At his best, Wray conjures up images of the endless highway, laying out those sustained chords like big, flat slabs of asphalt. Now, at sixty-seven, he has a ferocious new record called "Shadowman" and his first New York club date in fifteen years. With the excellent surf quartet **LOS STRAITJACKETS.** Oct. 24: **JUNIOR BROWN,** a great Indiana cowboy-songwriter with a flair for guitar-propelled songs about hillbillies, hula girls, and heartbreak. Oct. 28: Don't fear the Reaper, indeed: Long Island rock legends **BLUE ÖYSTER CULT** share a bill with former Doors guitarist and drummer **ROBBY KRIEGER** and **JOHN DENSMORE.** Word is Doors keyboardist **RAY MANZAREK** will also be on hand.

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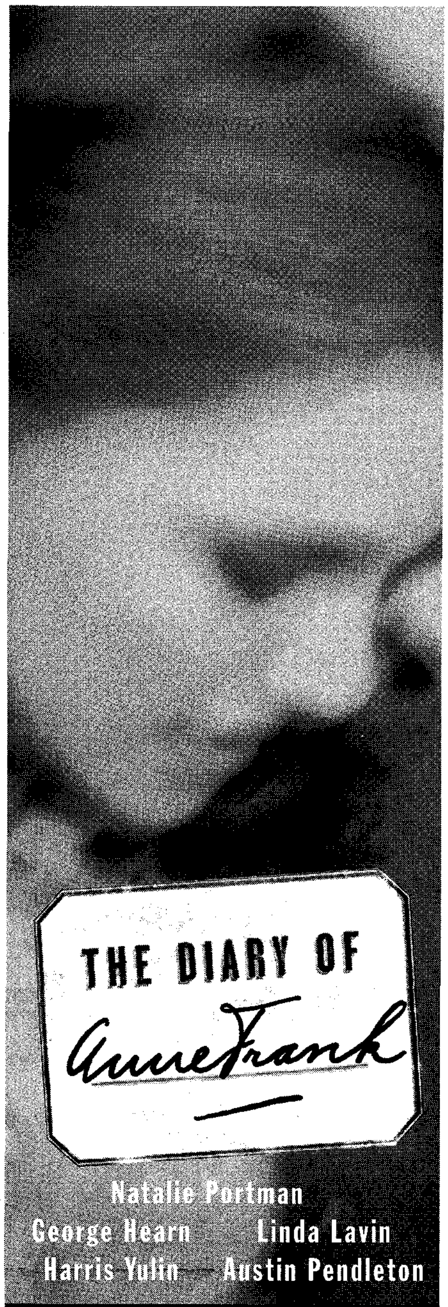

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"The Private Collection of Edgar Degas." Degas (1834-1917) amassed one of the finest collections of paintings, drawings, and prints of his day. (At one point he even considered forming his own museum.) It was dominated by the work of Ingres and Delacroix, the heroes of the artist's youth, but was also strong in Manet, Cassatt, Cézanne, Gauguin, and, of course, Degas. The show is valuable not only for the extraordinary quality of the art but also for the insight it provides into Degas's aesthetic temperament. Among the riches: Delacroix's "Count de Mornay's Apartment" and his portrait of Baron Schwiter, several portraits by Ingres, Manet's "Gypsy with Cigarette," and Gauguin's "Woman of the Mango." Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ "Picasso: The Engraver" is an excellent survey of the artist's printmaking career, though the title is a bit misleading—to be accurate it would have to be "Picasso: The Engraver, Etcher, Drypointist, Lithographer, Woodcutter, Monotyper, and Aquatintist," for he left his mark on virtually every print medium. Through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Opens Oct. 21. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—"Egon Schiele: Selections from the Collection of the Leopold Museum." More than a hundred and fifty oils, gouaches, watercolors, and sketches by the master draftsman who, despite an early death at twenty-eight from the Spanish flu, made defining contributions to Expressionist and erotic art. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "On the Edge: The Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Elaine Dannheisser, the colorful collector who butted heads with Morley Safer on the notorious "60 Minutes" segment trashing contemporary art, seems like an archetype of the eighties, a decade when patrons sometimes eclipsed artists. The collection she and her husband are donating to the museum does include important pre-eighties works—by Joseph Beuys, Lawrence Weiner, Carl Andre, and Robert Ryman, among others—but its standouts are by the stars of the Gordon Gekko years: Jeff Koons, Robert Gober, Anselm Kiefer, etc. Given the Modern's somewhat conservative reputation as a bastion of modernist aesthetics, the Dannheisser bequest is significant. Through Jan. 20. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective" offers more than four hundred pieces from nearly half a century of work. At both Guggenheim venues, through Jan. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—The museum's Rauschenberg retrospective continues here; the Ace Gallery (275 Hudson St.; 255-5599) has opened a third front in the exhibition and, for the duration of the show, adheres to the schedule of the museum's downtown branch (see also Photography). (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—The Richard Diebenkorn retrospective presents examples from every phase of the California master's career, including early sketches and figure studies, fifties-era abstractions, landscapes from the sixties, the "Ocean Park" series, and the late collages. Through Jan. 11. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Monet and the Mediterranean" focusses on one of the lesser-known aspects of the artist's vast corpus. These landscapes from the Mediterranean, especially from the Italian and French Rivieras, are important and beautiful, and, while their sheer number can be a little numbing, that shouldn't stop crowds from salivating over the artist's fatty brushstrokes. Through Jan. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. (249-8950)—"Potosi: Colonial Treasures and the Bolivian City of Silver," a beautifully mounted exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and silver objects from the great colonial silver-mining center. The show includes a dazzling roomful of beaten and repoussé silver objects—plaques, candlesticks, and censers; a flamboyant monstrance studded with emeralds, amethysts, and opals; even a priest's festival hat in silver atop a velvet cap, with little bells trailing behind. Yet the powerful folk sculptures of Jesus, Mary, and the saints, many of them borrowed from churches and convents in Bolivia, are the most wonderful objects here. Through Dec. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181)—"Power and Virtue: The Horse in Chinese Art" doesn't come to any startling conclusions about this familiar motif, but it does bring together some fine works. A pair of T'ang-dynasty earthenware sculptures of polo players depict a full-bearded foreigner opposite a lady of the Chinese court—an association that would be inconceivable in later eras. A vigorous, sketchy panel painting of a richly caparisoned horse with grooms, dating from the tenth century, suggests that in addition to the productions of court artists there was a strong folk tradition of sport painting. The masterpiece of the exhibition is "Night-Shining White," an eighth-century portrait of a haughty equine aristocrat attributed to Han Gan; the scroll is adorned with inscriptions and seals that reflect the admiration of connoisseurs over the course of a thousand years. Through Dec. 13. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912)—"Torqued Ellipses," three new monumental sculptures by Richard Serra in Corten steel. For this series, Serra experimented with hitherto unknown techniques of rolling steel. While the results are characteristically massive, they achieve a quality of fluidity and movement which seems almost delicate. The sculptor has pulled off a most unlikely stunt: he's shown us something new. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. (831-7272)—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture from the Caribbean" chronicles the religious and secular life of some of the islands' original inhabitants. The few words from the Taíno language that survive in English ("barbecue," "canoe," "hammock," "hurricane") offer hints about this civilization, but much more can be gleaned from the artifacts collected here: worked-seashell amulets, three-pointed stones dedicated to the cassava gods, wooden chairs carved with animal figures for the local chieftains, vomit-inducing bone spatulas used by shamans to prepare the body for the ingestion of hallucinogens. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089)—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Europe" details early medicinal uses for the New World herb (e.g., in the treatment of asthma, labor pains, the plague) and charts its appearances in art and jeremiad. Print Gallery (third floor); through Jan. 3. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Israel Hershberg / Tom Otterness—The artist was born in 1948, in a displaced-persons camp in Austria; he moved to Israel at the age of one, to Brooklyn at nine, and back to Israel in his thirties. Somehow, the result of this nomadic résumé is an œuvre dramatically like Andrew Wyeth's. Brooding sepia portraits radiate an Old Testament intensity ("Man begins in dust and ends in dust," an epigraph in the catalogue reminds us); meticulous still-lifes, of artichokes and trays of sprats, have a rural calm that seems older still. / Forty-nine bronze sculptures. Both shows through Oct. 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900.)

Sean Scully—This vital, prolific artist has two shows up. The more interesting one—at **galerie lelong** (20 W. 57th St., 315-0470), through Nov. 1—presents a number of what Scully calls floating paintings: perpendicularly protruding panels that bear his signature stripes. At **boone** (745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., 752-2929), through Oct. 25, several Large, Important canvases lie in wait for museum curators, but they lack the energy of the smaller work at Lelong.

Adam Straus—Visionary landscapes that strike chords of loneliness and gentle absurdity. The puff-cloud skies and gray-suited figures recall Magritte, but Straus is an even more straight-faced loner. "Frontier," a red-desert sunset, evokes the cosmic "So what?" of the Sojourner snapshots of Mars. The meteor shower of "Blast-Sea Version," splashing on an empty expanse of sea, demonstrates the artist's knack for the postapocalyptic chuckle. Through Nov. 15. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. 888-3550. Open Mondays.)

"Invited"—Paris Murray and Diane Waldman have curated a show of work by seven young women, some of it very strong: "Dust," a dust bunny nearly six feet tall, by sculptor Melissa McGill, who goes around emptying her friends' vacuum cleaners; witty, wall-mounted brassieres made of waxed paper, Saran Wrap, and tape, by Julie Allen; a series of photographs of landscapes, some postcard-pretty (mountains, beaches), some strange (statues of dinosaurs at a Southern California truck stop), all shot between the legs of the photographer, Caryl Davis; and a series of twisted, seductive Victorian interiors, exquisitely rendered in black enamel on vinyl, by Cadence Giersbach. Through Oct. 25. (Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888.)

"The New Objectivity"—Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints by Dix, Grosz, Schad, and other Weimar-era artists. Through Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. 245-6734.)

Short List—**diti almog,** Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 744-7400. Through Oct. 31 (for a related exhibit, see Galleries—Downtown). . . . **dozier bell,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through Oct. 25. . . . **michael bergt,** DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through Nov. 1. . . . **grace knowlton,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Through Nov. 29. . . . **james lechay,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 307-5730. Through Nov. 1. . . . **john marin,** Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 541-9600. Through Nov. 1. . . . **theodore roszak** and **frederick j. sykes,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810. Both shows through Nov. 15. . . . **jeanette pasin sloan,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907. Through Oct. 30. . . . **edward sorel,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. 838-0333. Through Nov. 8. . . . **jane wilson,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. 759-2345. Through Nov. 15. . . . **chihung yang,** O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. 355-3330. Through Nov. 1.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Betsy Kaufman—Abstract paintings and watercolors based on that hoary standby the grid. Against the severity of her model, Kaufman introduces various decorative deviations; her paintings are nothing if not pretty. Through Nov. 1. (Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. 255-8450.)

Karen Kilimnik—In "The Sleeping Beauty" (paintings, drawings, and an installation), the artist treats us once again to her delightfully per-

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verse pastiches of Old Master paintings, fashion advertisements, and society gossip. On Wednesdays and Saturdays at 12:30, the installation acts up: the curtains are drawn, the lights are dimmed, and dry-ice vapor is pumped into the gallery. Through Oct. 25. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

Terry Winters—Ten paintings of brightly colored intersecting lines. Through Dec. 24. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200. Opens at noon.)

Group Show—The sculptors Magdalena Abakanowicz, Louise Bourgeois, and Sir Anthony Caro present a work apiece in the inaugural show at the Chelsea Marlborough. Through Oct. 25. (211 W. 19th St. 463-8634.)

Short List—**JAN BARACZ**, de Folin, 529 W. 20th St. 242-3434. Through Nov. 15. . . . **KAREN CARSON**, Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Through Nov. 8. . . . **WILLIAM CULLUM**, Debs, 529 W. 20th St. 647-7080. Through Nov. 1. . . . **RICHARD DEVORE** and **SCOTT BURTON**, Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 633-6999. Both shows through Nov. 1. . . . **WILLIAM HAWKINS**, Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819. Through Nov. 15. . . . **LUCA PANCRAZZI** and **YOSHIHIRO SUDA**, D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. 352-9460. Both shows through Nov. 1. . . . **MICHAEL PHELAN**, Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. 741-8849. Through Nov. 8. . . . **LINDA STARK**, Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. 645-1701. Through Nov. 15.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Diti Almog—Crafty paintings in a Halloween palette on balsa plywood. Through Nov. 15. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) (Boesky, 51 Greene St. 941-9888.)

Michael Ray Charles—Posters for the Liberty Permanent Daily Circus and other pseudo-historical advertisements depicting clown-suited Sambo figures in backbends and similarly embarrassing positions. As is the case with the silhouettes of Kara Walker, the familiarity of the stereotypes (pigtailed darkies, smiling watermelon eaters) leads so directly to questions of racism that it renders the simple graphic appeal of the work complex and unsettling. Through Oct. 25. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300.)

Stephan Jung—The American début of a German artist preoccupied with painting dramatic views of reflective objects (a cut-crystal decanter, a chrome showerhead) lit from mysterious sources. Through Nov. 8. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. 431-6880.)

Fiona Rae—Large paintings with fetching bull's-eyes of color tangled in a taffy of black-and-white brushwork. Through Nov. 4. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600.)

Gillian Wearing—Photographs and videos by a young British artist. The highlight is "10-16," for which she taped seven children, ages ten to sixteen, talking about the world around them. Things begin innocently but quickly fall apart. (One boy speaks of his desire to kill his mother and her lesbian lover.) The real chill, however, is in the artist's use of adult actors to lip-synch the children's testimony. Through Oct. 25. (Gorney, 100 Greene St. 966-4480.)

"Lords of the Lowbrow"—Tattoo designs, hot-rod decals, superhero comics, monster movies, and other debased pleasures serve as the inspirations for works here by seven artists, including Gary Panter, Joe Coleman, David Sandlin, and Robert Williams. Through Oct. 31. (Ozone, 400 Broome St. 965-1719.)

"The Pavilion of the Greenman"—Another Explorer's Club fantasy from Nicholas Kahn and Richard Selesnick, who for their last outing created "Rood Loft of the Drunken Beekeeper," based on fictitious travel journals. The nonagonal pavilion the duo has created here is outfitted with dried lemon leaves and doctored photographs of one Bindon MacRupert, a peculiarly English divine fool, whose oaths, curses, and invocations on emerging from the wilderness have been recorded on the gallery walls. Through Nov. 1. (Knowlton, 568 Broadway. 966-2625.)

"Public Notice"—Activist posters by artists, including examples by Warhol, Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, and Kruger. Through Nov. 30. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway. 966-7745. Open Friday and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**NANCY BALLIETT**, Atlantic, 475 Broome St. 219-3183. Through Nov. 8. . . . **TINA BROWN**, Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. 226-9402. Through Nov. 5. . . . **MYRNA BURKS**, The Painting Center, 52 Greene St. 343-1060. Through Nov. 1. . . . **Y. J. CHO**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. 431-3600. Through Nov. 15. . . . **GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD**, Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway. 226-1111. Through Nov. 15. . . . **PAMELA JOSEPH**, White, 560 Broadway. 966-3564. Through Nov. 15. . . . **RICHARD LONG**, Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685. Through Nov. 8. . . . **FORREST MYERS**, Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. 966-6800. Through Nov. 15. . . . **PATRICIA NIX**, Dillon, 431 West Broadway. 966-2977. Through Oct. 29. . . . **NAM JUNE PAIK** and **WILLIAM WEGMAN**, Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777. Both shows through Nov. 8. . . . **GARY SCHNEIDER**, P.P.O.W, 476 Broome St. 941-8642. Through Nov. 15. . . . **LORNA SIMPSON**, Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2405. Through Oct. 25. . . . **NOLA ZIRIN**, June Kelly, 591 Broadway. 226-1660. Through Nov. 4.

"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century Europe," at the New York Public Library.

JASON HOLLEY

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—Oct. 16: Old Master paintings. . . . ¶ Oct. 17: Fine English furniture and decorative art. . . . ¶ Oct. 20: Silver, objects of virtu, and Russian art, plus the so-called Hannover cistern and fountain, a Baroque silver beverage station commissioned by the future George I of England and passed down through his descendants until, in 1924, one of them sold it (by way of a dealer) to William Randolph Hearst. . . . ¶ Oct. 21: French decorative arts (furniture, paintings, sculptures, porcelains, etc.) from the mid-seventeenth century through the mid-nineteenth. . . . ¶ Oct. 22: Nineteenth-century European paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including notable works by Courbet, Corot, and Clausen. . . . ¶ Oct. 27-28: Antique and modern jewelry. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.) . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST**: Moderately priced offerings of books (Oct. 15), silver (Oct. 22), and nineteenth-century paintings (Oct. 23). (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

Sotheby's—Oct. 17: Oils by Old Masters. . . . ¶ Oct. 18: English furniture. . . . ¶ Oct. 20: Ceramics. . . . ¶ Oct. 21: Works in silver, including a rare pair of 1709 dinner-serving stands from Lille, which somehow managed to escape getting melted down during the Revolution. . . . ¶ Oct. 23-24: Nineteenth-century paintings. . . . ¶ Oct. 25: Snuff bottles. . . . ¶ Oct. 27-28: Watches. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Doyle—Oct. 22: English and Continental furniture and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings. . . . ¶ Oct. 23: Asian art. (175 E. 87th St. 427-2730.)

Phillips—Oct. 21: Tibetan art. . . . ¶ Oct. 26: Antique and modern jewelry and watches, including exceptional Art Deco specimens by Raymond Yard and Cartier. (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830.)

Swann—Oct. 16: An auction of first editions, signed copies, and limited editions of modern literature. . . . ¶ Oct. 23: Early printed books and incunabula. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

International Fine Art and Antique Dealers Show—A wide variety of higher-end collectibles. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Oct. 17-23, with a benefit preview on Oct. 16. For information, call 642-8572.)

Tribal Antiques Show—A hundred dealers specializing in Native American art and American folk art, as well as arts of Africa, Oceania, and Asia. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Oct. 17-19, with a benefit preview on Oct. 16. For information, call 683-2434.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ralph Gibson—"The Black Trilogy," selections from thirty-six years of high-contrast nudes, portraits, and more dreamlike images, which were characteristically published as series in books (notably "The Somnambulist," "Déjà-Vu," and "Days at Sea"). Through Nov. 1. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

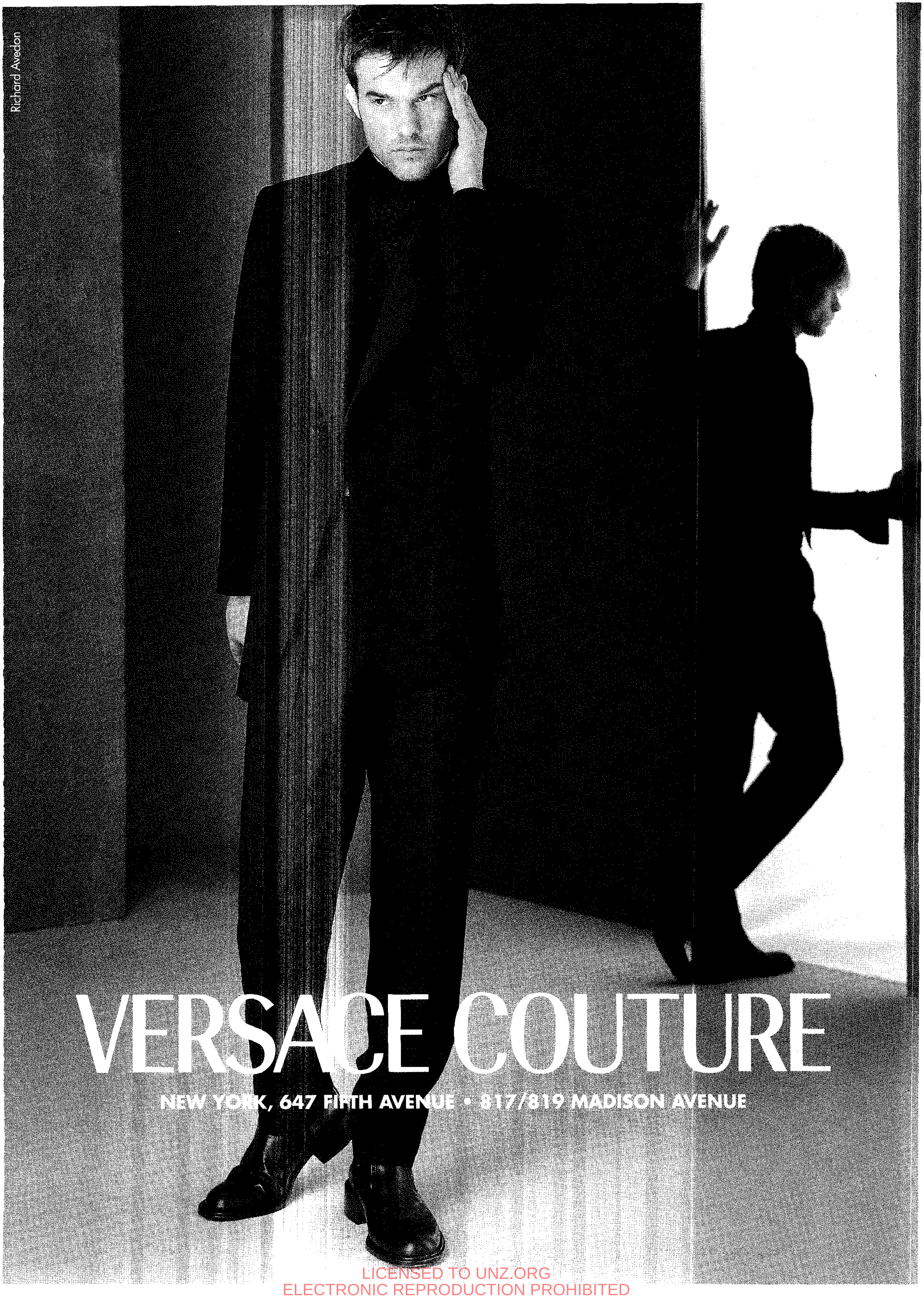
Sally Mann—Southern gothic on 57th Street. The artist's recent Georgia and Virginia landscapes are chimerical and expressive, if a shade self-conscious—a drawback not found in her earlier series "Immediate Family," perhaps because of the strength there of each child's personality. That said, more than a few of these large prints are stunning. The subject isn't so much landscape as the history of photography: a desolate, rolling field comes straight out of the Civil War views of Brady or Gardner, complete with what are meant to be cracks in a glass plate; an exquisite overgrown canal hints at Gustave Le Gray; a lone marble urn whispers Atget. Through Nov. 8. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A selection of new iris prints of black-and-white photographs from the late forties through the early eighties, in conjunction with the Guggenheim retrospective (see Museums and Libraries). Through Oct. 25. (Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999.)

Aaron Siskind (1903-91)—"The Fragmentation of Language," a well-chosen selection of the artist's wonderful black-and-white semi-abstractions of nature, painted signs, and graffiti. Through Oct. 18. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St. 570-1223.)

Seneca Ray Stoddard (1843-1917)—A small album's worth of uncommonly fine lake, mountain, river, and campsite views from the Adirondacks and eastward, by a prolific photographer with affinities to such Luminists of the Hudson River School as Martin Johnson Heade and John Kensett. Through Nov. 1. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. 431-0292.)

Karen Yama—Three suites of large color prints, two of which feature the artist's own sculp-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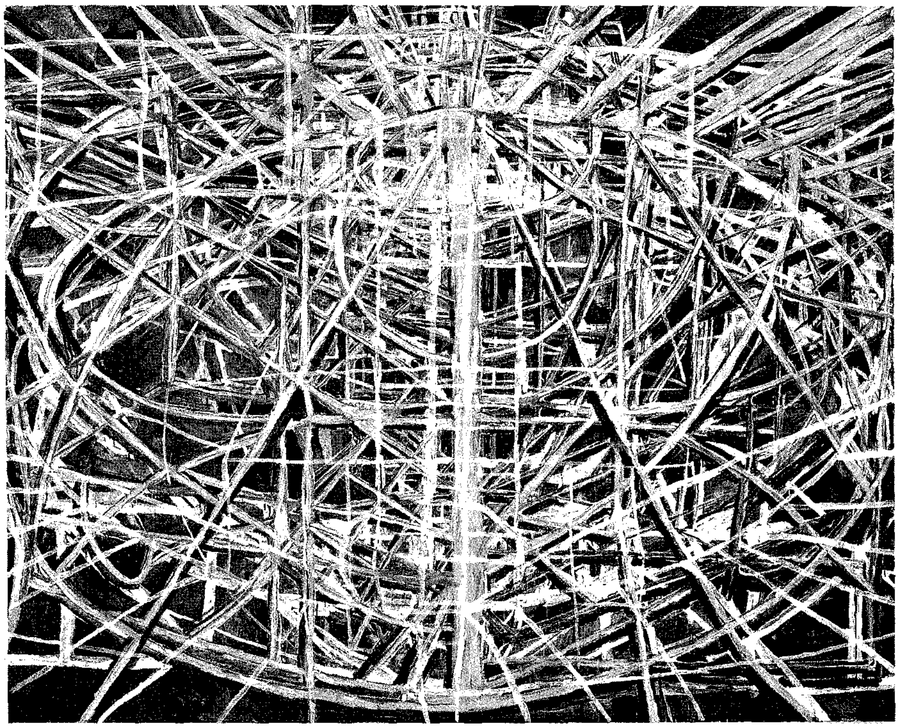


"Image Locations," by Terry Winters, at Marks.

tures. "Chop-Shop Dragster" displays brightly colored, dysfunctionally assembled model cars in doll-house-size art galleries. In "Area 51," model-airplane parts have been removed from beneath green blankets of toy-train landscape dust. The resulting patchwork of ominous imprints recalls aerial views of Indian burial mounds or crop circles. The third series, candid closeups of the backsides of police officers, achieves the opposite effect: the holstered guns and nightsticks appear comically human beside, say, a hand with fingernails painted N.Y.P.D. blue. Through Nov. 24. (Momenta Art, 72 Berry St., between N. 9th and N. 10th Sts., Williamsburg. 718-218-8058. Open Fridays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

"The American Century: Photographs and Visions, Part I"—A selection of images from 1900 to 1935, by artists both well known (Stieglitz, Cunningham, Strand) and obscure (Wilson Alwyn Bentley, J. Walter Collinge). Through Oct. 25. (Danziger, 130 Prince St. 226-0056.)

International Center of Photography—"Brett Weston in New York," a selection of seventy-five photographs from 1943-45, by an artist better known for his landscapes and nature studies. Through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ "Soul of the Game: Images & Voices of Street Basketball" presents the black-and-white work of sports photographer John Huet. Through Nov. 19. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**STEPHEN BARKER,** Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753. Through Nov. 8. . . . **JOHN DIVOLA,** Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. 633-6555. Opens Oct. 15. . . . **DAN ELDON,** SABA, 116 E. 16th St. 477-7722. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through Nov. 3. . . . **JAMES FEE,** Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255. Opens Oct. 16. . . . **SEYDOU KEÏTA,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Opens Oct. 18. . . . **ANN MANDELBAUM,** Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. 794-4444. Through Oct. 25. . . . **RICHARD MISRACH,** Marcus, 578 Broadway. 226-3200. Opens Oct. 17. . . . **AARON ROSE,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. 219-3219. Through Nov. 8. . . . **FRANCESCO SCAVULLO,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Through Nov. 1. . . . **LOUIS STETTNER,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through Oct. 18. . . . **NEIL WINOKUR,** Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Opens Oct. 16.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 875-5050; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**MANON,** with Renée Fleming, Marcello Giordani, Mark Oswald, and Eric Halfvarson; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Oct. 15 at 8.) . . . With Ms. Fleming, Mr. Giordani, Roberto de Candia, and Paul Plishka; Mr. Rudel. (Oct. 18 at 1:30.) . . . **LA CENERENTOLA,** in the opening performances of a new production (incredibly, the Met's first-ever production of this work), with Cecilia Bartoli, Ramón Vargas, Alessandro Corbelli, Simone Alaimo, and Michele Pertusi; James Levine. (Oct. 16 and Oct. 20 at 7:30, and Oct. 24 and Oct. 27 at 8.) . . . **ARIADNE AUF NAXOS,** with Mechthild Gessendorf, Natalie Dessay, Susanne Mentzer, Jon Fredric West, and Wolfgang Brendel; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 17 at 8.) . . . **TURANDOT,** with Jane Eaglen, Hei-Kyung Hong, Luciano Pavarotti, and Roberto Scandiuzzi; Mr. Levine. (Oct. 18 at 8:30.) . . . With Kristján Jóhannsson instead of Mr. Pavarotti. (Oct. 23 at 8.) . . . **CARMEN,** with Wendy Nielsen, Denyce Graves, Thomas Moser, and Greer Grimsley; Yves Abel. (Oct. 21 at 8.) . . . With Norah Amsellem instead of Ms. Nielsen. (Oct. 25 at 8.) . . . **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Sonia Ganassi, Bruce Ford, Vladimir Chernov, and Mr. Plishka; Edoardo Müller. (Oct. 22 and Oct. 28 at 8, and Oct. 25 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Gluck's **IPHIGÉNIE EN TAURIDE.** (Oct. 15 and Oct. 21 at 7:30, Oct. 18 at 1:30, and Oct. 24 at 8.) . . . Rossini's **L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI.** (Oct. 16 at 7:30.) . . . **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** performed in English. (Oct. 17 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA.** (Oct. 18 at 8 and Oct. 26 at 1:30.) . . . **DON PASQUALE.** (Oct. 19 at 1:30, Oct. 23 and Oct. 28 at 7:30, and Oct. 25 at 8.) . . . **MACBETH.** (Oct. 25 at 1:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 16-18 at 8 and Oct. 21 at 7:30: Neeme Järvi conducts Virgil Thomson's "Shipwreck and Love Scene from Byron's 'Don Juan'" (with tenor Richard Clement), Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (featuring Tasmin Little), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 and Oct. 25 at 8, Oct. 24 at 2, and Oct. 28 at 7:30: Jukka-Pekka Saraste leads Magnus Lindberg's "Feria," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Alexei Lubimov), and Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducts Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-Midi d'un Faune," Dutilleux's "The Shadows of Time," Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Krystian Zimerman), and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 15-16 at 8.)

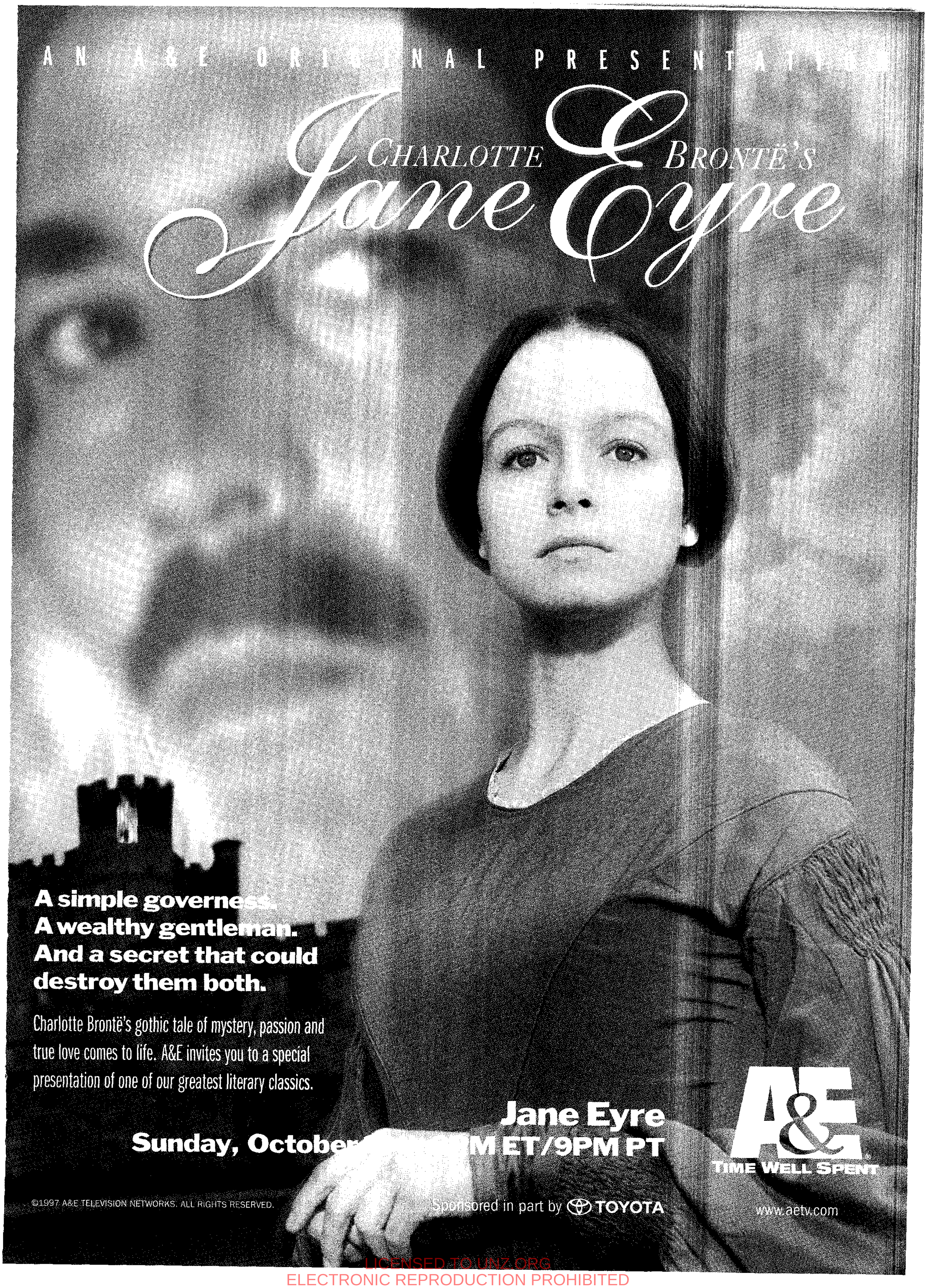
Estonian Philharmonic Chamber Choir and Tallinn Chamber Orchestra—Tõnu Kaljuste leads these two ensembles, best known for their championing of Arvo Pärt's music, in works by Knut Nystedt and Erkki-Sven Tüür, as well as in Pärt's "Trisagion" and "Litany." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Oct. 16 at 8. For information about tickets, call 721-6500.)

Basically Bach 1997—The fifth year of what has become an annual must for Bachoholics. October 18 at 1: The English organist Philip Scriven performs works by Bach (including the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor) and his French contemporaries Nicolas de Grigny and André Raison. . . . ¶ At 2: Organist Marvin Mills and soprano Marilyn Moore-Brown endeavor to show connections between organ works by Bach and Negro spirituals. . . . ¶ At 3: The Artek Ensemble, directed by Gwendolyn Toth, offers five of Biber's "Rosary" Sonatas (featuring violinist Peter Kupfer) and the fourth of Johann Kuhnau's "Biblical" Sonatas. . . . ¶ At 4: Walter Hilse plays organ music by Bach and Schumann. . . . ¶ At 5: Organ music by Bach and Brahms, played by Martin Jean. . . . ¶ At 8: Thomas Schmidt leads the Saint Peter's Choir and the Bach Festival Orchestra in Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3 and his Cantatas No. 34 and No. 62, as well as three of Schütz's "Biblical Scenes." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—As part of its first American tour, the ensemble performs

LISTENING BOOTH

New York Philharmonic: The Historic Broadcasts—When our home-town band is cooking, it can be sublime, as this just-issued ten-disk collection—taken from live radio broadcasts and conducted by twenty-one conductors (all now deceased) between 1923 and 1987—attests. Every performance is worth savoring, from Willem van Hoogstraten's meticulous chiselling of Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture (1923, one of the earliest known broadcasts of any symphony orchestra) to seems-like-yesterday entries from Bernstein, Leinsdorf, and Kubelik. Just listing the contents should be sufficient recommendation: among the concertos alone, we get Szell and Schnabel in Beethoven's Third (1945), Walter and Rubinstein in Chopin's E-Minor (1947), Mitropoulos and Oistrakh in Shostakovich's First (1956), Toscanini and Heifetz turning in a fiery (and peerless) realization of Brahms's Violin Concerto (1935), and, at the other end of the spectrum, Mitropoulos and Poulenc chuckling their way through the latter's "Concert Champêtre" (1948). Henry Wood's orchestration of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (under Toscanini, 1936) is a hoot: who would play such an extravaganza today, let alone prepare it so respectfully? Nadia Boulanger, conducting in 1962, invests Fauré's Requiem with a religious intensity rarely heard outside of spirituals. The Immolation Scene from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," with Walter and Flagstad (1952), was so spine-tingling that the crowd stopped cheering only when, after twenty-one minutes, it was announced that Brünnhilde had left the building. The set, accompanied by fascinating notes and interviews, costs $185 and is available by calling 800-557-8268 or (from overseas) 203-877-6013.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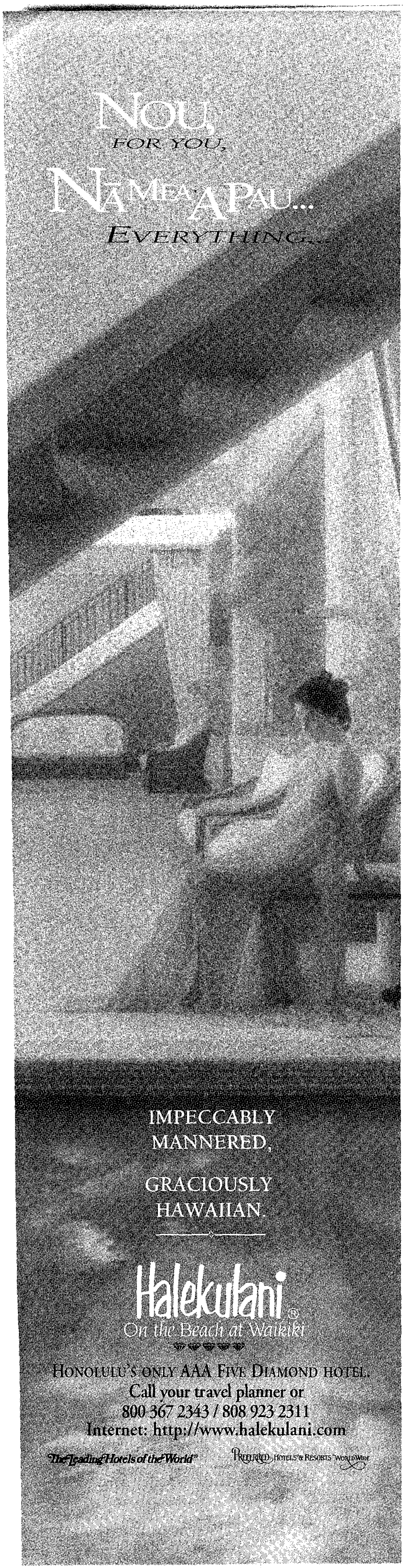
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Webern's String Quartet (in an arrangement by the group's conductor, Christoph Poppen), Charles Koechlin's symphonic poem "Sur les Flots Lointains," Debussy's "Danses Sacrée et Profane," and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 20 at 8.)

O.R.T. Orchestra della Toscana—Luciano Berio conducts his own "Alternatim" and "Ofanim," as well as Bruno Maderna's "Serenata per un Satellite." Several soloists and the American Boychoir assist. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 21 at 8. . . . **note:** On Oct. 22 at 8, at Weill Recital Hall, Mr. Berio will be interviewed by the composer Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, in an evening that also includes performances of his "Sequenza X," for trumpet, and music by Louis Andriessen, Bernard Rands, and Steve Reich.)

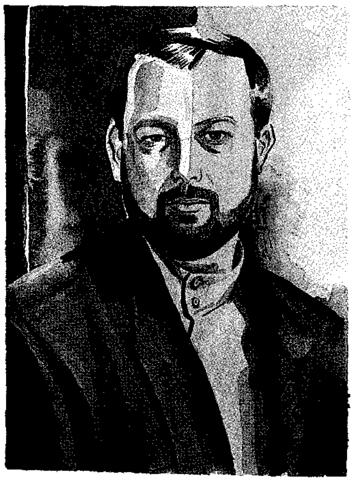
American Symphony Orchestra—Leon Botstein conducts works from late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century America, by George Chadwick (his Symphony No. 3), Edward MacDowell (his Piano Concerto No. 2, featuring Ursula Oppens), Victor Herbert (operetta selections, with soprano Harolyn Blackwell), and Jerome Kern. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 22 at 8.)

Gabrieli Consort & Players—A thirty-member ensemble specializing in the opulent side of late-Renaissance and early-Baroque music. In this concert, Paul McCreesh leads the musical portion of a High Mass as it might have sounded around the year 1600 at Venice's Basilica di San Marco. The program includes chants from the basilica's archive, as well as polyphonic instrumental and choral works by Cipriano de Rore and Giovanni Gabrieli. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. Oct. 24 at 8. For information about tickets, call 800-627-0655.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—Charles Dutoit conducts two separate programs at Carnegie Hall, both featuring the pianist Martha Argerich. Oct. 25 at 8: Frank Martin's "Petite Symphonie Concertante," Prokofiev's Piano Concertos No. 1 and No. 3, and Ravel's "Boléro." . . . Oct. 26 at 2: Stravinsky's "Ode," Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 3, and Holst's "The Planets" (with the Concert Chorale of New York).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performing Haydn's Symphony No. 26 ("Lamentatione") and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8, with Franz Welser-Möst conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 27 at 8.)

Francophile Heaven—Gerre Hancock leads the St. Thomas Choir and the Orchestra of St. Luke's in three great classics of French music: Fauré's Requiem and Poulenc's G-Major Mass and Organ Concerto (with organist Judith Hancock). (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 329. Oct. 28 at 7:30.)



Tenor Christoph Prégardien, at the Walter Reade Theatre.

JENNY WILLIAMS

RECITALS

New York Festival of Song—The group kicks off its tenth season with a celebration of bel-canto songs by Schubert, Meyerbeer, Glinka, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Oct. 15 at 8.).

Bargemusic—Oct. 16 at 7:30 and Oct. 19 at 4: Violinist Kerry McDermott and pianist Anne-Marie McDermott perform Beethoven's D-Major Violin Sonata; violist Gilad Karni and cellist Alban Gerhart round out the ensemble for piano quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major) and Brahms (in C Minor). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 7:30 and Oct. 26 at 4: A recital by trumpeter Guy Few and trombonist Alain Trudel. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Paula Robison and Friends—The flutist anchors an all-Handel program. (Temple of Dendur, Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 17-18 at 7.)

Maurizio Pollini—Performing piano works by Chopin (including his Ballades No. 1 and No. 4) and Debussy (Book One of his "Préludes"). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 17 at 7:30.)

Da Camera of Houston—The ensemble presents works by Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn, as well as readings from their letters. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 18 at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—Playing violin works by Bach, both unaccompanied and with harpsichordist Lionel Party. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University; enter at Broadway and 116th St. 854-7799. Oct. 19 at 2.)

Peter Serkin—The pianist performs Reger's "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Bach" and Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, in addition to works by Lieberson, Takemitsu, and Knussen. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 19 at 3.)

Ensemble Sonnerie—The distinguished British period-instrument group performs Bach's "A Musical Offering," in a version that provides some untraditional solutions to several of the work's puzzle canons. Presented by Music Before 1800. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Oct. 19 at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—In the society's opening subscription concert, members perform several late-Renaissance works, Stravinsky's Octet for Winds, John Adams's "Gnarly Buttons," and Copland's "Appalachian Spring" Suite. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 19 at 5 and Oct. 21 at 7:30.)

Stephen Hamilton—A recital of works by Franck, Widor, Jehan Alain, Marcel Dupré, and Johann Walther, on the sixty-stop Rieger organ of a warmly enveloping church. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. 289-4100. Oct. 20 at 8.)

Seymour Lipkin—The pianist performs the first installment of an eight-concert survey of Beethoven's piano sonatas. This recital comprises the Sonatas in C Major (Op. 2, No. 3), E-Flat Major (Op. 27, No. 1), E Major (Op. 14, No. 1), and F Minor (Op. 57). (Lang Recital Hall, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Oct. 21 at 7.)

Four Nations Ensemble—Soprano Christine Brandes and pianist Diane Walsh assist the group in an all-French program, including works by Rameau, Debussy, and Duparc. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. Oct. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

Igor Kipnis and Elaine Comparone—Performing duets for two harpsichords, by Bach, Handel, Couperin, Soler, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Oct. 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 932-9462.)

Pomerium—The early-music ensemble, directed by Alexander Blachly, offers a sonic adjunct to the Morgan Library's current exhibit of medieval Books of Hours. (29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Oct. 23 at 6:15.)

Steven Tharp—Tenor, performing lieder by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Robert Franz, all to texts by Heine. (Metropolitan Museum. Oct. 24 at 8.).

Roberto Scandiuzzi—In his New York début recital, the bass offers songs by Gounod, Ibert, Tosti, and others; with pianist Warren Jones. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 26 at 2.)

Pasta Lovers—Pianists Eve Queler and Steven Blier oversee a bicentennial singers' tribute to Giuditta Pasta, a leading mezzo-soprano of the bel-canto era. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Oct. 26 at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-1982.)

Christine Goerke and Bryn Terfel—The soprano and the baritone in recital, with James

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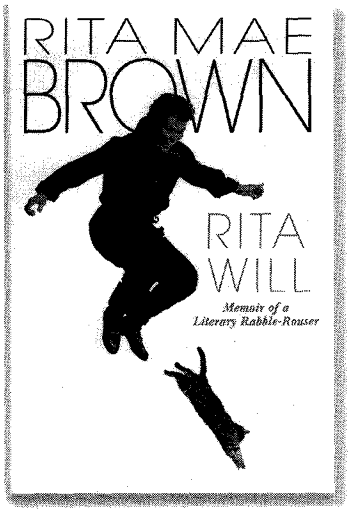

As part of Writer's Harvest at Barnes & Noble, author Rita Mae Brown will read from and sign copies of *Rita Will*, her remarkable new autobiography in which she recounts her life as an openly gay woman from the South.

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Levine assisting at the piano. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Oct. 26 at 4.)

IL GIARDINO ARMONICO—A Baroque ensemble from Italy, in its first New York appearance. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 26 at 5.)

HILARY HAHN—Violinist, performing works by Bach, Beethoven, Prokofiev, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 26 at 5.)

CHRISTOPH PRÉGARDIEN—One of the most convincing tenors currently singing lieder joins pianist Michael Gees in a dozen songs by Schubert, all having to do with wandering and bidding farewell, as well as in Schumann's "Dichterliebe." (Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center. Oct. 27 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

PENDERECKI FESTIVAL—A week of New York concerts devoted to the music of Krzysztof Penderecki begins with an evening of his solo, chamber, and choral music, including his Clarinet Quartet and his String Quartets No. 1 and No. 2. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Oct. 28 at 8. . . . NOTE: Mr. Penderecki will be interviewed in a pre-concert conversation, beginning at 6:45 and open to ticket holders. The Penderecki festival continues with the New York Philharmonic's upcoming subscription performances.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

OUTER BOROUGH PALETTES—Some seventy-five artists who work in the Brooklyn neighborhood known as Dumbo (Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass) host an open-studios weekend on Oct. 17, from 9 P.M. to 2 A.M., and Oct. 18-19, from noon to midnight. Highlights include live-action nude-model painting; dance, film, and theatrical presentations; and Dumbopalooza, a music festival featuring performances by fourteen Brooklyn rock bands. For more information, call 718-935-9207.

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS—Oct. 15 at 6: Writer Joan Acocella moderates a discussion of *New Yorker* short stories and verse, with the magazine's poetry editor, Alice Quinn, and two of its former fiction editors, Fran Kiernan and Daniel Menaker. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: *New Yorker* writers Philip Hamburger, Susan Orlean, David Remnick, and Calvin Trillin consider the magazine's nonfiction, in an evening moderated by University of Delaware English professor Ben Yagoda. (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. For reservations, which are required, call 755-6710.)

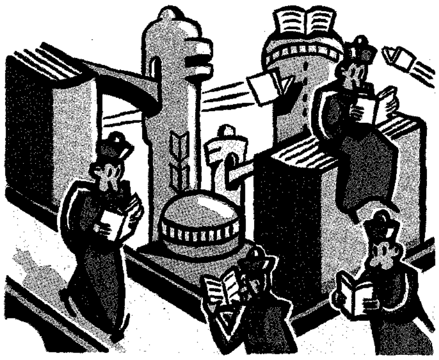
READINGS—Oct. 16 at 6: Robert Stivers presents work from his new book of photographs, and A. D. Coleman reads from its introduction, which he wrote. (Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 7: Denis Johnson reads from his novel "Already Dead." (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5488.) . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 7: Novelist Francine Prose, Russian-émigré author Mikhail Iossel, and Czech poet Vit Hořejš read their Eastern Europe-related works. (Vineyard's 26th Street Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 7: A reading and discussion celebrating the poetry of Robert Lowell, by poets Frank Bidart and Carl Phillips, critics Elizabeth Hardwick and Helen Vendler, and Lowell biographer Richard Tillinghast. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 8: Novelists Don DeLillo and Richard Price read their work. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.)

TALKS—Oct. 20 at 6: Tama Starr and Edward Hayman, authors of "Signs and Wonders: Tales of Spectacular Marketing," talk about the history of Times Square's commercial lights. (Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. 935-3960.) . . . ¶ Oct. 21 and 28 at 8: Monologuist Mike Albo offers his humorous take on life, love, and Sweetarts. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Millennium Approaches

THE atmosphere of expectancy that starts to percolate around the turn of a century (let alone of a millennium) takes literary form in both science-fiction and utopian visions. The cultural historian Hillel Schwartz, author of the 1990 study CENTURY'S END (out of print), says he admires Ursula K. Le Guin's 1974 novel THE DISPOSSESSED (HarperCollins) for the way it blends the two genres: "She presents three alternative models and lets them battle it out, but no single one emerges as a preëminent, perfect society." Thomas More's UTOPIA played a similar game in 1516: the Greek word that More coined to name the imaginary island, and that has remained attached to the genre ever since, means "no place" but puns on "good place."



The nineteenth century was particularly rich in this kind of literature. In England, there was Samuel Butler's EREWHON (1872; Viking Penguin)—a satire both of utopias and of British institutions (for example, young men learn the impractical at the University of Unreason)—and its sequel, EREWHON REVISITED (1901; out of print). In this country, Edward Bellamy produced LOOKING BACKWARD (1888; Viking Penguin), which in turn strongly influenced the feminist reformer Charlotte Perkins Gilman, who later, in 1915, wrote her own utopian novel, HERLAND (Pantheon), in which the members of an all-female society discover that they can reproduce without men. The next year Gilman wrote a sequel, WITH HER IN OURLAND (Greenwood), in which a Herlander takes a journey through America, Asia, and the European battlefields of the First World War and is outraged by what she finds there.

Schwartz observes, "You could probably claim that utopias blossom in periods of expansion and optimism, whereas a period of contraction and defensiveness is more likely to produce dystopia." Hence, of course, Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD (1932; HarperCollins) and Orwell's 1984 (1949; Viking Penguin), as well as Ira Levin's THIS PERFECT DAY (1970; out of print) and Margaret Atwood's THE HANDMAID'S TALE (1986; Fawcett)—our own century's bleak visions of the future.

MICHAEL SLOAN

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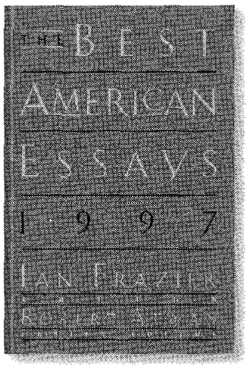
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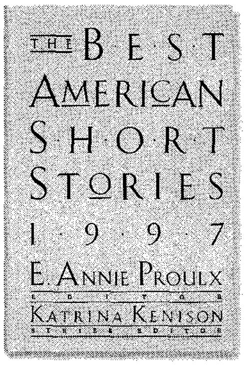
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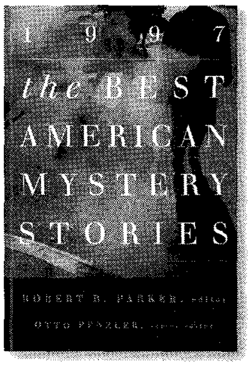
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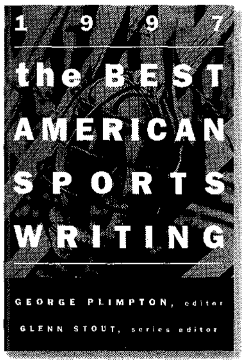
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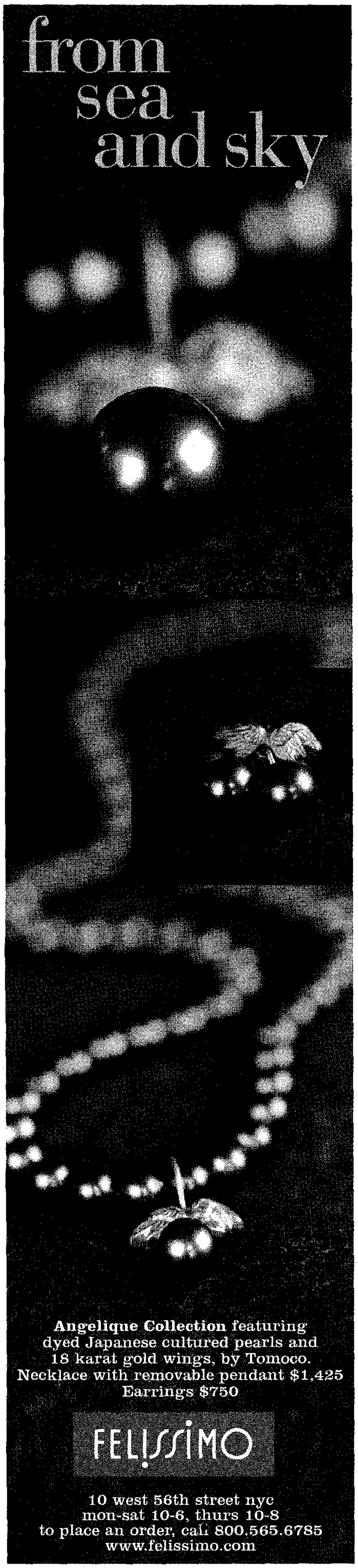
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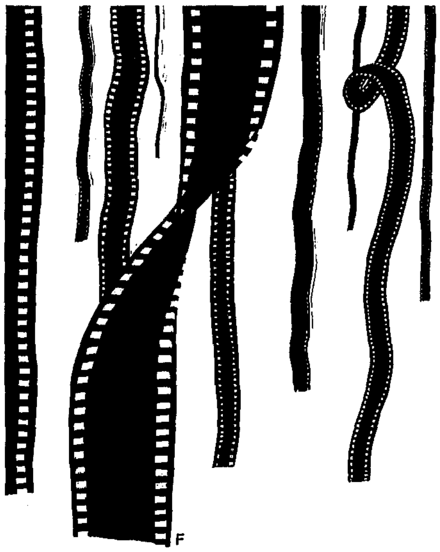


THE MOVIES

OPENING THIS ISSUE

Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel—Fabrice Luchini has the title role in Edouard Molinaro's period piece about the eighteenth-century playwright, based on an unproduced play by Sacha Guitry. In French. Opening Oct. 24. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Cremaster 5—Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Oct. 22.

The Devil's Advocate—Keanu Reeves is a young attorney who joins a law firm headed by a demonic Al Pacino, in a thriller directed by Taylor Hackford. Opening Oct. 17.

Eye of God—A drama about the troubled marriage of a young waitress (Martha Plimpton) and a paroled convict (Kevin Anderson). Written and directed by Tim Blake Nelson. Opening Oct. 17. (Quad Cinema.)

Fairy Tale: A True Story—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (Peter O'Toole) and Harry Houdini (Harvey Keitel) investigate photographs for evidence of the supernatural, in a film directed by Charles Sturridge. Opening Oct. 24.

Gattaca—A futuristic adventure in which an ambitious young man (Ethan Hawke) takes on the identity of a genetically superior one (Jude Law) and becomes entangled in a murder. Also starring Uma Thurman. Written and directed by Andrew Niccol. Opening Oct. 24.

Gummo—Harmony Korine, who wrote "Kids," takes on another group of young people, in small-town Ohio, this time directing as well. Opening Oct. 17. (Angelika Film Center.)

I Know What You Did Last Summer—A psychological thriller, written by Kevin Williamson and directed by Jim Gillespie, in which four young people attempt to conceal a crime. Opening Oct. 17.

A Life Less Ordinary—In a romantic tale written by John Hodge and directed by Danny Boyle, angels try to match up a fired janitor (Ewan McGregor) and his former boss's daughter (Cameron Diaz). With Ian Holm, Delroy Lindo, and Holly Hunter. Opening Oct. 24.

Playing God—David Duchovny stars as a surgeon who loses his license and becomes the doctor for a group of criminals, in Andy Wilson's drama. Opening Oct. 17.

Swept from the Sea—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's short story "Amy Foster," about a young English servant girl (Rachel Weisz) and a mysterious stranger (Vincent Perez). Directed by Beeban Kidron. Opening Oct. 24.

Telling Lies in America—An autobiographical movie written by Joe Eszterhas, about a young Hungarian immigrant's immersion in early-sixties rock-and-roll radio. With Kevin Bacon and Brad Renfro. Directed by Guy Ferland. Opening Oct. 15. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Village East Cinemas.)

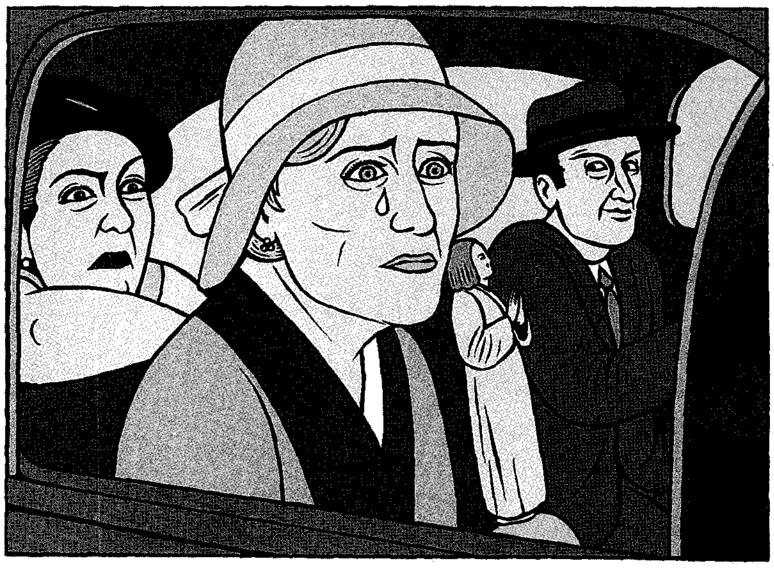
Twilight of the Golds—A drama in which genetic testing reveals that a baby on the way will probably be gay. With Jennifer Beals, Brendan Fraser, Faye Dunaway, Garry Marshall, and Jon Tenney. Directed by Ross Marks. Opening Oct. 24.

Wonderland—John O'Hagan's documentary marks the fiftieth anniversary of Levittown, New York, the country's first planned suburb. Opening Oct. 24. (The Screening Room.)

FILM NOTES

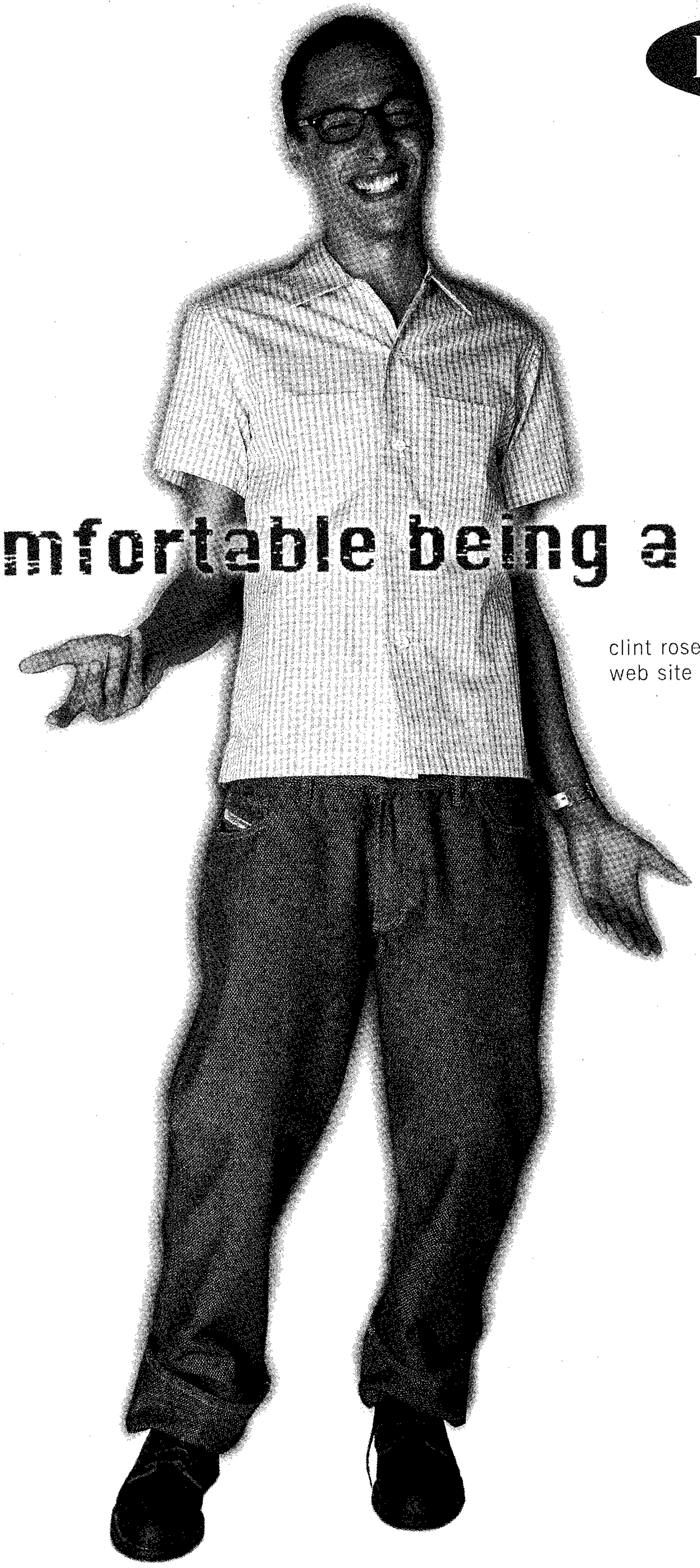
(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

A Bed Among the Lentils (1985)—There's nothing extraneous or show-offy in the brilliant monologues Alan Bennett has written for television. They give free voice to the kind of people too shy or self-deluded to stand out in multicharacter shows, their simple staging (characters address the camera directly) adding to the impression of individuals divulging intimacies rather than performers acting up a storm. Bennett's ability to encompass a private world within a compact, hidden plot that stretches like a concertina gives these pieces an amazing pull—a paradoxical, low-key urgency. In this one, Maggie Smith plays the wife of an ambitious pastor, who finds her only salvation in an immigrant shopkeeper's back room. With stunning dramatic intelligence, Smith reverses her usual strategy: she uses her drollery poignantly rather than triumphantly, with every brittle syllable expressing



At Film Forum 3, Arturo Ripstein's "Deep Crimson."

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN



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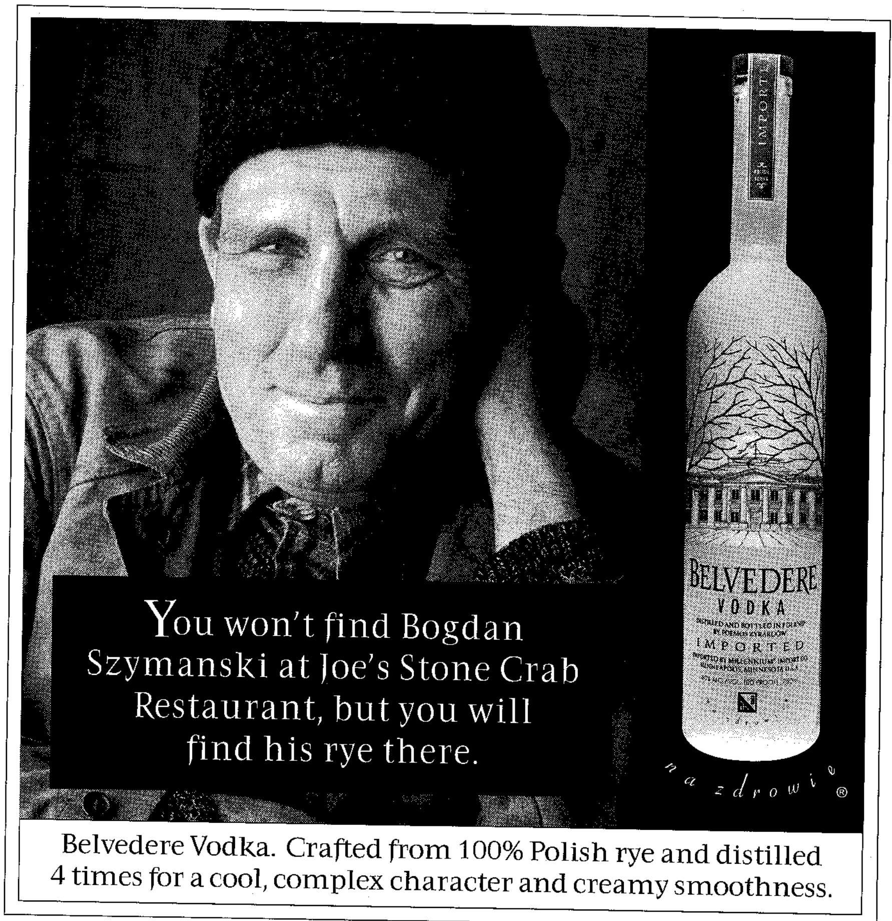

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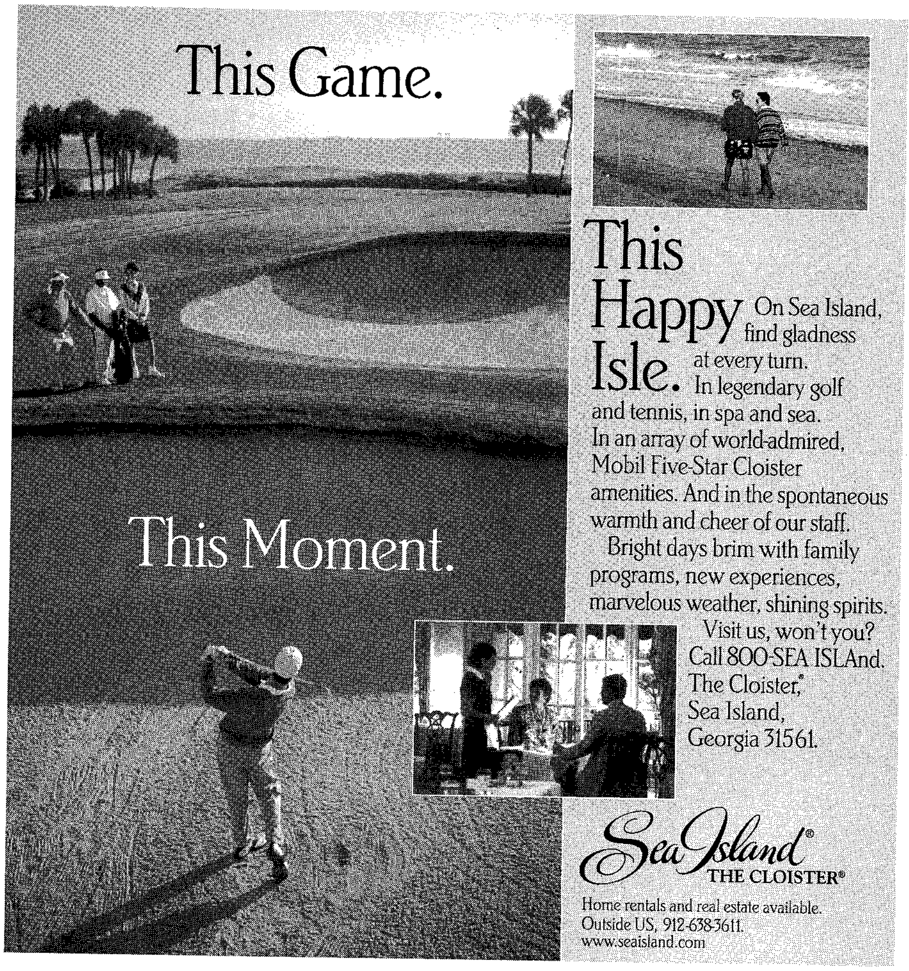

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the entrapment of her character.—*Michael Sragow* (Walter Reade Theatre; Oct. 25.)

Boogie Nights—From the moment this movie announces itself, in a burst of purple neon, with disco music circa 1977 throbbing in the background, you know you've lucked on to something. Mark Wahlberg (once better known as Marky Mark) is a high-school-dropout busboy who becomes the most successful product of the porn producer Jack Horner, played with a rangy bantam cock's swagger by Burt Reynolds. (As Horner tells his protégé, "There's something wonderful waiting to get out of those jeans.") This is a slightly idealized portrait of the porn star as wounded naïf, gifted not only with a Brobdingnagian penis but also with a genuine wish to give pleasure. Wahlberg, who plays his part with baffled sweetness, is surrounded by the most interesting ensemble cast since "The Player," including William H. Macy, Julianne Moore, and Heather Graham. Set in Los Angeles over a period of seven years, the story brilliantly conveys the tinselly glamour of the porn life, and, in the hands of the talented young director Paul Thomas Anderson, it gradually takes on the feel of a "Nashville"-like epic.—*Daphne Merkin* (10/13/97) (Cinema I and Lincoln Square.)

Cremaster 5—Matthew Barney's latest art video stars Ursula Andress and evokes fairy tales and Esther Williams, but it's not exactly kitsch. The text is sung rather than spoken. (Members of the Budapest Opera perform the haunting score, by Jonathan Bepler.) Andress, dressed in black, with a huge neck ruffle and a headpiece that looks like ram's horns, plays the mysterious Queen of Chain, who sits alone in an opera house watching an empty stage. Barney takes on multiple roles: an orchestra conductor, an androgynous fairy creature who climbs stalks just like Jack in the folktale, and a black-caped magician who binds his hands and jumps into a river in an apparent homage to Houdini. What to make of it all? The exploration of gender is intriguing, and the costumes and visual effects are weirdly beautiful. The pace is mesmerizing—so much so that it very nearly lulls you to sleep.—*Sarah Kerr* (Film Forum; starting Oct. 22.)

Day of Wrath (1943)—The most intense, powerful film ever made on the subject of witchcraft, Carl Dreyer's psychological masterpiece suggests a fusion of Hawthorne and Kafka. In 1623, the young second wife of an austere pastor desires his death because of her love for his son; when she tells the pastor of her feelings, he suffers a stroke and dies. Accused of witchcraft, she becomes what she and her accusers believe a witch to be, and as she is trapped, and all possibility of hope is stripped away from her, the viewer's identification with her fear becomes unbearable; then Dreyer dissolves our terror as she is purified beyond even fear. In Danish.—*Pauline Kael* (Anthology Film Archives; Oct. 19.)

Deep Crimson—From Mexico, Arturo Ripstein's tragifarce about a string of murders in the forties—the same spree that inspired Leonard Kastle's 1970 cult movie, "The Honeymoon Killers." Daniel Gimenez Cacho is a con man who hits on lonely women, and Regina Orozco is one of his victims, a dotty, love-starved, monumentally obese nurse who, after a one-night stand, blackmails him into letting her become his mistress. Before long she's helping him pick up targets and then murdering them out of jealousy. This is Ripstein's twenty-fourth film, and his expertise shines. But it's Orozco who carries the day: an opera singer off the screen, she has the magnetism of a diva and looks that suggest a cross between Olive Oyl and Divine. In Spanish.—*S.K.* (Film Forum; through Oct. 21.)

The Edge—A billionaire with a heart of gold (Anthony Hopkins) thinks his supermodel wife (Elle Macpherson) is having an affair with a famous fashion photographer (Alec Baldwin); after a plane crash strands the two men in the Alaskan forest, an amusing game of cat and mouse develops. The motivations in David Mamet's screenplay are often murky, but the director, Lee Tamahori, shapes each scene so brilliantly, and Hopkins underplays so convincingly, that the film rises above its shaky script and becomes a thrilling adventure.—*Bruce Diones* (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Criterion

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Center, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—Errol Morris's documentary draws parallels between four unusual men: a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a mole-rat specialist, and a designer of robots. (Film Forum 3.)

The Full Monty—An amiable light comedy, directed by Peter Cattaneo, about six unemployed British steelworkers who mount an all-male strip show for cash. The script, by Simon Beaufoy, is clean and well developed. Each character is given his bit to do, and when the motley crew comes together the actors all work wonderfully with one another, finding a sexy, warm performance rhythm as they gyrate to some classic seventies disco. Two actors—Mark Addy, who plays an overweight, insecure worker, and Robert Carlyle, as the ringleader—are sensational.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Coronet Cinemas, East 85th Street, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

Jude Law, Ethan Hawke, and Uma Thurman in "Gattaca."

MICHAEL MORGENSTERN

The Game—The talented director David Fincher turns what could have been a preposterous no-brainer into one of the moodiest, silliest thrillers in years. Michael Douglas is spectacularly arrogant and convincing as a bored, soulless millionaire whose wayward brother (Sean Penn) gives him a gift that sets off all sorts of mind-blowing mayhem. But, while Fincher is a master of spooky mise en scène, he needs better material than this to really pull it all together; as in a Ridley Scott movie, the striking visuals tell a far more interesting story than the script does.—*B.D.* (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, State, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Ice Storm—Ang Lee's treatment of Rick Moody's novel about suburban anomie is intelligent but curiously remote. Set in New Canaan, Connecticut, in 1973, it focusses on two troubled families, and it benefits from Lee's gently ironic touch: he's less interested in assigning blame for all the misery than in simply documenting the way it spreads and gets absorbed. With Kevin Kline, Joan Allen, Sigourney Weaver, and, among the adolescents, Elijah Wood and Christina Ricci.—*D.M.* (9/29/97) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

In & Out—Kevin Kline is an Indiana high-school teacher, Joan Cusack is his long-suffering fiancée, and Matt Dillon is a student turned movie star who wins the best-actor Oscar and tells a TV audience of millions that his former teacher is gay. Paul Rudnick's script deals in deliberate stereotypes, but at least it's high-spirited and appealingly humane. And the supporting cast (which includes Tom Selleck as a smarmy gay journalist and Bob Newhart as the school's flustered principal) has a lot of fun. Directed by Frank Oz.—*S.K.* (Chelsea West, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Jacquot (1993)—Agnès Varda's graceful, affecting tribute to her husband, the filmmaker Jacques Demy, who died (of leukemia, at age fifty-nine) in 1990. Documentary footage shows Demy in the last year of his life: his liver-spotted hands caress the cheap cameras with which he shot his first movies—most of them crude but imaginative animated shorts with paper-cutout characters. Varda fleshes out her husband's memories with dramatized episodes from his early life, and uses clips from his mature films to demonstrate the relationship between the mundane experiences of his youth and the ravishing romantic art he created as an adult. The film's elegiac, reflective rhythm is seductive and very moving. In French.—*Terrence Rafferty* (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 19 and Oct. 21.)

Kiss the Girls—We're in Hannibal Lecter land again, as Alex Cross (Morgan Freeman), a best-selling crime author and forensic sleuth, goes after "Casanova," a psychopath who has just added Cross's niece to the collection of beautiful and defiant victims he keeps in dungeon-like cells on a North Carolina slave plantation. One of them (Ashley Judd) manages to escape, thereby becoming the only link to the kidnappings. This is the sort of thriller where the hero stares unblinkingly into space and within seconds grasps the clue that has been eluding the police for months, and there are enough potential suspects to confuse Agatha Christie. As a piece of suspense escapism, it's as smooth as they come, if a bit familiar, and Freeman has the screen presence to lend gravitas to the proceedings.—*D.M.* (10/13/97) (Art Greenwich Twin, Astor Plaza, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, Metro Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and 34th Street Showplace.)

L.A. Confidential—Curtis Hanson's new thriller, set in Los Angeles in the early fifties, is about a group of cops who between them cover the full moral range, from the uptight integrity of Ed Exley (Guy Pearce) to the four-star sadism of Bud White (Russell Crowe). The plot, adapted from the James Ellroy novel, is both murky and tangled, yet the movie never bogs down. Hanson paces the tale with ease, decorating it with one neat performance after another: James Cromwell as the smiling police chief, David Strathairn as an oily pimp, Kim Basinger as one of his prize charges, and, better still, Kevin Spacey as a "celebrity crime-stopper" who gets dragged into the dark and dirty.—*Anthony Lane* (9/22/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

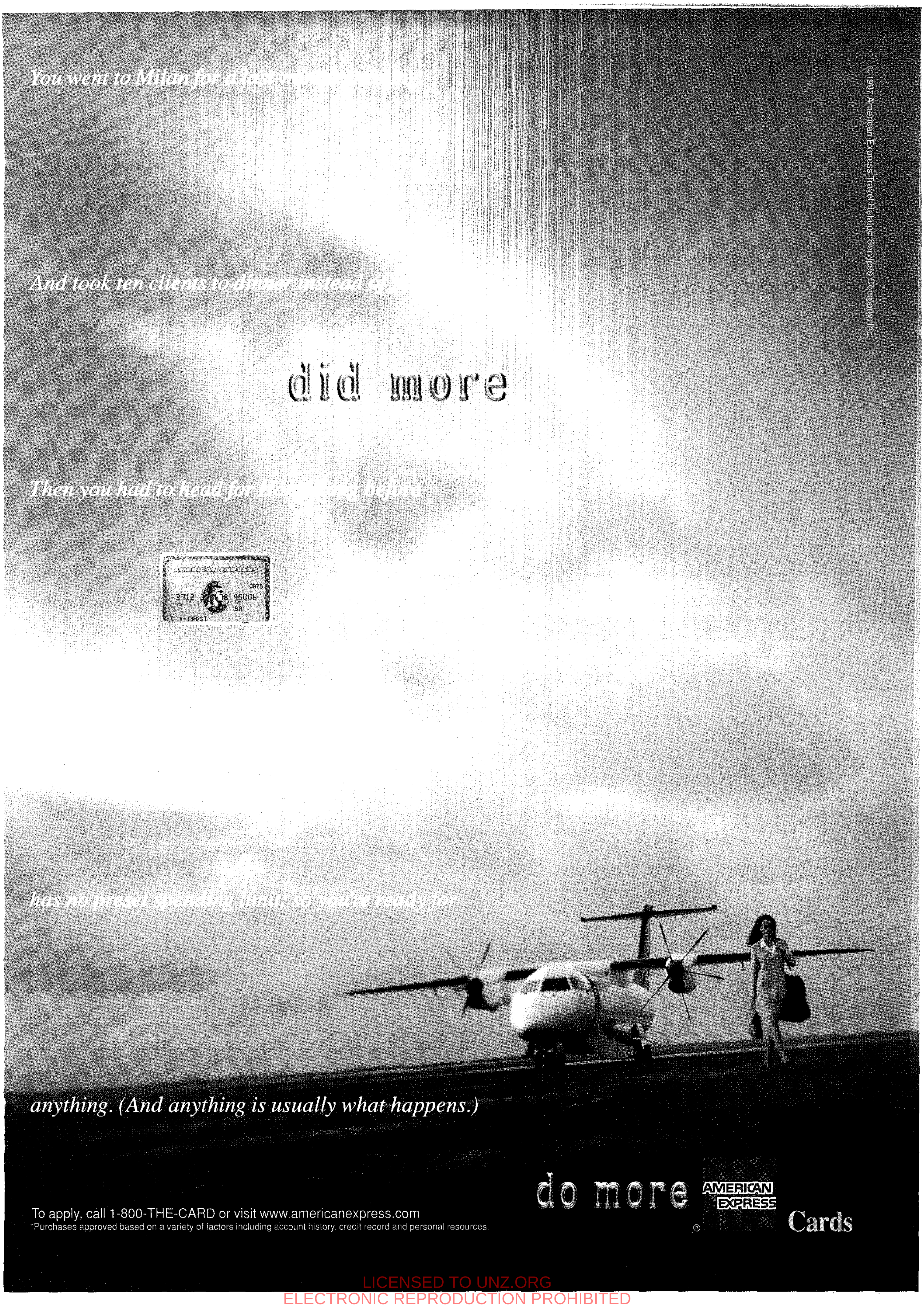
The Mummy (1932)—Instead of fast chills there are long, quiet, ominous scenes. Boris Karloff is the three-thousand-year-old mummy brought back to life, and the dark, arresting Zita Johann is the English girl whom he stalks in the streets of Cairo because she is the incarnation of the princess he loved. It's silly, but it's also disturbingly beautiful. No other horror film has ever achieved so many emotional effects by lighting; this inexpensively made film has a languorous, poetic feeling, and the eroticism that lives on under Karloff's wrinkled parchment skin is like a bad dream of undying love. Directed by Karl Freund, the great UFA cinematographer.—*P.K.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Oct. 18.)

The Peacemaker—The début film from both Mimi Leder and DreamWorks, the loudly heralded new Hollywood studio, is well muscled, fairly complicated, and wholly unsurprising. It starts with a nuclear bang: a renegade Russian general has hijacked a batch of warheads, triggered one of them, and now plans to sell off the rest to the highest bidder. Time to send in the crack team of Colonel Tom Devoe (George Clooney) and Julia Kelly (Nicole Kidman), a warhead wonk. These two get on fine, but they're so damned busy saving civilization that they don't have time for even a snatched kiss. The movie loses shape as it goes along, nodding uncertainly toward serious political dilemmas, then shrugging them off in favor of fireworks. Clooney carries on smiling, Kidman gives the world her most furious stare, and the sorrowful Marcel Iures, as a Bosnian extremist, walks calmly away with the picture.—*A.L.* (10/6/97) (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, Village Theatre VII, and Ziegfeld.)

Pushover (1954)—Moral ambiguity became a trend in low-budget cop movies decades before "NYPD Blue" and "Brooklyn South." This bleak, sleek melodrama is in many ways a mirror image of Don Siegel's "Private Hell 36" (which opened the same year), from the holdup set piece that starts the film and the moralistic contrasts that ground it right down to Dorothy Malone as the true love of a good cop (Phil Carey, this time). Fred MacMurray stars as the bad cop, tempted into murder and grand larceny while staking out a bank robber's kept woman. The picture introduces Kim Novak as the beautiful agent of his corruption, and you can see why she became a star—she's both voluptuous and forlorn; her brand of amorality is touching. The director, Richard Quine, brings dashes of Hitchcockian voyeurism and gamesmanship to the surveillance scenes. ("Rear Window" came out that year, too.) In this minor but absorbing melodrama, he does an honest job on half-dishonest work.—*M.S.* (Film Forum 2; Oct. 20.)

Seven Years in Tibet—Austrian mountaineer Heinrich Harrer (Brad Pitt) serves as a tutor to the Dalai Lama during the years of the Second World War. With David Thewlis, B. D. Wong, and Mako. Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; screenplay by Becky Johnston, loosely based on Harrer's memoirs. (Chelsea West, Criterion Center, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

U-Turn—Another fever dream from Oliver Stone, this time in the form of a weak and supposedly humorous take on the conventions of film noir. (Essentially, it's a bad carbon copy of John Dahl's infinitely more interesting "Red Rock West.") The let's-kill-my-spouse-for-the-insurance-money plot traps Sean Penn in a small Arizona town filled with unsavory characters (played with scene-chewing glee by the likes of Nick Nolte and Billy Bob Thornton) who do their ugliest to get him to commit a crime. Stone can't keep the camera steady for a moment, and the lunatic cutting (which includes jumpy closeups of eyes and teeth as characters speak) turns the film into a surrealistic headache.—*B.D.* (Lincoln Square, Murray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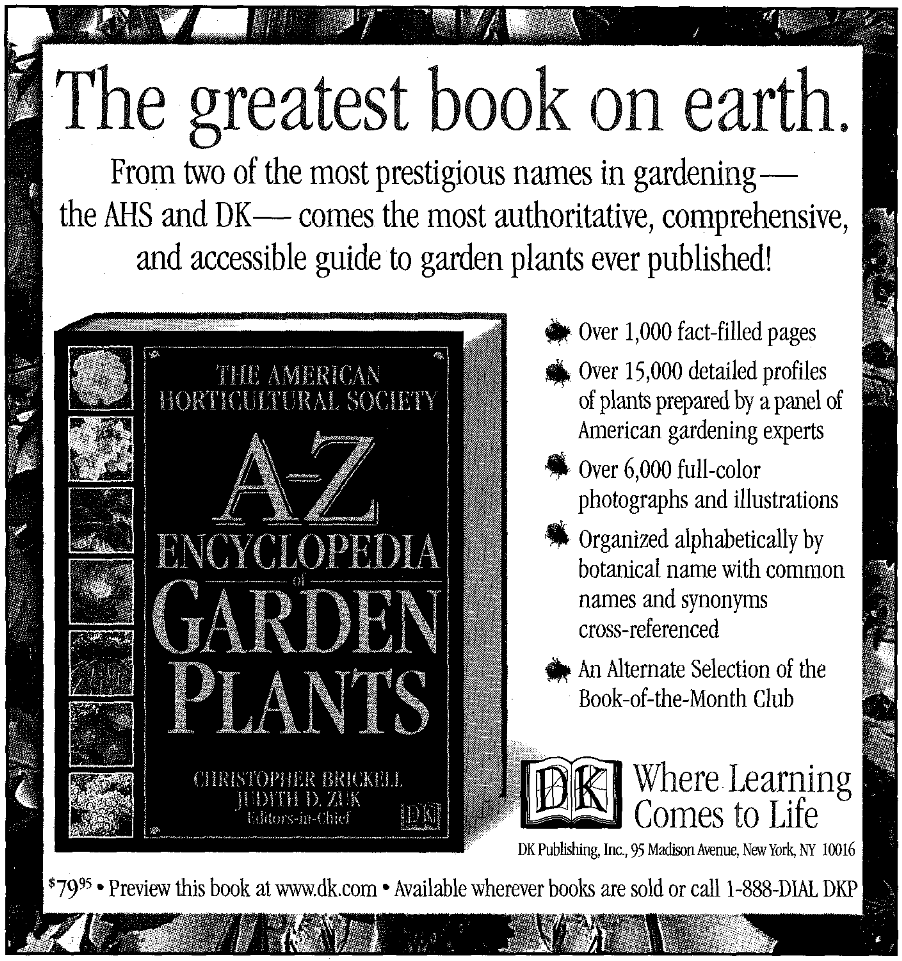

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ALSO PLAYING

Gang Related: Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Manhattan Twin, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **Happy Together:** Cinema Village. . . . **The House of Yes:** Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square. . . . **The Locusts:** Regency and Village East Cinemas. . . . **Love Always:** 62nd and Broadway, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **The Matchmaker:** First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Orpheum VII. . . . **Most Wanted:** Criterion Center, Gotham Cinema, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII. . . . **Napoleon:** Guild. . . . **Nenette and Boni:** Quad Cinema. . . . **Rocketman:** 84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, 19th Street East 6, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas. . . . **Soul Food:** Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, National Twin, and Waverly. . . . **Year of the Horse:** Angelika Film Center.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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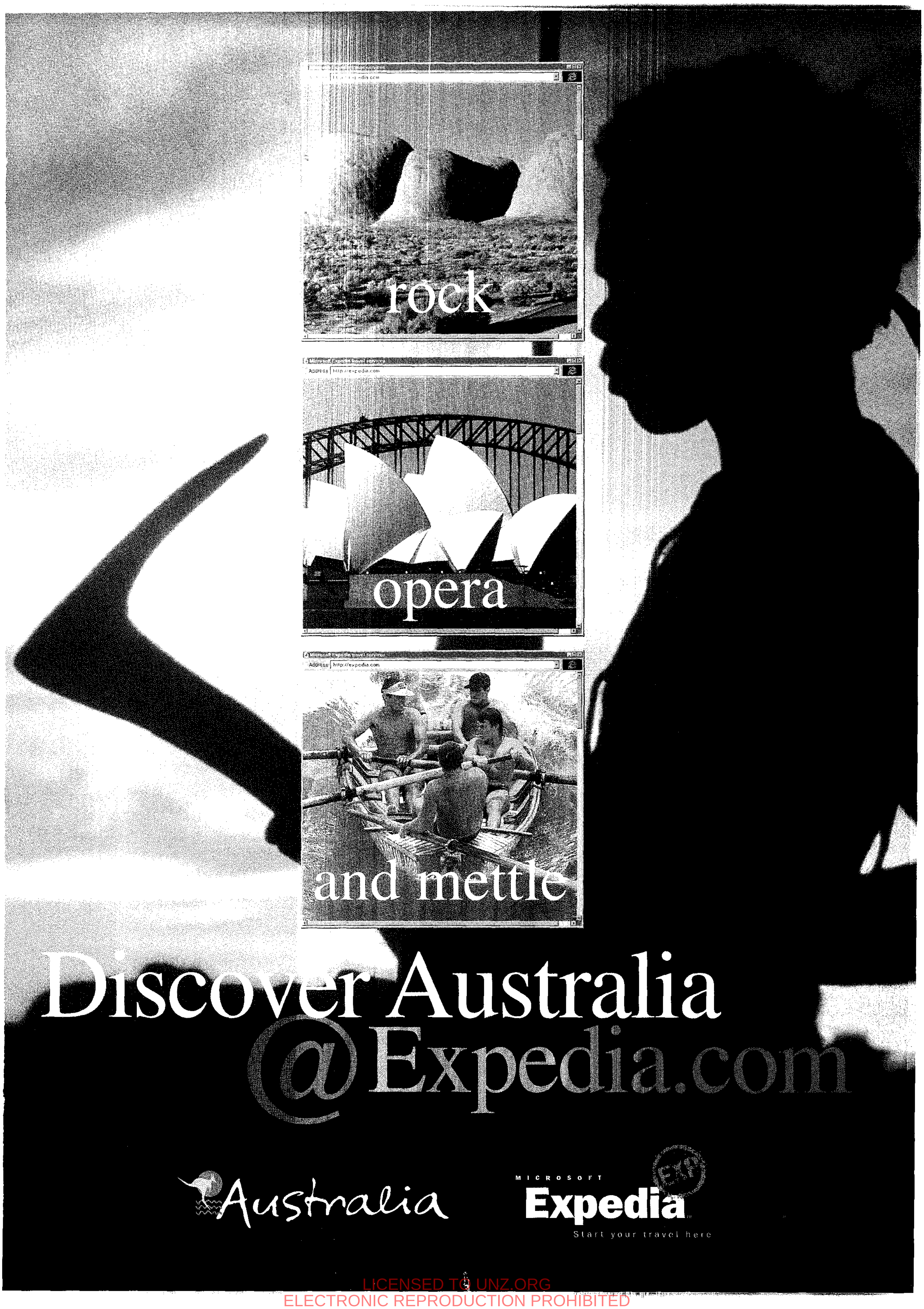
(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110).
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.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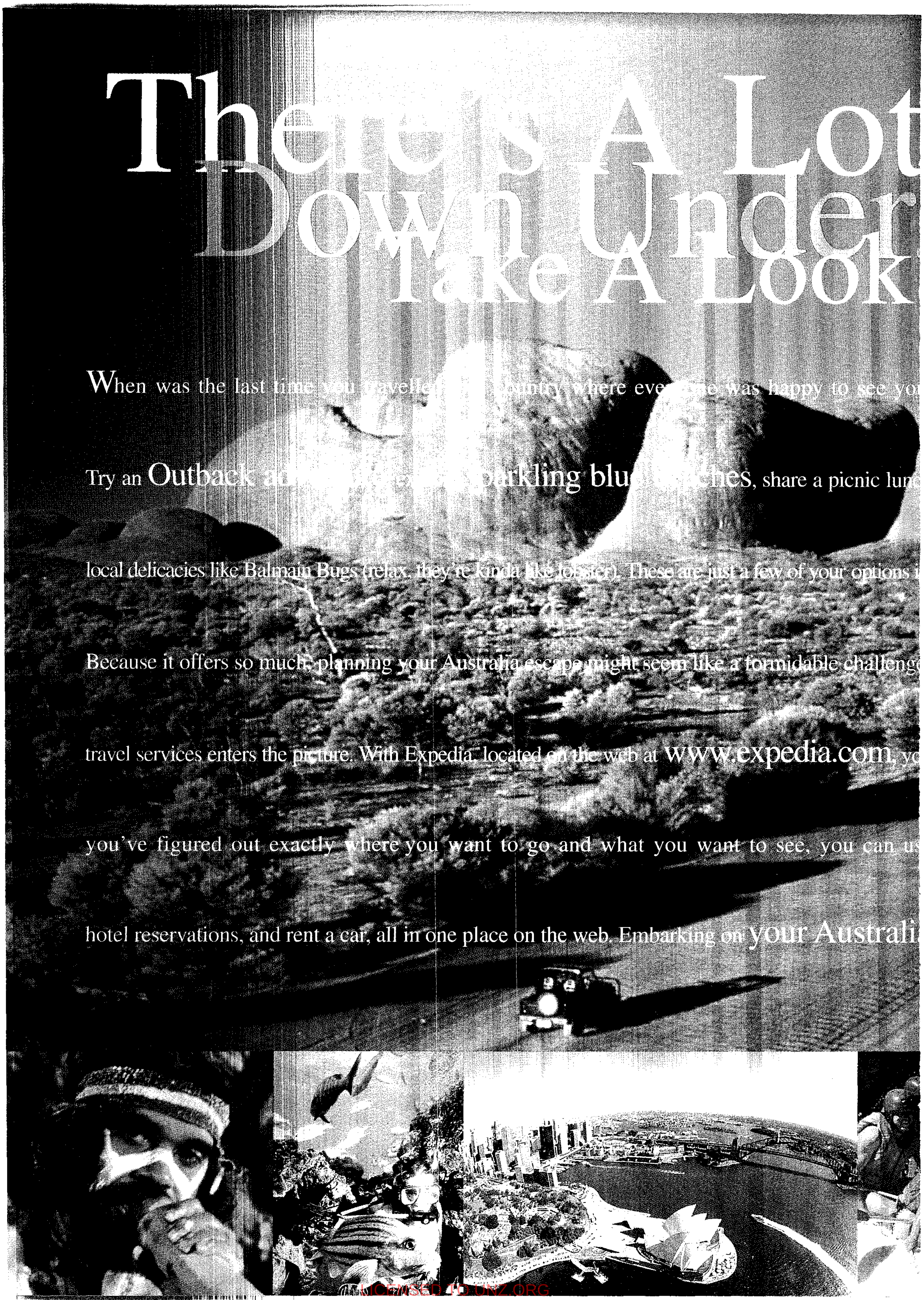

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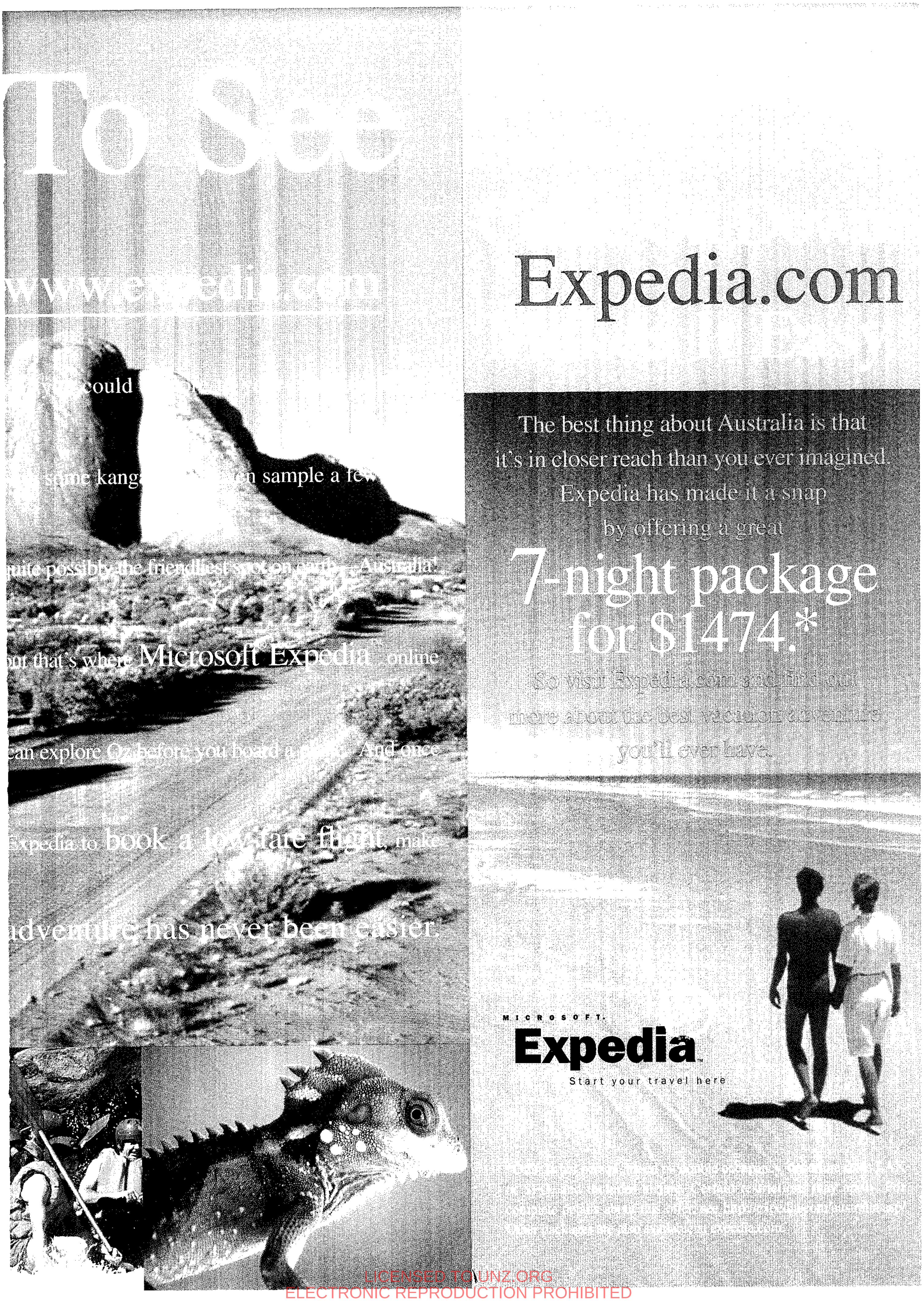

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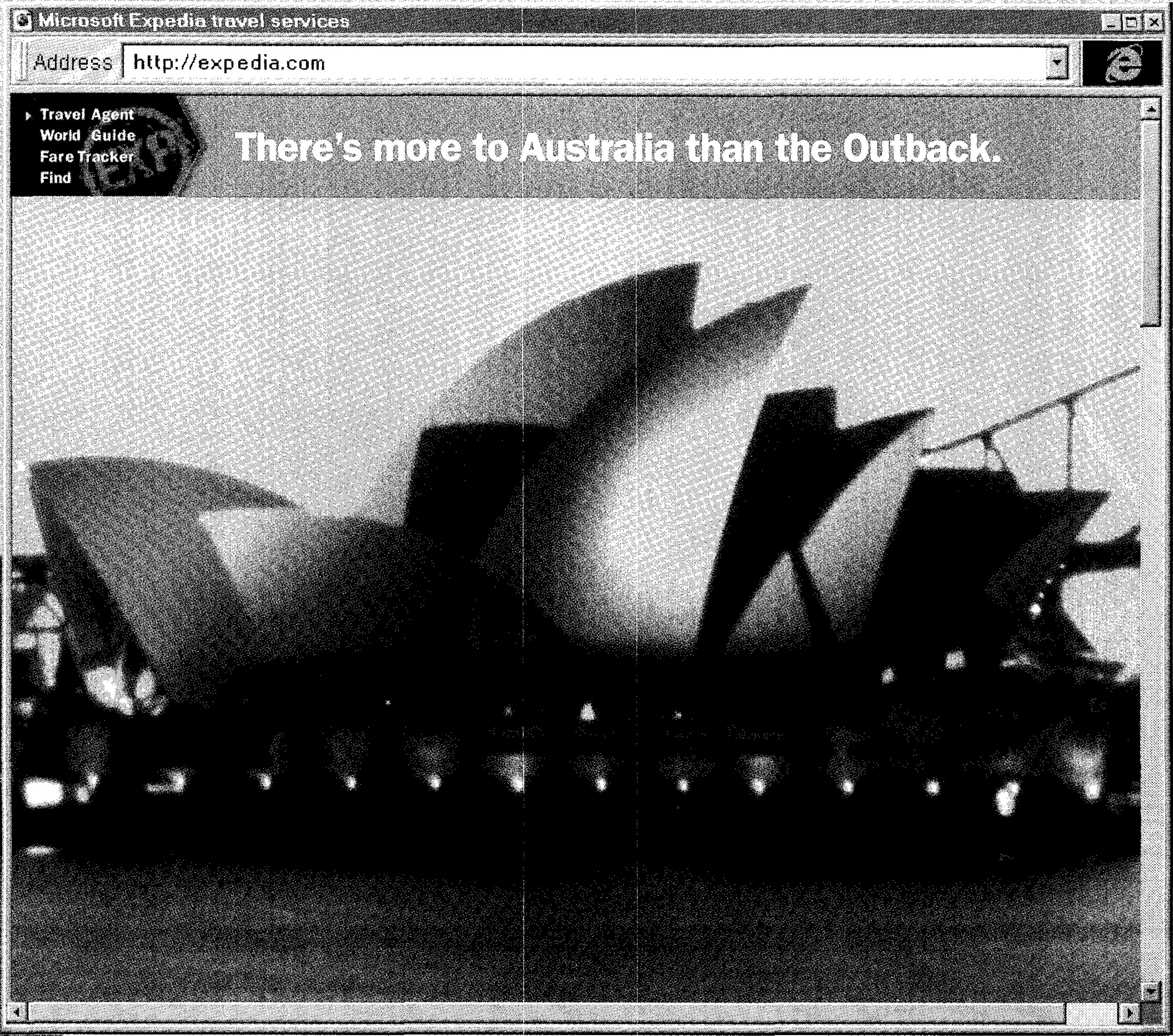
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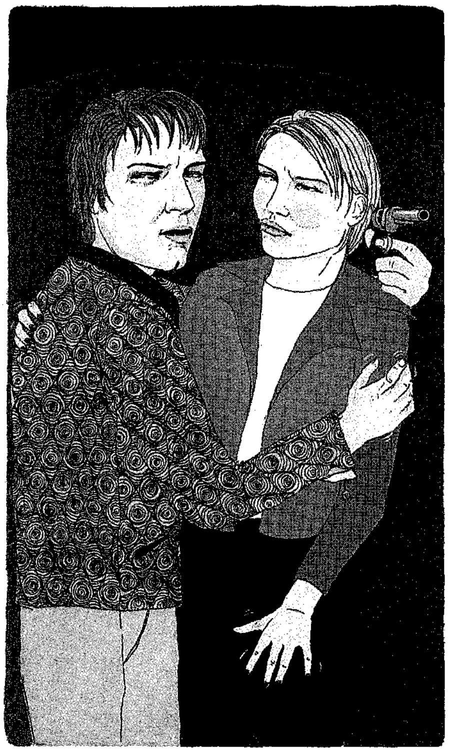


LARA TOMLIN

Ewan McGregor and Cameron Diaz in "A Life Less Ordinary."

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—A program of films starring Kim Novak. Oct. 17-19: "Picnic" (1955, Joshua Logan) and "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964, Billy Wilder). . . . Oct. 20: "Pushover" (†) and "Five Against the House" (1955, Phil Karlson). . . . Oct. 22-23: "Middle of the Night" (1959, Delbert Mann) and "Strangers When We Meet" (1960, Richard Quine). . . . Oct. 24-26: "Pal Joey" (1957, George Sidney) and "The Man with the Golden Arm" (1955, Otto Preminger). . . . Oct. 27: "Phffft!" (1954, Mark Robson) and "Boys' Night Out" (1962, Michael Gordon). . . . ¶ Oct. 21: "Virtue" (1932, Edward Buzzell) and "Three Wise Girls" (1932, William Beaudine). . . . ¶ Oct. 28: "The Criminal Code" (1931, Howard Hawks) and "Behind the Mask" (1932, John Francis Dillon).

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films directed by Agnès Varda; most in French, with English subtitles. Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Nausicaa" (1970). . . . Oct. 16 at 6: "Documenteur" (1981). . . . Oct. 17 at 2:30 and Oct. 18 at 5: "Jane B. by Agnès V." (1987). . . . Oct. 17 at 6: "Mur Murs" (1980). . . . Oct. 17 at 8 and Oct. 18 at 2: "Kung Fu Master" (1987). . . . Oct. 19 at 2 and Oct. 21 at 6: "Jacquot" (†). . . . Oct. 19 at 5 and Oct. 20 at 6: "The World of Jacques Demy" (1993). . . . Oct. 20-21 at 2:30: "The Young Girls Turn 25" (1992). . . . Oct. 23 at 2:30: "Vagabond" (1985). . . . Oct. 23 at 6 and Oct. 25 at 5: "A Hundred and One Nights" (1995). . . . Oct. 24 at 2:30: Four short films from the eighties. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 6:30 and Oct. 17 at 3: "The Red Rag" (1996, Lodewijk Krijns; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6:30: "Hearts of the World" (1918, D. W. Griffith; silent). . . . ¶ A program of films adapted from British stage productions. Oct. 18 at 2:30: "The Good Companions" (1933, Victor Saville). . . . Oct. 18 at 5: "Dear Octopus" (1943, Harold French). . . . Oct. 19 at 2:30: "This Happy Breed" (1944, David Lean). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6:30: "For Daniel" (1996, Ernie Gehr). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "After Brenda" (1997, Donigan Cumming). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3: "A Prayer for Nettie" (1995, Cumming) and "Cut the Parrot" (1996, Cumming). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 6 and Oct. 26 at 2:30: "Hallelujah" (1929, King Vidor). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8:15: "Laughter" (1930, Harry d'Abbadie d'Arrast). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "The Love Parade" (1930, Ernst Lubitsch). . . . ¶ A program of films starring either James Stewart or Robert Mitchum. Oct. 26 at 2 and Oct. 28 at 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946, Frank Capra). . . . Oct. 26 at 5 and Oct. 28 at 2:30: "The Lusty Men" (1952, Nicholas Ray). . . . Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Cape Fear" (1962, J. Lee Thompson). . . . Oct. 27 at 6: "Rear Window" (1954, Alfred Hitchcock).

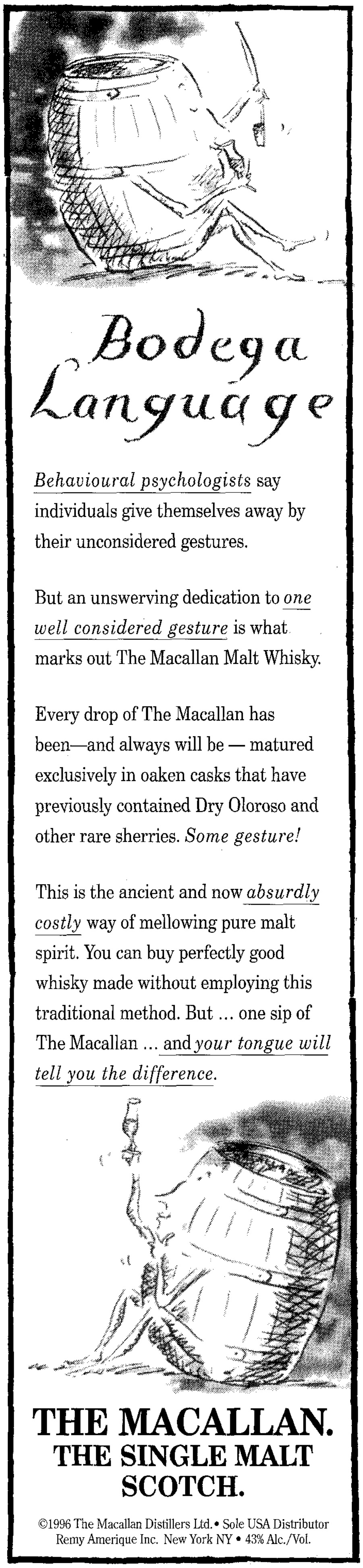
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of films starring either Robert Mitchum or James Stewart. Oct. 15 at 2 and 6 and Oct. 17 at 4 and 8:15: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973, Peter Yates). . . . Oct. 15 at 4 and 8 and Oct. 17 at 2 and 6:15: "The Naked Spur" (1953, Anthony Mann). . . . Oct. 18 at 2 and 7 and Oct. 19 at 4:50: "Two Rode Together" (1961, John Ford). . . . Oct. 18 at 4:10 and 9 and Oct. 19 at 2 and 7: "Home from the Hill" (1960, Vincente Minnelli). . . . ¶ A program of films and videos written by Alan Bennett. Oct. 22 at 4:15 and 8:45 and Oct. 25 at 3:45 and 9:35: "Me, I'm Afraid of Virginia Woolf" (1978, Stephen Frears) and "A Chip in the Sugar" (1985, Stuart Burge). . . . Oct. 22 at 6:30 and Oct. 26 at 3:45: "Sunset Across the Bay" (1975, Frears) and "A Woman of No Importance" (1982, Giles Foster). . . . Oct. 23 at 2 and 9: "An Afternoon Off" (1979, Frears) and "Visit from Miss Protheroe" (1978, Frears). . . . Oct. 23 at 4 and Oct. 25 at 8: "Doris and Doreen" (1978, Frears). . . . Oct. 24 at 2 and 6:30 and Oct. 26 at 8: "An Englishman Abroad" (1982, John Schlesinger) and "A Question of Attribution" (1991, Schlesinger). . . . Oct. 24 at 4:35 and 9:10 and Oct. 26 at 6: "One Fine Day" (1979, Frears). . . . Oct. 25 at 6: "A Bed Among the Lentils" (†) and "A Lady of Letters" (1985, Giles Foster). . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 6:30: "A Better Place" (1997, Vincent Pereira). . . . ¶ Oct. 25-26 at 2: "The Bank Dick" (1940, Edward Cline).

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films starring Boris Karloff. Oct. 18 at 2 and 5: "The Old Dark House" (1932, James Whale). . . . Oct. 18 at 3:30: "The Mummy" (†). . . . Oct. 19 at 2: "The Body Snatcher" (1945, Robert Wise). . . . Oct. 19 at 4: "Isle of the Dead" (1945, Mark Robson). . . . Oct. 25 at 2: "Bedlam" (1946, Robson). . . . Oct. 25 at 4: "The Hallmark Hall of Fame: Arsenic and Old Lace" (1962). . . . Oct. 26 at 2: "Targets" (1968, Peter Bogdanovich). . . . Oct. 26 at 4:30: "The Raven" (1963, Roger Corman).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 21 at 7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French). . . . Oct. 21 at 9: "The Betrayer" (1961, Roberto Rossellini; in Italian). . . . Oct. 28 at 7: "The Bride Wore Black" (1967, Truffaut; in French). . . . Oct. 28 at 9: "Vertigo" (1958, Alfred Hitchcock).

From Paris to Hollywood—The Alliance Française presents a series of French films (shown in Florence Gould Hall) alongside the American films based on them (shown in Tinker Auditorium). Oct. 21 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1976, François Truffaut; in French). . . . Oct. 21 at 6:15 and 8:45: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1983, Blake Edwards). . . . Oct. 28 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Cousin, Cousine" (1975, Jean-Charles Tacchella; in French). . . . Oct. 28 at 6:15 and 8:45: "Cousins" (1989, Joel Schumacher). (Both located at 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160.)

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—Oct. 15-16 at 5:45 and 8:15, Oct. 17-19 at 5:45, and Oct. 20-23 at 6:45: "Pretty Village, Pretty Flame" (1996, Srdjan Dragojevic; in Serbo-Croatian). . . . ¶ Oct. 15-16 at 10:40, Oct. 17-18 at 10:30, and Oct. 19 at 10:15: "My Own Private Idaho" (1994, Gus Van Sant). . . . ¶ A program of films directed by the Taviani brothers; in Italian, with English subtitles. Oct. 17 at 8:15, Oct. 21 at 9:15, and Oct. 26 at 7: "Padre Padrone" (1977). . . . Oct. 18 at 8:15, Oct. 22 at 9:15, and Oct. 26 at 9: "The Meadow" (1979). . . . Oct. 19 at 8:15 and Oct. 20 at 9:15: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1982). . . . Oct. 23 at 9:30 and Oct. 24 at 5:40 and 9:45: "Kaos" (1984). . . . Oct. 25 at 5 and 10:15: "Good Morning Babylon" (1987). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 7: "Day of Wrath" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8, Oct. 25 at 3 and 8, Oct. 26 at 3 and 8:15, and Oct. 27-28 at 8: "Foreign Land" (1995, Walter Salles and Daniela Thomas). . . . ¶ Oct. 24-28 at 10: "Trust" (1991, Hal Hartley).



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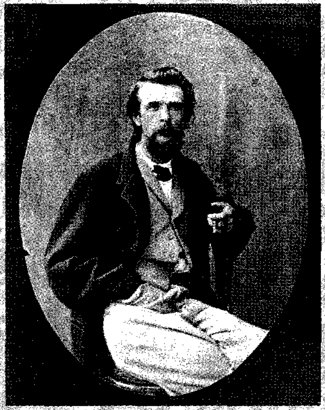
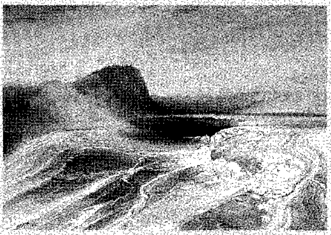


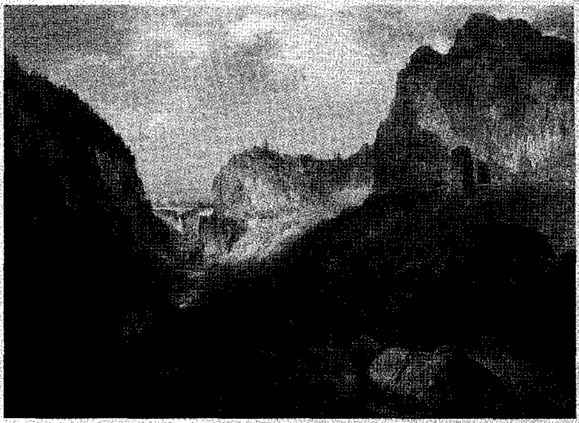
Thomas Moran, Philadelphia, 1855. East Hampton Library

THOMAS MORAN'S WORK FOREVER CHANGED THE WAY WE SEE THE WEST. NOT TO MENTION WHERE WE CAMP IN IT.



Lower Geyser Basin, 1873. Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa, OK

In the summer of 1871, an expedition of men from the East embarked on a journey to a land rumored to be brimming with hot springs and geysers. They were accompanied by a rather curious guest—a young artist from Philadelphia determined to be the first to paint this mysterious territory. Unbeknownst to them all, merely painting the wondrous land was not to be his greatest accomplishment. A few months after the expedition returned, his watercolors were shown to members of Congress deciding the fate of the Western territories. The splendor of Thomas Moran's work convinced them that such breathtaking natural beauty should be preserved forever. And Yellowstone National Park was born.



Golden Gate, Yellowstone National Park, 1893. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, WY

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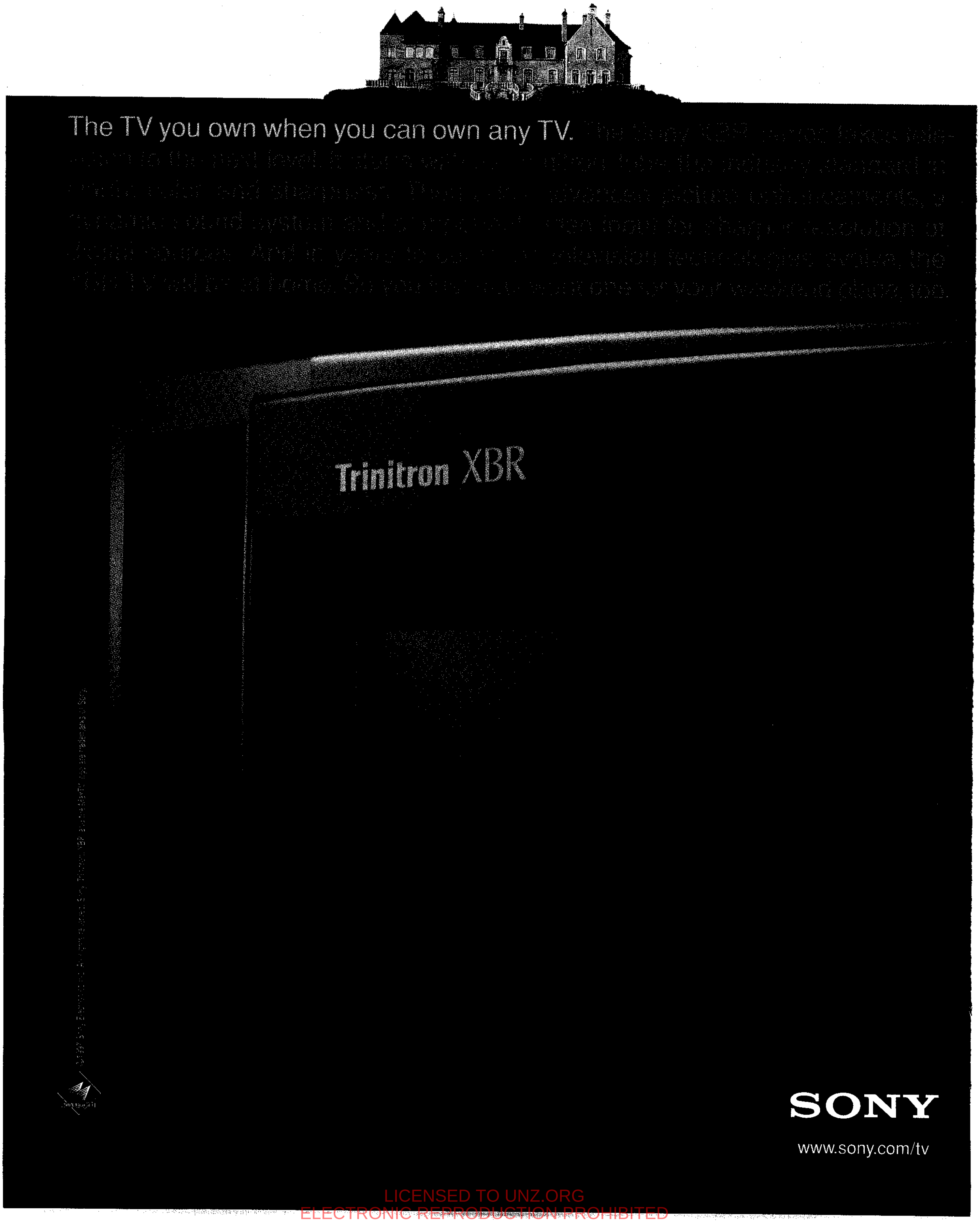

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

NEXT: THE STRANGE AND FAMILIAR SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

In the old days—before movable type, before ankle-length trousers, before heliocentrism—there was little curiosity about the next decade or the next century. Droughts and invaders came, people grew old and died, but the future could be relied upon to be like the present, except later. During the last couple of hundred years, however, as the rate of social change accelerated and we were reprogrammed to believe in progress, everyone acquired a sporting interest in what might be just over the horizon. In this century, pop futurology (World's Fairs, Epcot, the Tofflers and the Naisbitts) became the equivalent of movie trailers—nifty coming attractions for life itself. Then the dystopian backlash of the late sixties made Henry Luce's American Century portrayals of the future seem silly, and replaced Tang and "The Jetsons" with acid rain and "Blade Runner."

Now the pendulum has swung again, to use an analogue cliché, and it seems that the future may conform, after all, to those cool, ridiculous circa-1960 depictions. For the first time in a generation, the future has gained a gravitational pull as strong as the past's.

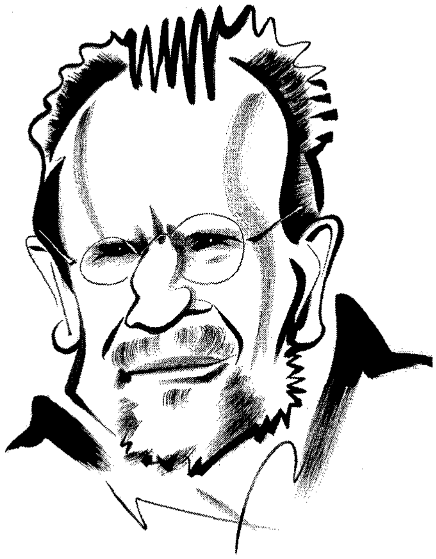
Envisioning tomorrow now comes in two styles—whizzbang or retro. The scenarios that follow are as likely to be (colorized) reruns as to be high tech: for every microprocessed sneaker, ultrasound-assisted lipoplasty, and drug-producing sheep clone, we also have est, renewed hostilities on the Korean peninsula, and the daily newspaper.

Betting on one's prescience is a very contemporary form of hubris: in 1985, Steve Jobs left Apple and started NeXT, which never lived up to its name, and nine years later Barry Diller, a man celebrated for divining the future a few seconds ahead of his rivals, failed spectacularly to buy Paramount. When a reporter asked Diller how he felt, he replied, "They won. We lost. Next." Good answer.

WEALTH

PHILANTHROPY 101

Taking the fear out of giving.


Paul Brainerd

PAUL HAMLYN

THE announcement last month by Ted Turner that he would donate as much as a billion dollars to United Nations-related activities over the next decade provoked much speculation about who would be next to take the billion-dollar plunge. Warren Buffett? Bill Gates? The answer is largely irrelevant, since what really will change the world is not the actions of one or two men but what the new generation of the rich does with its money. Many members of this generation have accumulated their wealth not over a lifetime but in the space of an initial public offering. Microsoft stock alone has made millionaires of thousands of people, most of them young. Few of these people—indeed, very few of the suddenly rich of the high-tech world—have earned a reputation for charitable giving. Until recently, Gates himself was considered a prime offender; last year, Paul Saffo, a director at the Institute for the Future, in Menlo Park, California, was quoted as saying, "If his mother were alive, she would paddle him." Gates has since committed two hundred million dollars to bringing libraries on-line.

What is wrong with these people? First of all, they're young; most people don't start giving their money away until they've spent decades gratifying their acquisitive appetites. Second, their fortunes are scarcely self-made; they have no reason to feel grateful to the public libraries, or their alma mater, or the foundling hospital, since their money comes courtesy of Gates and his ilk. Finally, there's the curious psychology of instant wealth: money earned so suddenly, and so accidentally, just doesn't feel real. Ida Cole, for example, held management positions at both Apple and Microsoft, joining the latter soon before it went public, in 1986. "I just happened to make more money than I ever knew existed in the world," Cole, who left Microsoft in 1990, says. "Until that time, I hadn't written out a check for more than a hundred dollars, and all of a sudden people started asking me for thousands of dollars at a time, and I had no choice but to say no, because I didn't know what I was looking at." It was, she says, a "scary" experience.

One of the few computer entrepreneurs who have given away a good deal of their money as soon as they made it is Paul Brainerd. The inventor of PageMaker software, which made desktop publishing possible, Brainerd sold Aldus, his company, in 1994, walked away with a hundred and twenty million dollars, and immediately sank a third of it into a foundation that focusses on protecting the Pacific Northwest wilderness. Soon high-tech executives were coming to him for advice about giving. "Many of these people were young, and they had no real background in terms of money in their families," Brainerd said recently. They clearly needed delicate handling, and this gave Brainerd an idea: he would found a giving circle—a kind of nursery school for philanthropy. The point, he said, was "to form a group of peers where there was trust and confidence in working toward a common goal."

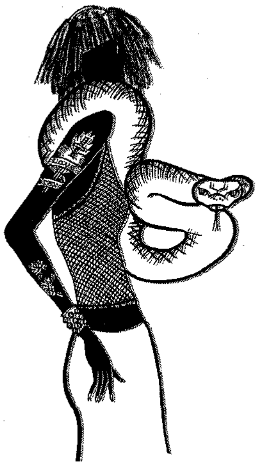
This past spring, Brainerd recruited four friends from the industry who had already shown a penchant for philanthropy, among them Ida Cole. Together, they invited a hundred and thirty people to join a new organization, Social Venture Partners, by anteing up a minimum of five thousand dollars apiece. (Anything larger, Brainerd said, would have scared people away.) At a subsequent meeting, the group decided to concentrate on education and children's issues. The premise of the program is that the members will not simply write a check but will research, choose, and monitor the grants; they will be making "investments" rather than offering charity. "The idea is to look at the giving away of money in a paradigm that people in our industry are used to looking at—from a point of view where you can recognize budgets and deliverables," Cole says.

S.V.P. is an extremely modest program, but philanthropy professionals are hoping that it may be a harbinger. "Charitable foundations are going to be the BMWs of the nineties," Paul Saffo predicts. "We're teetering on the edge of its being a prestige thing. And, when the dam breaks, the amount of money pouring out of Silicon Valley is going to be enormous." —JAMES TRAUB

PETS

SNAKEBIT

Creatures that are creepy, cool, and multiplying.



REGARDING the emerging vogue among young moderns for snakes: Nobody's saying anymore that you have to be a version of the muscular little five-foot-four fireplug who has tattoos and wears combat fatigues and metal-studded wristbands and walks around Central Park on warm Sunday afternoons with a python named SSSSatan coiled torpidly around his shoulders and flicking its malevolent tongue. That's the lapsed profile. Fetishists. The one taking shape is exemplified by the slinky young girl, a radiant blonde, who the other day stepped into the Village Rainforest, a store on Eighth Street selling snakes and other reptiles—"the fastest-growing area of the pet trade," according to the American Federation of Herpetoculturists. It was her first day as a senior at a high school for the children of prosperous parents. She wore a brown slip with a slit in the front and white lace around the edges, sneakers, and a white sleeveless T-shirt—a play at being slatternly. She walked slowly past a row of glass tanks. The snakes drowsed. When she came to a small tank that was empty and had written on the glass in Magic Marker "Ball Python, Sold," she frowned.

"I always wanted a ball python," she said. "They coil themselves into little balls. My uncle had one."

The python had been sold the day before.

"Too bad," she said. "They're so interesting. Snakes. They're exotic, and they have curious habits—the way they look at you so intensely, and you never know why." She traced a line with one finger down the front of the tank. "Plus you can hold them in your hand," she said, almost whispering. "Which I like."

That's the new outline. Sultry, but disaffected. A suggestion of languor and stirrings of the interior life.

The company of snakes is an expression of the new disengagement and the necessary concentration of pleasures. A few moments with a snake, not three walks a day with a dog. Although snakes are commonly thought to be slimy, they aren't. What they feel like is vinyl. All but a few of the snakes sold by Louie Liu, who opened the Village Rainforest with a partner six months ago, are bred in captivity and are tame. He offers nearly a hundred kinds. "They don't die, like fish," he says. "You can handle them, and they'll play with you. They're mysterious. They look like dinosaurs. They're very clean. They don't smell or make a sound or claw the furniture or wet the carpet. You can leave them alone for periods of time. They don't shed fur or dander, in case you're allergic. They need very little space—almost no apartment is too small. You have to feed most of them only once a week and some even less. And ninety-nine per cent of the time they don't bite."

Snakes longer than eight feet can be troublesome, though. You could subtract a cat or a small dog from your household. Recently, a large snake in Los Angeles ate a neighbor's Chihuahua, and the neighbor brought suit. The case was heard on "The People's Court," and decided in favor of the dog's owner. Some people keep vipers—that is, poisonous snakes. These people probably deserve whatever happens to them.

There is an irony, of course, in the detachment implied by owning a snake instead of, say, a dog or a cat or a bird. Snakes are sluggish and sleep for days. What they don't do is close their eyes. Their regard is constant and probably measuring. There he is, your snake, SSSSylvester, coiled under his heat lamp, inscrutable and aloof, nursing grievances against your household.

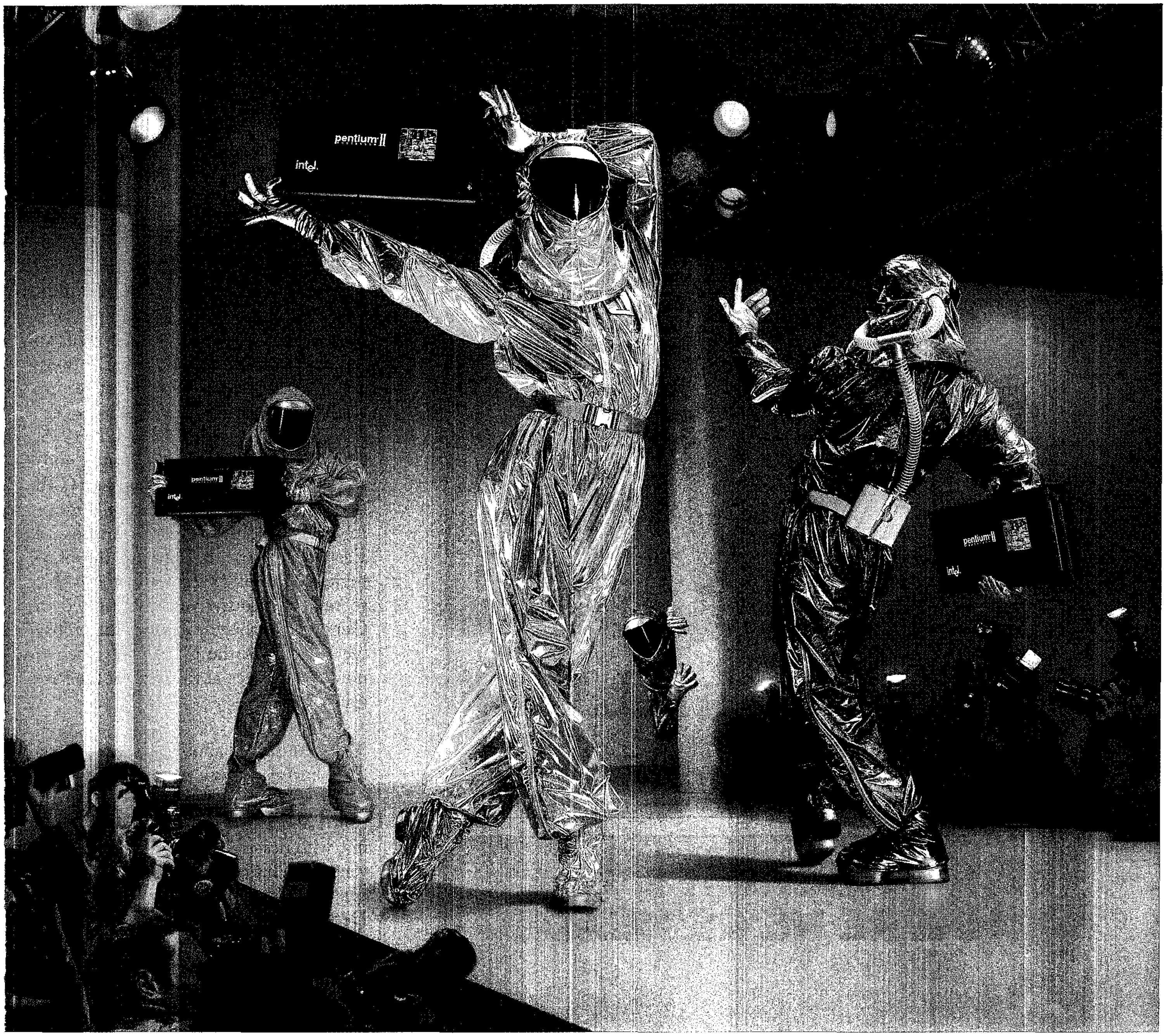
—ALEC WILKINSON

ARCHEOLOGY

THE LOST CITY

Unearthing the past from space.

THE next spectacular archeological discovery on Earth may be made by satellites orbiting more than four hundred miles above its surface. Scientists are now scrutinizing enigmatic images, taken by United



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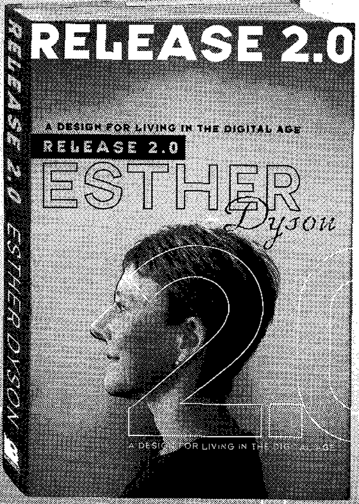
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States and Japanese satellites, of a remote site in Central America which seems to show the faint outlines of a vast, unknown city buried in the forest.

By taking digital photographs of the Earth's surface in radar, visible, and infrared light, and then analyzing the data with computers, scientists are now able to see fifteen feet beneath desert sands, peer through rain-forest canopies, and even erase modern tracks and roads to reveal the ghostly traces of ancient trails.

One of the first archeologists to use satellite imagery was Juris Zarins, an expert on the Arabian Peninsula. In 1975, he bought some black-and-white Landsat photographs of the Persian Gulf (Landsat refers to a series of digital-imaging satellites that examine the Earth from space). Through the photographs and other research, he was able to map the four rivers mentioned in Genesis, and thereby identify the probable location of the Garden of Eden—now under water, at the head of the Persian Gulf.

I FIRST heard about the mysterious Central American city from Ron Blom, a scientist at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, California, who described a number of current ventures in his field: mapping the frankincense trade routes across the Arabian Desert, tracking the old Silk Road, tracing the outlines of hitherto unknown temples near Angkor Wat, and examining Civil War sites in Virginia. But when I asked him if he and his colleagues were looking for any lost cities he became evasive.

"Let me just say we are looking at other sites," he said.

"Such as?"

"One of them could be a very major site," he said nervously. "But I can't talk about it. I've signed a nondisclosure agreement. I can tell you only that it's an ancient city somewhere in the Americas. The legends suggested a general area, and we're using satellite data to locate targets. We have targets, and there are features on the images that do not look natural, that are rectilinear and curvilinear. But until we do the field work it's all very uncertain."

"Who are you working with?" I asked.

"I can't reveal that information. That would be a dead giveaway."

Later, I received a call from Steve Elkins, who organized the project. He described himself as a "cinematographer, a curious man, an adventurer," and he told me that he had assembled a team of "archeologists and the right people" to undertake the project.

"We started with legends, indigenous and European, and we knew of some expeditions to the area that had brought back stories. But it's a difficult area to get around in. So we thought that by using space imagery we could identify promising sites."

"Did you find the city?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, we've got something. I think we've pinpointed it. We see what appear to be structures in the pictures which are certainly very suggestive of what we're looking for. It's a city. It's big, about a mile square, maybe two thousand or more years old. All we have left to do is go there."

The next day, I called some of Blom's other colleagues at J.P.L. and found an imaging wizard named Bob Crippen, who told me that he is often brought in to grapple with truculent data. I asked if he had heard about Blom's working on a lost city in the Americas.

"Yeah, but I'm not on the team looking at that site," he said. "I really don't know anything about it, except what Ron mentioned once a long time ago."

Which was?

"Just that it was in—" and he named the area.

A few hours later, I got a call from Blom, who was at home. "O.K.," he said, "so you did your work and found my unsuspecting colleague and got the location. Congratulations. Listen, if you print it, there will be no expedition to the site, no excavation, nothing. It's as simple as that." He explained why, and his reasons were sound: any premature release of information could put the ruins in danger from looters, and it would probably create political complications with the country in question. So I agreed to say only that the site lies in a hilly tropical forest somewhere in Central America, and that it may be Maya.

I was not surprised to hear that the mysterious city might lie within or near the Maya empire. This is one area in the world where magnificent new sites have turned up in the last fifteen years, and where others surely remain to be discovered. Every Maya archeologist can tick off a list of rumored lost cities: Site Q, the Golden Way, the White City, and nameless ruins, reported by local hunters who tell stories of stumbling upon temples, stelae, and sculptures tangled in dense undergrowth.

But what makes this site most remarkable is the possibility, suggested by Elkins, that because of its remote and unexpected location it may never have been looted. Most archeologists believe that there are no unplundered Maya cities left, even those that are "undiscovered." Finding a pristine city of this size would be unprecedented, the New World equivalent of Tutankhamun's tomb.

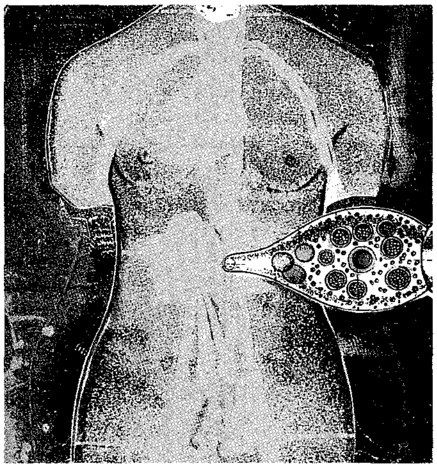
An expedition is planned for the spring. —DOUGLAS PRESTON

VANITY

SLIM CHANCE

The new frontier in fat.

We have tried, we humans, to do things Nature's way. We have retired the old man-conquers-Nature approach, and sidled up to Mama Earth with wheedling apologies. Can it have escaped anyone's notice, though, that Nature has responded not with the noblesse oblige we might expect of her but with nasty little passive-aggressive stabs at revenge? Cockroaches capable of surviving a nuclear war; humans made sick by tiny viruses. And which among these petty annoyances is a surer sign that Nature is determined to frustrate us to death than her mean refusal to allow us to shed fat? In this matter, at least, we have been forced to take things into our own hands—with liposuction.



GARY POWELL

Liposuction is a quick and unnatural way of purging fat: you make a hole in the skin, you stick a tube in, and the tube sucks it out. The technique was invented in France in the early eighties on the premise that the suction equipment used for abortions might be used to remove other kinds of tissue. (A French doctor commented at the time, "This machine has two tubes: one is for the fat, one is for the money.") The trouble with ordinary liposuction is that the tube sucks up not just fat but everything else as well: nerves, muscle, blood vessels.

Now there exists a new kind of liposuction, which does the job better than ever: ultrasound-assisted lipoplasty, or U.A.L. Ultrasound-assisted lipoplasty removes more fat with less trauma than ordinary liposuction, so it will probably entice more people—especially men—to try it out. The U.A.L. tube transmits sound waves that liquefy fat cells, so that the cells can be sucked up gently, with other structures left intact. Very little blood is lost in U.A.L., which is why much larger volumes of fat can be removed. With ordinary liposuction, six litres would be an ambitious removal; with U.A.L., you can suction as much as eighteen.

There are still postsurgical consequences to reckon with: swelling, bruising, no smoking for two weeks. And an average U.A.L. session costs about five thousand dollars. Still, liposuction is the most popular cosmetic-surgery procedure in the country and seems likely to remain so. In 1996, ninety-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-nine women and twelve thousand one hundred and eighty-four men were suctioned. U.A.L. seems sure to become the liposuction technique of choice in the future, the only barrier to its universal adoption being the high price of its equipment: an average of forty thousand dollars per machine. Since U.A.L. was imported from Italy, a few years ago, its home in this country has been the Baptist Hospital in Nashville, Tennessee. Here, just blocks from the Country Music Wax Museum, four partners who make up the Institute for Aesthetic and Reconstructive Surgery have, among them, performed more than five hundred U.A.L. procedures in the past two and a half years. And here a man in his fifties is about to shed six litres of fat (that's three two-litre Coke bottles) from his love handles and belly.

MARY GINGRASS, who is thirty-five, was one of the first doctors to experiment with U.A.L. in this country. She is, she claims, America's only third-generation plastic surgeon. She uses a breast implant as a paperweight. Chin-length blond hair and rectangular glasses make her a dead ringer for Harriet the Spy. The man about to be suctioned is very large in all directions. He is six feet five, and is the possessor—for the next few minutes, anyway—of a prodigious middle region that emerges from between blankets that cover his arms and face and his lower pelvis and legs.

Gingrass takes up a knife and makes an incision in the lower belly of her patient, who is under general anesthetic. She screws something that looks like a cog into one of the incisions, to protect the man's skin from burning. She grasps a long metal wand, inserts it into the cog, and thrusts it rapidly in all directions, with rather more force and speed than you might expect. This wand injects the man's flesh with fluid, which helps to transmit the sound waves. Then she takes up the U.A.L. wand and begins thrusting anew. Moments later, fat appears, making its way down a long plastic tube that extends to a calibrated cylinder nearby.

After several years' work, Gingrass has compiled several thick albums full of photographs of naked people. Inside the albums: buttocks! Buttocks that teeter sidewise in wobbly diagonals; craggy, dimpled buttocks that emerge like bumpy trees from craggy, dimpled legs; smooth, tanned, aerobicized buttocks like brown M&M's. And breasts: small breasts deflated after breast-feeding; gigantic breasts thin at the top and hugely spherical at the bottom; long, thin, flat breasts like tube socks. These are the "before" pictures, of course. In the "after" pictures, the buttocks are narrower and more regularly shaped; the breasts are fuller or smaller, depending.

Liposuction, as Gingrass notes, has spawned a host of new terms for being fat. You can have a "violin deformity," which means you're fat on your hips and upper thighs with a hollow area in between; you may sport a "kimono deformity," which involves being disproportionately fat on your back. But clearly the continuing refinement of liposuction carries implications far beyond the linguistic. It portends a time when the body comes to resemble its metaphors: the corporation and the body politic. In the future, the body's parts will not hold permanent positions: they will be subject to periodic reëvaluation and frequently discarded. Rather than submitting to Nature's feudalism, we will be freed by liposuction to shape our breasts and buttocks as we please. As Dr. Gingrass thrusts and sucks with her U.A.L. wand, she holds in her hands the instrument of the coming fleshly democracy! —LARISSA MACFARQUHAR

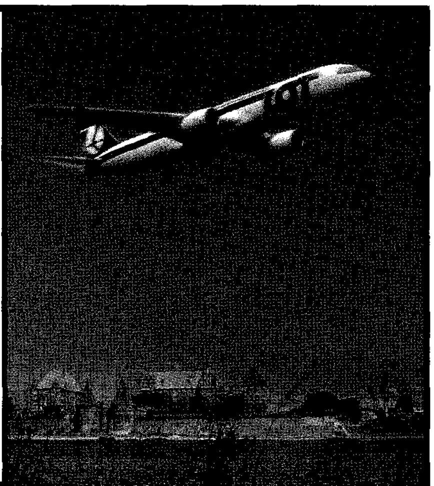
CARS

GOOD POLLUTION

Riding high on hydrogen.

RECENTLY, at the Mercedes-Benz proving grounds, in Stuttgart, I knelt down and put my nose against the exhaust channel of a multimillion-dollar experimental vehicle whose engine was running at full throttle. I breathed deeply, and nothing stung my nostrils. Inhaling again brought a pleasing sensation, for, in effect, I was breathing from a humidifier. The engine whose exhaust I was sniffing runs on hydrogen, and emits nothing but lukewarm water vapor. Mercedes's hydrogen vehicle is one of several forms of "zero emission" transportation that are at or near production. If they work, the age of automotive pollution will be over.

Futuristic visions of the automobile usually turn on glamour—high speed, autopilots, onboard Web access for the harried commuter. Such mixed blessings may come, but more important for the early twenty-first century will be the replacement of the reciprocating-piston engine. The first battery-electric cars are already on sale in California. Cars driven by flywheels or hybrid, gasoline-electric engines are not far off. Ford, Mercedes, and Toy-



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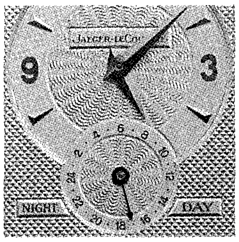

THE REVERSO DUO'S CASE SWIVELS TO REVEAL ANOTHER WATCH, WHERE A 24-HOUR HAND TELLS THE GLOBAL TRAVELER WHETHER IT'S A.M. OR P.M. IN THE SECOND TIME-ZONE. GOLD HANDS MATCH THE CASE IN THE 18-CARAT GOLD VERSION.

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The Mercedes prototype is a small van that carries six passengers comfortably, running off seven hundred thousand litres of pure hydrogen compressed to two hundred and fifty atmospheres. The fuel cells at its heart are elegantly simple devices that join the H of hydrogen with the O of oxygen to form H_2O, releasing electrons in the process. Free electrons are otherwise known as electricity. This voltage drives electric motors to propel the car; the water, released as vapor, is the sole by-product. Engineers call fuel cells "cold combustion." Cold fusion may have been mythological; cold combustion is reality.

Many barriers must be surmounted before fuel-cell cars go on sale, among them establishing a cost-effective system to generate hydrogen and make it available for automotive use. In theory, a completely benign energy economy could be based on hydrogen, with fuel cells in cars (and homes) running on hydrogen produced from water by solar-power converters. Such an energy economy would be a perpetual-motion machine, lasting as long as the sun does. But large solar-hydrogen arrays are not yet practical. For now, hydrogen must be obtained from natural gas or methanol, which means that the first generation of fuel-cell cars will still draw on fossil fuels but will also lay the groundwork for an energy economy that is endlessly renewable.

Mercedes thinks it can have fuel-cell cars in dealerships within a decade, at a price competitive with gasoline power. "The sweep of technology has been from steam to internal combustion to electric," Christopher Flavin, an energy analyst for the Worldwatch Institute, in Washington, D.C., says. "Electric motors have completely taken over factories. Electric motors will take over vehicles, too."

Automakers are not developing zero-emission vehicles from the goodness of their hearts, however. They know that if the private car is to remain the West's preëminent form of transportation, and perhaps become Asia's as well, automobiles simply must stop choking the sky, and must break free from the petroleum supply. The irony of progress toward zero-emission transportation is that if automakers succeed in making the car environmentally innocuous, then cars and their attendant nightmares will be with us forever, since there will no longer be any ecological objection to them.

A great deal of engineering and infrastructure work stands between here and there. On the day I was in Stuttgart, the hydrogen van throbbed with power but refused to move. A mechanic had dropped a screwdriver into its electronic brain, rendering the car a highly futuristic inert lump. —Gregg Easterbrook

APPAREL

SOLE OF A NEW MACHINE

The sneaker that can run itself.

Kicks, Keds, tennies, tackies, Chucks, Clydes—by any name, they're still just sneakers. Does anyone really know or care what all those gizmos are that they put inside sneakers these days: air-cylinder suspension systems, tri-density midsoles, lateral stabilizers? Remember instead those flimsy canvas shoes you put on during the first days of summer and didn't take off until they fell off or until the first day of school in the fall, whichever came first? You had a simple set of choices: black or white, high or low. But even with all today's fancy hardware sneakers are still passive, inanimate things. You put them on, lace them up, and *you* have to adapt to *them*, they don't adapt to you. All that will change with the next sneaker.

Stephen Jacobsen, an engineering professor and the C.E.O. of Sarcos Labs, in Salt Lake City, Utah, is in the business of designing systems that know what's wrong with themselves. "We're turning machines into organisms," he says. For the military, he has put silicon-based microsensors on the fins of submarines to measure acceleration, strain, load, and position. For Nike, he is putting up to twenty of the same sensors in an athletic shoe, which will turn it into a smart sneaker. The sensors will enable your shoe to inform you how many miles you've run, how fast you're sprinting, how badly you're sucking wind on that final straightaway.

"But the smart shoe will do more than give you information," Tinker Hatfield, Nike's shoe guru and the designer of Air Jordans, says. It will adapt itself to your foot. "Let's say you're running at a seven-minute pace," Hatfield says. "If you need to pick up your speed for the last mile in a 5-k. race, the shoe needs to stiffen up a bit." The molecular structure of the material will change. "The more pressure you put on it, the more resilient it will become." Your feet can't fail you now. Such a shoe, Hatfield says, will be on the market within five years.

Ultimately, the axiom will no longer be "If the shoe fits, wear it," but "Wear it and the shoe will fit." Hatfield says that a shoe will be like a chameleon one day. "It will look like a penny loafer when you put it on in the morning, but when you go play racquetball at lunchtime it will turn into a court shoe." One size fits all.

—Richard Stengel

CHILD REARING

IS YOUR BABY BUZZING?

Confinement for a generation that doesn't believe in it.

Back in the days before "parent" was a verb, most of the scenes of our early lives were striped by the vertical bars of playpens. Credit or blame our ceaseless guilt for the notion that modern children need more room to explore and confront their worlds. The playpen that Dr. Spock recommended four decades ago for "fun by the

MICHAEL CRAWFORD

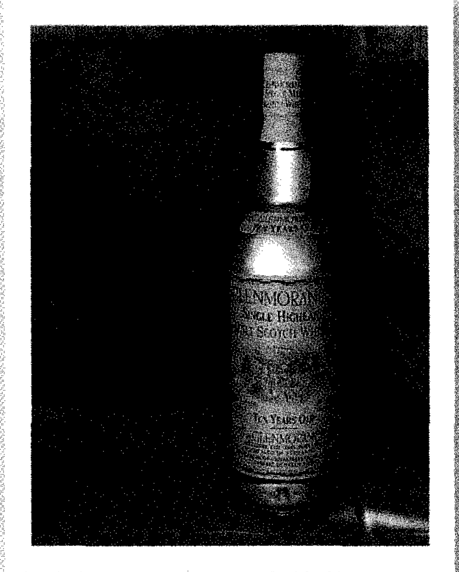
hour" Penelope Leach icily rejects: "Even a baby who willingly goes into it cannot learn all that he should if he is constantly confined."

Apart from the fact that playpens are now called play yards (presumably to avoid the penal connotation), one outcome of this freedom has been the baby-safety industry, which exists at the intersection of childhood and dread. There, in a world where potential business success is unavoidably linked to potential human disaster, inventors spend their days contemplating the by-products of liberation: pinched fingers, poked eyes, electric shocks, falling dressers, and unchecked oral impulses. Hence the ubiquity of cabinet locks, stairway gates, and outlet covers, as well as items of more debatable indispensability: bathtub-water thermometers, spoons that turn white if a baby's food is too hot, video nursery monitors, and those beige elasticized cushiony things which make coffee tables look as if they were wearing giant chef's hats.

All this is part of a grand strategy to make the world safe for infancy. But children open things. They eat things. They wander moonily out of playgrounds. They fall down stairs in seconds, while their parents stand two breathless feet away. So what seems to be next for the juvenile industry is to find ever more attractive forms of confinement for a generation of children whose parents don't believe in confinement.

Bouncers, high chairs, infant seats, swings, and walkers have been huge sellers of late, multiplying in kind and number, proliferating in bells and whistles. But Richard Shandelman, the president of the Philadelphia-based child-safety company Safe & Sound, is going beyond the strap-'em-in products. He's come up with a whole new take on confinement: making it invisible.

What Shandelman has invented is a child leash for the twenty-first century. He calls it a "child-wandering device," and, if all goes well in the testing, it should be marketed in a year under the brand name ChildLink. Talk about building a better mousetrap. ChildLink is a set of beeper-size transceivers that you clip to yourself and your toddler. Then you punch in your desired radius and peacefully cruise a department



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store. If your child exceeds the range of the device, Shandelman says, "it will alarm."

SHANDELMAN, himself a very nineties father of two, is seriously committed to the art of "positive parenting." (" 'No' becomes ineffective after a while," he says.) The sight of a child on an actual leash appalls him. "It's barbaric," he says. And thus he arrived at the leashless leash for the nonconfining confiners. In a sense, it neatly unites Spock and Leach. With ChildLink, Shandelman says, "I can keep close tabs on my child without binding him from learning and exploring."

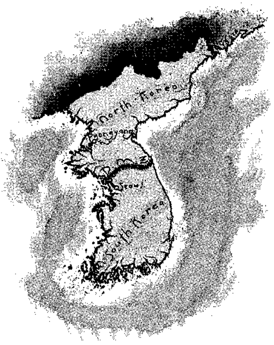
Shandelman imagines his electronic tether being purchased by parents for the great, Gothic outdoors—and also by museums, amusement parks, and other child stomping grounds. He sees ChildLink not only as security against abduction but also as protection wherever a child's urge to explore overtakes a parent's ability to cope. "If you have kids," he says somewhat wearily, "you know it's not even a reality to hold their hands sometimes."

Shandelman, who has been in the childproofing business for five years, helped develop a reconnaissance antenna in the early eighties for a branch of the government that he's still not at liberty to name. And he holds several patents on those antitheft devices which beep if you try to shoplift. Getting the bugs out of ChildLink will require months of testing, but technologically, Shandelman says, it is not very different from that other method of civilized confinement the ankle bracelet for house arrest. Philosophically, he says, "it's really just a device to give you some peace of mind." —LISA GRUNWALD

GEOPOLITICS

THE MADMAN STRATEGY

Are we prepared for another Korean War?



MIKE REAGAN

ON its way to becoming the planet's next site of large-scale unhappiness, Korea can go in one of two directions—neither of them very good. The North Korean dictator, Kim Jong Il—also known as the Great Brilliant Commander and, after the death of his father, as the Great Leader—is, according to the highest-ranking North Korean defector to date, Hwang Jang-Yop, an admirer of Hitler who wishes to emulate his blitzkrieg strategy. Hwang was the North's chief political theorist until he defected, last February. He believes that Kim plans to invade the South with military forces numbering more than a million, and, if the United States attempts to intervene, will threaten to annihilate Japan with nuclear and chemical weapons. This would likely be followed by the killing and purging of the entire South Korean élite. Then the Korean nation, cruelly partitioned after the end of the Second World War, would be united once again, under the leadership of the Great Brilliant Commander himself.

It is possible, indeed likely, that such war plans exist in Pyongyang. They fit the kind of fantasies that run wild at Kim's court. It is even possible, though not as likely, that they will be carried out. For one thing, North Korea's economy is in ruins, and no wonder, considering that almost a third of the national budget goes to the armed forces, according to Western estimates. Most people are too hungry to rebel, but a coup within the regime cannot be discounted. If Kim and his loyalists became desperate enough, they might unleash a suicidal war in the truly Hitlerian spirit of "If I have to go down, I'll drag everyone down with me." And it would certainly be suicide. South Korea has the advanced technology of the United States military at its disposal, and, since American soldiers are already on the front line, Washington would have no choice but to take part in the war, no matter how many body bags were to make an unwelcome appearance on the evening news. And China, having noth-

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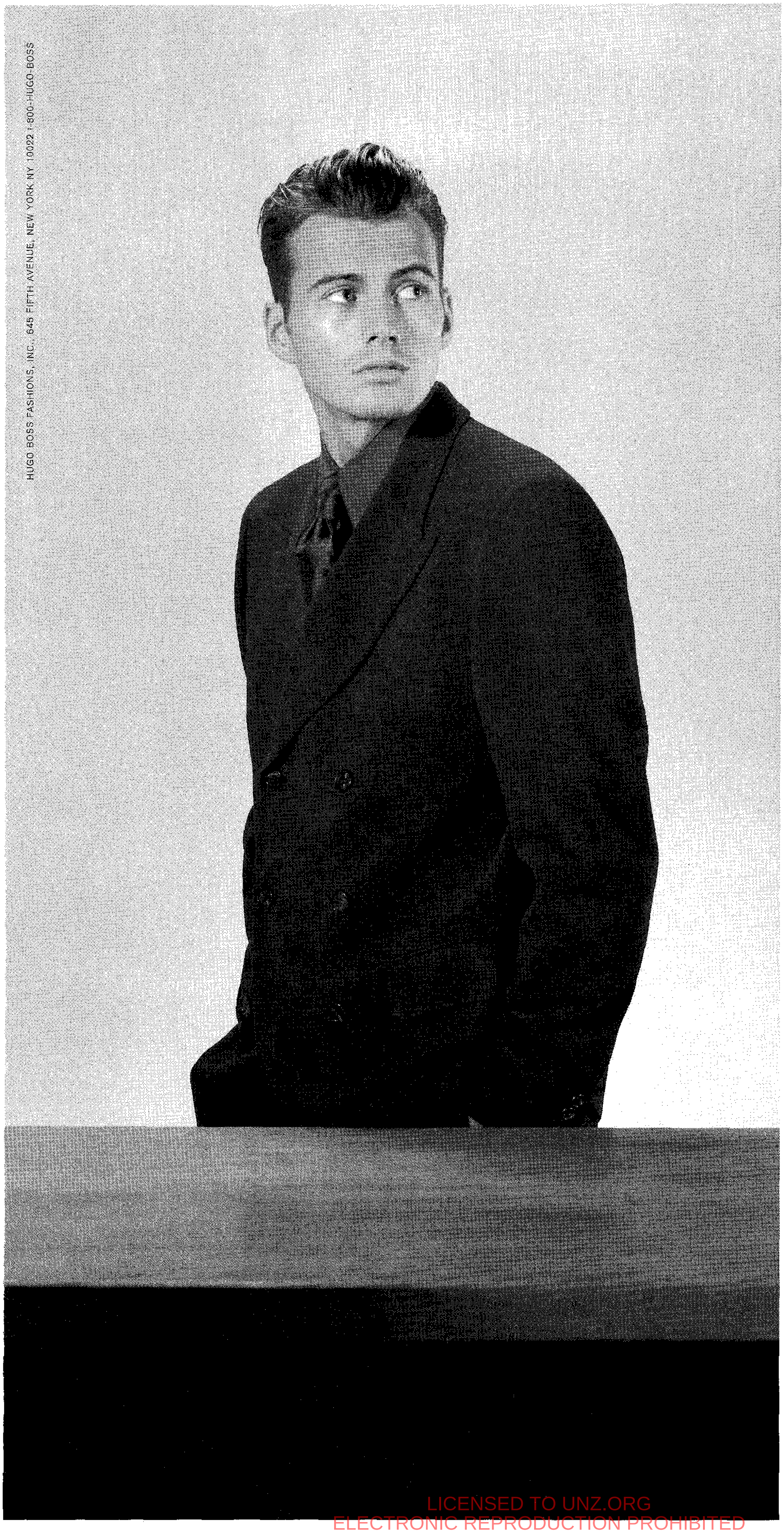
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ing to gain from a war with the United States, would leave North Korea to fight alone.

THERE is, however, another, more likely scenario, which is not as bloody as full-scale war but still grim enough. The Kim regime has been trying to get its enemies—particularly the United States, South Korea, and Japan—to buy peace with economic aid. But freebies exact a price: they force the North to admit its penury to the world and, more important, to open its borders, at least a crack. Over the next ten years, thousands of South Korean workers are expected to go north to help build two light-water nuclear reactors. This is a big risk for a dictatorship whose power has derived from isolating its people from the outside world. As demonstrated by the fall of Communism, famines don't cause revolutions—rising expectations do. Once Northerners get a glimpse of their far richer enemies, it will be hard to suppress those expectations. If military or political factions were to foment rebellion, a coup against Kim could be a real possibility. Whoever then came to power might well have to open up the country a bit more, and the wider the cracks the more likely the Communist edifice is to crumble.

Since the South cannot possibly afford what it would cost to absorb the North, a collapse in Pyongyang is the last thing Seoul would want. The scenerio would play out this way: South Korea would keep its borders closed to its Northern compatriots, even though generations of Koreans on both sides of the DMZ have been told that unification is the most important national goal; after all the years of propaganda and the gradual liberalization of the South, closed borders would be hard to justify. The result would be serious unrest throughout the peninsula, and, because the United States is in South Korea to act as the East Asian policeman, Washington could become the common enemy of all Korean nationalists. Just as the United States was largely blamed for dividing the country in the first place, it could be held responsible for keeping the two Koreas apart.

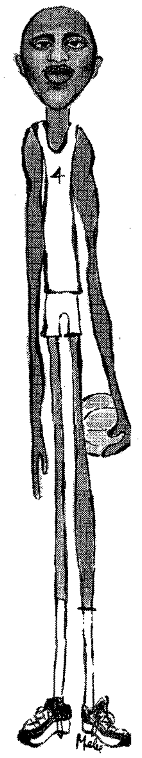
So even if we don't see another war in Korea, we can anticipate plenty of violence, much of it directed at American consulates. But in the unlikely event that Washington should pull its troops out before any of this comes to pass, things could turn out to be a great deal worse. For if the Great Leader does decide to go down in flames, you can count on a pretty nasty conflagration.

—IAN BURUMA

HOOPS

CHILD'S PLAY

Should any seventeen-year-old be worth thirty-two million dollars?



ROBERT MELEE

IF he knows you a little bit, DerMarr Johnson, the world's next teen-age basketball tycoon, likes to sneak up behind you in the halls of Newport Prep, scoot down on all fours, grab your calf, and start barking like a dog. It's a very convincing bark; at first, many of his classmates think that they've been grabbed by a Doberman. DJ, as he is known to everyone at the school in Kensington, Maryland, is a seventeen-year-old who likes his fun.

Some of the adults in his life are making it tough for him to feel much like a kid these days, though. All the fuss they're kicking up, saying he could go right to the N.B.A. after this, his *junior* year of high school, and calling him "Magic Johnson with a jump shot" and "the next Penny Hardaway."

"At first, I thought they were just being funny," he says. "But now..."

In the futures market that the N.B.A. draft has become, DerMarr Johnson is considered a sure thing, the best schoolboy prospect since Kevin Garnett, now an all-star with Minnesota. "If he even plays a day of college ball it'll be a major upset," says the prep-talent evaluator Brick Oettinger, who was the first scout to call attention to sixteen-year-old Michael Jordan. DJ's coaches estimate that if he went pro in the next year or two he could command as much as thirty-two million dollars—

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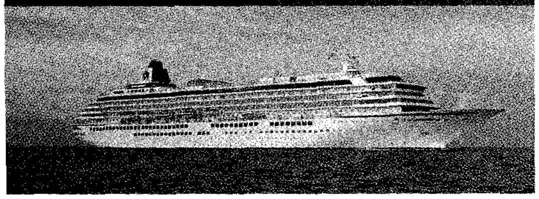

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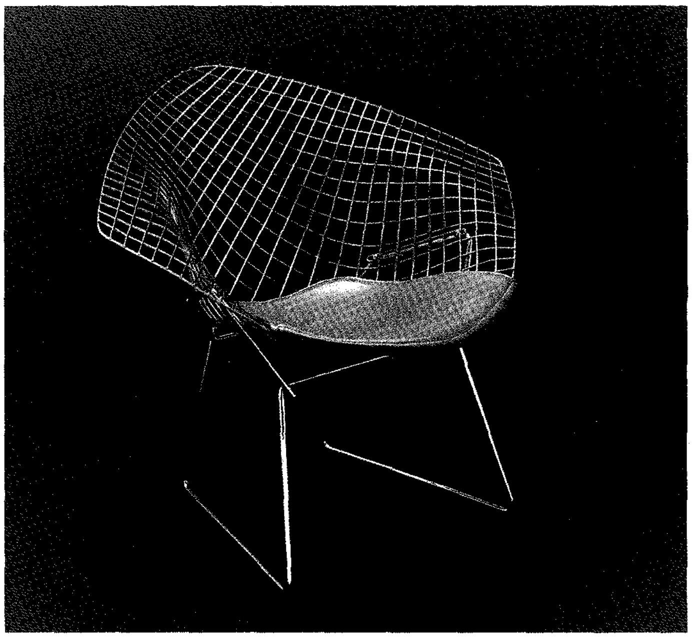
727. **Harry Bertoia. Armchair.** 1952. Chromed steel wire. 29⅞ x 33⅜ x 28" (76 x 84.7 x 71.2 cm). Gift of Knoll Associates, Inc.

728. **Park Hyatt. Hotel.** 17 post-modern stories of sanded concrete and steel. Atrium rich in cherry wood and Italian marble. Private, hanging garden terraces with postcard-worthy sunsets. 189 suites each with an artful style and a distinct absence of faux 200-year-old, baroque furniture. The Park Hyatt collection: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Washington D.C. and Chicago (1998). Buenos Aires, Canberra, Johannesburg, London, Madrid, Sydney and Tokyo. (Reservations: 1 800 233 1234) The Park Hyatt. Classic. Modern. Luxury.

729. **Richard Sapper. Table Lamp.** "Tizio" 1972. Black metal. 48" (124 cm) maximum extension, 4¼" (11 cm) diameter at base. Gift of Artemide.



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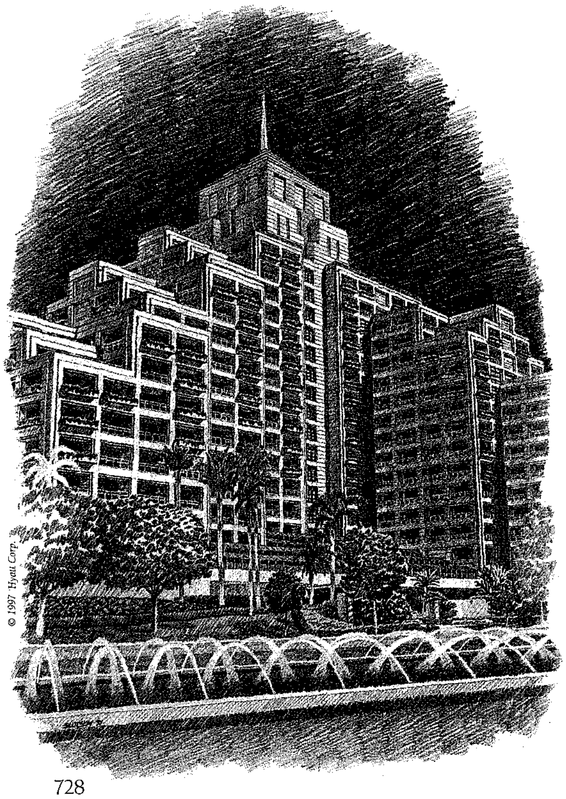

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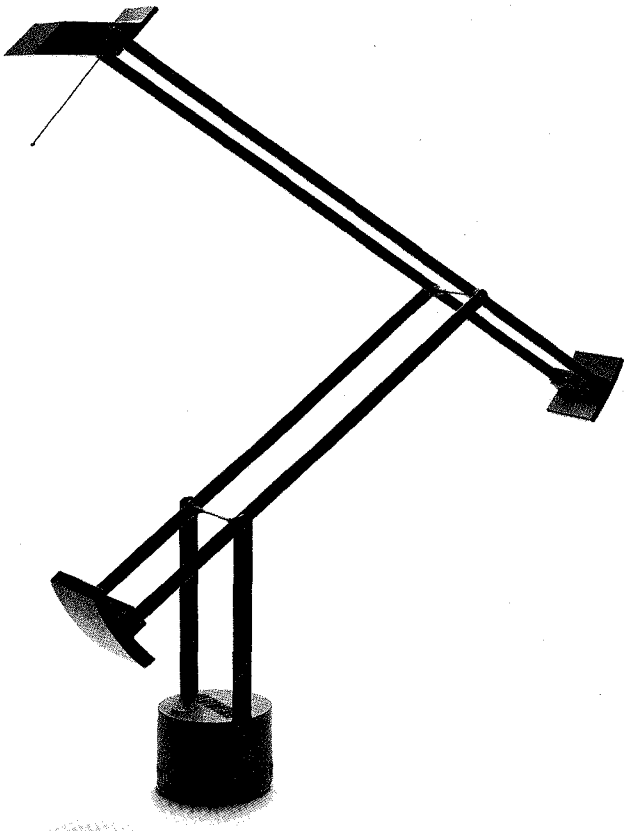
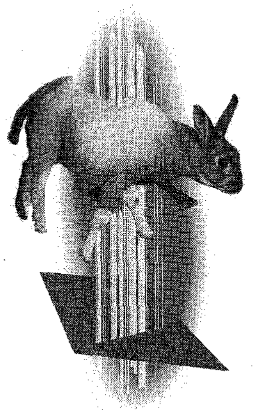


729

BIOTECHNOLOGY

DOWN ON THE PHARM

A crop of new drugs that might save your life.



From the road, you might not look twice: two hundred acres of grass, a flock of sheep, an old stone cottage, and some newer sheds, the East Lothian hills in the distance. If you did look again, though, you might think it odd to see sheep on rich soil planted everywhere else with wheat and barley. Most sheep in this part of Scotland graze the slopes of the hills, not the gentle valleys at their feet. But this flock is special, and worth spoiling. It is composed, in part, of test-tube sheep—sheep grown from embryos with a little bit of human DNA added. The additional human gene woven into their cells means that three hundred of these ewes—"transgenic" ewes, they are called—secrete in their milk a substance called alpha-1-antitrypsin (AAT), which may prove useful in treating cystic fibrosis. If they were geese laying golden eggs, they could hardly be more valuable.

The fun part of biotechnology is finding proteins that act as drugs—tissue-plasminogen activator, for example, which breaks up blood clots. The often wearying followup is getting the protein mass-produced. The molecules may be natural; the processes for making them are normally not. Standard biotechnology-production facilities making complex proteins look like the highest-tech microbreweries.

Transgenic animals—be they sheep in Scotland, goats in Massachusetts, or rabbits in Belgium, all of which are under development—provide a way of making such proteins in greater bulk for much lower cost. Each of the Scottish ewes, created by a Scottish company called P.P.L. Therapeutics, can produce up to ten litres of milk a week, and each litre can contain twelve and a half grams of AAT. By biotech standards, that makes her a lactating mother lode. The sheep's ability to produce the protein has allowed P.P.L. to start clinical trials that will find out whether inhaling it neutralizes a harmful enzyme in the lungs of people with cystic fibrosis. If the treatment works, there could be a market for as much as ten tons of AAT every year—inconceivable for a traditional biotech factory, but quite manageable for a herd of transgenic animals.

The company will soon be able to create such herds more easily than ever before, thanks to a commercial relationship with the nearby Roslin Institute, which is the home of Dolly, the cloned sheep. Dolly was created by transferring a nucleus from an isolated cell into an egg; P.P.L. recently created a transgenic sheep, called Polly, in much the same way. This method is more precise than the one that made the company's AAT sheep. It also means that transgenic animals can be cloned: a whole herd can be created in a single generation.

The next couple of years will show whether AAT works. Trials of a blood-clot regulator being made in goats by Genzyme Transgenics, of Framingham, Massachusetts, should produce results even earlier. Other new therapies are expected to follow. And, because transgenic farms have lower costs than the factories that now make products like tissue-plasminogen activator, there is already talk of a "transgeneric" industry that would eventually undercut the prices of such products.

Farmyards are muckier than factories, and sheep do get sick. The milk has to be filtered for viruses and prions—infectious particles that cause scrapie in sheep and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease in human beings. To put everyone's mind at rest, however, P.P.L. and Genzyme get their breeding stock from New Zealand, where prion disease has never been seen, and they keep it strictly isolated. Even Polly, the British-bred pioneer of the latest transgenic technology, can never enter the land of milk and money to which she has shown the way.

—Oliver Morton

eighteen million for a shoe-endorsement contract, and fourteen million for being one of the draft's top-five picks. DJ plans to finish high school, but he has already reached that melancholy moment when a boy's passion becomes a man's livelihood. His reputation embarrasses him. "I don't want people to think I've got a big head," he says.

All this talk of the future makes an afternoon pickup game at the tail end of summer seem sweet—like boyhood's last gasp. While Newport Prep assistant coach Keith Stevens divides the fellows into teams, DJ chins himself on the rim, the picture of youthful exuberance. Then the game begins. He plays with preternatural grace, floating around the court as if suspended on a cushion of air. Beset by three defenders, he keeps his dribble alive, passes with eerie foresight, then drifts away from the basket and dispassionately arcs in a pair of three-pointers.

After the game, DJ sits quietly outside the gym, peeling an orange, waiting for Stevens to give him a ride home. DJ is wearing a Muslim skullcap—he just likes how it looks—but his coach is howling, "Look, everybody, it's Abdullah! Hey! We're gonna call you Abdullah now!" DJ studies Stevens with all the sympathy he can muster. He shakes his head, gazes down at his orange peel. The man is just one more bizarre creature from the mysterious planet of adulthood. "You ready to go, Abdullah?" Stevens asks. "In a minute," DJ replies. So Stevens waits. All across the country, grown men are waiting on DJ. But he's not ready to go. He wants to stay a little longer where he is right now.

—Will Blythe

MEDIA

INDELIBLE INK

The renaissance of the daily newspaper.

In his 1995 book, "Being Digital," Nicholas Negroponte, the head of M.I.T.'s Media Lab, suggests that daily newspapers may soon be extinct, being replaced by electronic journals tailored to the tastes of individual readers—a medium he calls the Daily Me. The software inside this wonder would roam cyberspace, finding, assem-

MARK KINGSLEY

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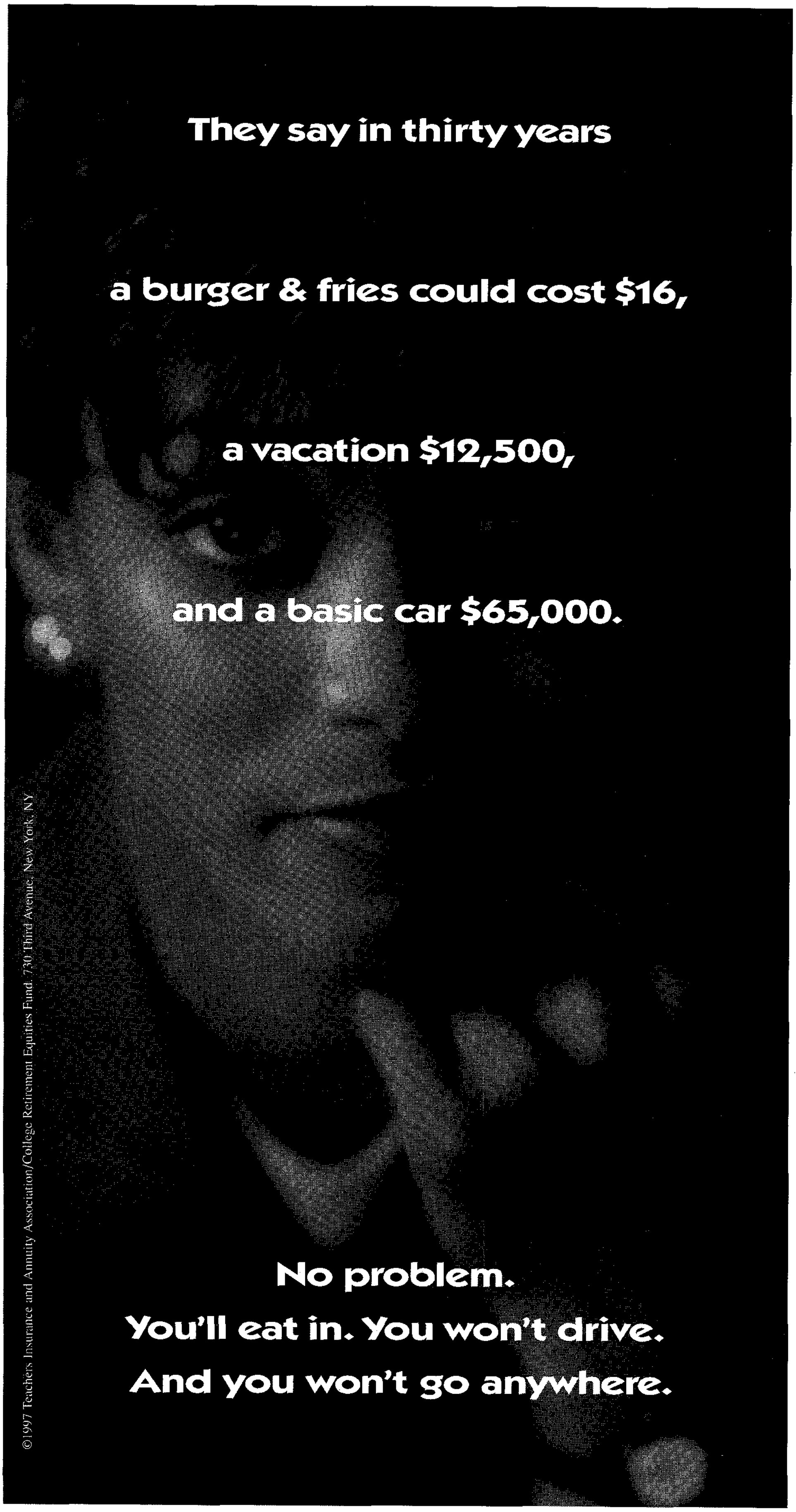
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bling, and downloading all the stories of interest to each subscriber and omitting everything else. When the reader awoke, he would have his own newspaper waiting for him, with all the latest about his stock portfolio, his favorite movie star, his home town, and his college football team. No need for unwanted sections or for stories about Bosnia.

Fortunately, this vision rests on a mistaken idea about what constitutes a newspaper. "It is an irony that with the proliferation of media choices newspapers are turning out to be an even more viable medium than they were in the past, because there are fewer and fewer places people can go to reach a large audience," Russell Lewis, the president of the New York Times Company, said recently. Publishing companies all over the country are making record profits, which means that newspapers have survived what was supposedly their last gasp and are now, in a way, the next big medium. To Negroponte and his ilk, who share a scornful or perhaps regretful view of the role of print media in a cyberspace world, the *Times*, the *News*, and the *Post* are simply streams of information which can be converted into bits and sliced up to fit any recipe. But newspapers are not just yesterday's news; the good ones are carefully prepared buffets, cooked up by skilled editors who sift the news and present it in a way that makes each edition unique. Computers, for all their strengths, are very poor at replicating human judgment and intuition, and those qualities are what editing newspapers is all about. "As we have this continued proliferation of news and information sources, we all need editors, and that is one of the things that newspapers provide," Mark Willes, the chairman of the Times Mirror Company and the publisher of the Los Angeles *Times*, said. "The Internet is the epitome of an unedited information glut."

WALL STREET
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EMBER 19, 1997
It's News
Inside Today's
AMER

GARY POWELL

There are other, practical problems with Negroponte's vision. So far, at least, nobody has demonstrated how to make money with an on-line newspaper—even one that reproduces an existing print version. More than five hundred newspapers have Web sites, but the *Wall Street Journal* is the only major paper that charges its readers for access. Dick Hawkes, the general manager of the *Post*, believes that the migration of advertising to the Internet "won't happen until there is some reliable and generally accepted way to measure the readership and response rates on-line. These things are both some time away." Furthermore, as the market fragments, advertisers are willing to pay more to outlets that can still deliver mass audiences.

A STRONG economy has boosted advertising, which makes up four-fifths of the newspaper industry's revenues (the rest comes from subscriptions and newsstand sales), while the cost of newsprint, which rose sharply a couple of years ago, has fallen. Between 1981 and 1996, when the number of daily newspapers fell from seventeen hundred and thirty to fifteen hundred and twenty, the industry went through an agonizing but inevitable period of consolidation. This has sadly altered the daily custom of many Americans, but many of the departing and now defunct titles were evening publications that readers used to buy for the late stock prices or for baseball scores—information that is freely available elsewhere these days. Most of the surviving newspapers are morning titles that hold monopolies on print advertising and news coverage in their markets. (Since 1981, the number of morning newspapers has actually increased, from four hundred and ninety-nine to six hundred and eighty-six.)

Most Americans probably still believe that newspaper readership is plummeting, but the numbers don't bear this out. The subscription price of the *Times* has risen by almost ten per cent over the past three years, while the paper's circulation has dipped by just

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three per cent. Opinion polls carried out for the Newspaper Association of America suggest that about three in five adults still read the paper every day, and even more people read the Sunday edition. It's true that young people don't read newspapers the way their elders do, but this has been a reality for most of the century. If history continues to repeat itself, many Generation Xers will develop a regular newspaper habit as they grow older. (Even now, three-quarters of sixteen- to twenty-nine-year-olds read a paper at least once a week.) Furthermore, demographic trends insure that there will be a lot more older people just down the line, who will be reading more newspapers than anybody else, as usual.

In the words of Kevin Lavalla, who is a managing director at Veronis, Suhler & Associates, a New York-based investment bank that specializes in the media, "Newspapers are an industry that was supposed to go away when television came out; it was supposed to go away when cable came out; and it was supposed to go away when the Internet came out. But it's still going strong."

—JOHN CASSIDY

PACKAGING

ALUMINUM ANGST

Finding the can that can.

HERE I AM, BABY!

IT'S made of less than half an ounce of aluminum; its walls are as thin as a magazine cover. When it's full, the pressure of its own contents keeps it stiff, and when it's empty it is easily crushed for recycling. But, of course, the real function of a can is to promote the purchase of beer (or soda)—to beguile the shopper with eye-catching logos, to evoke the succulence of limes or the clarity of mountain streams, the sensuous delights sloshing within those paper-thin walls. This is especially true because the contents of the cans haven't noticeably changed much since the advent of diet soda and light beer. To a considerable extent, the future of the beverage industry is the future of the can.

Certainly, there's no shortage of innovation in the field. The Series 2000, with its distinctive fluted sides, reminiscent of Greek columns, was introduced in 1992, by the American National Can Company, with the expectation that people would be toasting the millennium with it, but it never caught on. That failure, however, hasn't discouraged Coca-Cola from experimenting with a "contour can," whose shape and design evoke the classic glass bottle. Unveiled last March in Terre Haute, Indiana (where the original Coca-Cola bottle was introduced, in 1915), the new can is being tested there and in a few cities in the Southwest. Coca-Cola is watching closely to see if it can replicate the success of the curvaceous plastic bottle introduced a few years ago.

And there are even more exotic products on the way. Coca-Cola's new "bubble can" design for Sprite incorporates indentations resembling the dimples on the drink's bottle. "Silver tears"—ragged streaks of unpainted aluminum running diagonally down the sides—suggest that the contents are bursting out of the can with their own effervescence. Fred Church, the editor of the journal *CanTech International*, foresees cans decorated with eight-color printing and halftone artwork of photographic quality. I can also imagine cans with shrink-wrap sleeves incorporating holograms, liquid-crystal displays, and microprocessors. Twinkling and gurgling on the supermarket shelves, or calling to us seductively from inside our own refrigerators, the new wave of aluminum cans will stand as the philosopher's stone of marketing—a product that not only sells itself but actually demands to be consumed.

—HENRY PETROSKI

EMPOWERMENT

SON OF EST

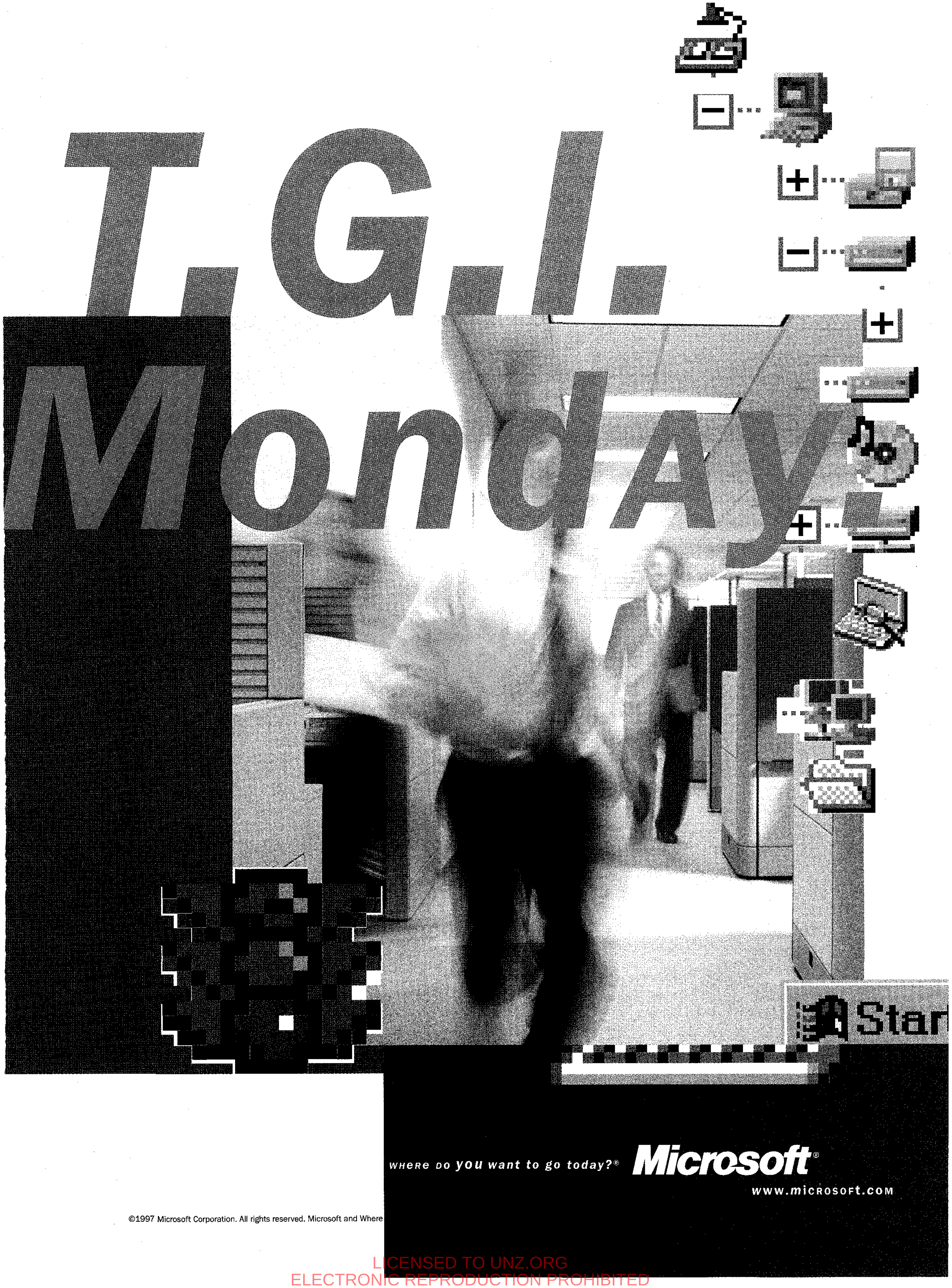
The terminator of self-doubt.

I NEVER took an est seminar, but I've always thought that Werner Erhard's human-potential scheme was way ahead of the curve: by squishy seventies standards, est was unsentimental in both form (you got yelled at; you had to pay close attention) and in substance (you are responsible for making yourself happy; there is no divine secret of life). Erhard was on his way to becoming the baby boomers' Dale Carnegie, but then, during the first few months of 1991, it all went phffft: "60 Minutes" aired an exposé of Erhard and est; he sold the business to some employees; the I.R.S. came after him; and he went into exile.

But, once again, Erhardism, like disco and marijuana, is ascendant. Erhard's former associates, reconstituted as the Landmark Education Corporation, have morphed est into something called the Landmark Forum. Landmark hasn't received much press attention. This is partly because there is no high-profile charismatic leader like Erhard. There is also Landmark's three-year-old lawsuit against the Cult Awareness Network. But Landmark is evidently becoming very popular, like est before it, among the semi-stylish upper-middle class. More than a hundred thousand people a year attend the forum and the programs it is associated with, and, since graduates are strongly encouraged to recruit family and friends, the growth may be approaching some exponential tipping point.

The forum takes place over a long weekend (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, for fifteen hours each day), plus a Tuesday-night wrap-up session. In New

MICHAEL CRAWFORD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York, the cost is three hundred and fifty dollars, or about seven dollars an hour—pricier than a movie (with less comfortable seats), cheaper than private-school tuition (more comfortable seats), about the same as an Off-Off Broadway show (equal seat comfort).

When I called to register, I had to give a credit-card number, describe an “issue” I wanted to resolve, and listen for half an hour as the Landmark order taker recited boilerplate—medical caveats, psychological warnings, legal indemnities. I shouldn’t come, she said, if I were “unwilling to encounter enthusiasm . . . fear, empathy, sadness, or regret” in myself or others, or if coming to grips “with what it means to be human” might prove too “difficult and unsettling.” I had to tell her whether my wife approved of my attending the forum. I had to confess whether I had ever quit therapy against a therapist’s recommendation. Finally, regarding “any issue or claim” I might subsequently wish to file against Landmark, I had to be prepared to agree to “freely giving up my right to a jury or court trial.”

EACH forum consists of between a hundred and a hundred and fifty people and is conducted in New York every two weeks in a big, tatty third-floor room off Fifth Avenue. It’s like a marathon version of certain first-year law- or business-school classes—a lecture course where the teachers are gregarious dictators and classroom participation is expected. Sometimes it’s a matter of anonymously shouting answers to the leaders’ fill-in-the-blank exegeses (“You get annoyed with your parents because you want . . . *what*?”), but people also stand, give their names, and “share” relevant personal anecdotes, “Oprah”-style. There are short breaks every two or three hours, during which the leaders are available to answer questions privately.

Jerry, the more electric of my two forum leaders—imagine Martin Short doing Stuart Smalley live—gave us a capsule history, naming Erhard as the organization’s founder. Jerry also said that he had “been doing this since 1975,” suggesting a certain unashamed continuity between est and Landmark. Yet when a young woman went to one of the microphones to declare her qualms about Erhard and her fear that the forum was “a con game,” Jerry replied, “Who conned you when you were young? This is about that.” When Jerry explained a point to the group, he habitually said “Capeesh?” He also repeatedly mentioned that he was a former professional dancer and that he had recently fathered a darling son.

A central forum idea is that people cling unnecessarily to dissatisfactions in order to make themselves feel morally superior—what the forum calls “running rackets.” The leaders spoke constantly of “causing possibility” and of “being your own life’s cause.” A piece of paper taped to a table reminded the staff that its goal was to make us all “audacious, self-expressed leaders.” The words “sharing” and “listening” were nouns. Everyone used “empower” a lot. The goal was not happiness, exactly, but something more sci-fi neutral: “the result,” which involves a kind of existential “completion.”

It’s easy to make fun of any freeze-dried patois, but this clunky new language is the means by which Landmark purports to reëngineer its followers’ lives. Landmark employs “a language structure that creates possibility,” Jerry said. “You make the interpretations. Rewrite them.” There is a Landmark graduate seminar that is actually called “Inventing Oneself.” The basic idea is that if you accept Landmark’s epistemological conventions—scrupulously distinguishing, for instance, between facts (e.g., “She didn’t call”) and invidious interpretations of facts (e.g., “She didn’t call because she hates me”)—and then start using its particular tough-love vocabulary, your life will improve. It’s as if an Up with People troupe had forsaken Scripture in favor of Derrida: deconstruction as an American applied science of cheerfulness—happy and unhappy are mere linguistic constructs, and it’s up to you to assert control.

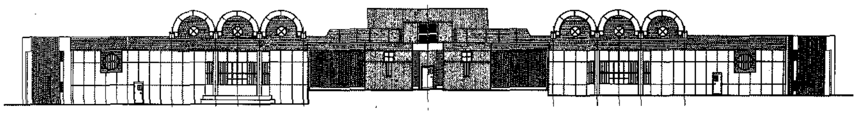
But even though Jerry was slightly terrifying and ridiculous, even though I reflexively loathe almost everything about the Landmark Forum (the jargon, the big classrooms with fluorescent lights, the one-size-fits-all feel-good doctrines, the talking to strangers about my inner life), and even though I dropped out after the first day, I found that I mostly agree with its precepts: that contentment lies within oneself; that the glass is half full; that it’s pointless to belabor the past; that whining is bad. “We just made this up,” Jerry told us when someone wanted religious certainty. “This is not the truth.” Brian, our other leader, added, with a note of irony, “There are places you can go for truth.” If I were going to start my own cult (and I am in no way implying that the Landmark Education Corporation or any of its employees constitute a “cult”), it would probably be a lot like this. But I don’t think I’d hire Jerry.

—KURT ANDERSEN

ARCHITECTURE

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

The prison of the future will have all the comforts of home—except a door.



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FIRST, it was offices that were going to be rendered obsolete by technology (remember telecommuting?). Then, thanks to the Internet, it was going to be libraries. Then, because QVC was certain to fulfill all our hearts’ desires, it was going to be stores. But none of this has quite happened the way it was supposed to, for the simple reason that, given a choice, most people would rather engage in some form of actual social exchange, whether it is at the office or at the mall. But what about a building type whose users do not have the luxury of choice? Prison inmates, unlike customers of the Gap, have to go where they are told. And if they are told that technology has made prisons obsolete, has made it not only possible but desirable for them to be incarcerated at home—their every movement monitored by the latest in electronic-surveillance gadgetry—then incarcerated at home they will be.

No virtual prison exists yet, but David Ziskind, a partner at STV/Silver & Ziskind, a New York-based architecture firm that has been designing prisons since the late sixties, believes it is not too far off. “Electronic monitors that not

give
a man a fish,
he eats for
a DAY.
Teach a man to
fish, he eats for
a lifetime.
enlighten
him further,
he owns a
chain of
seafood
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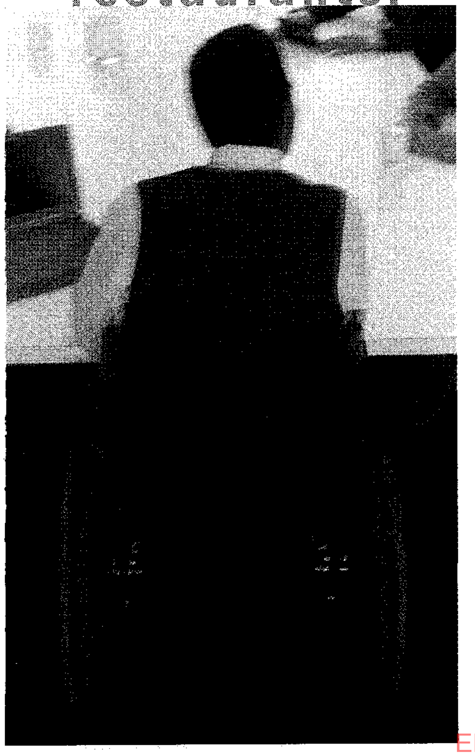

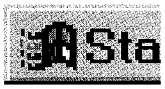

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only track a prisoner's whereabouts but even check his brain waves to determine the need for drugs and medications—that kind of 'Star Wars' stuff is probably twenty-five years away," he said, in a conversation in his office, on Park Avenue South, a messy room whose wall contains an aerial photograph of Rikers Island, for which he is designing a new master plan. "The really bad guys make up maybe fifteen per cent of the prison population, and they will always have to be contained somewhere. But for the rest I can envision a time when the staff is in one facility, functioning like an electronic psychologist, and the prisoner is at home." For now, however, prisons are taking a step in that direction by becoming more, well, ordinary. Not ordinary in the sense of a prison out of a James Cagney movie but ordinary in the sense of a Motel 6 or a dormitory at a Midwestern junior college. This is the one area of architecture in which to be defiantly banal is a form of revolution.

ZISKIND is at the vanguard of the movement to make prison cells look like anyplace else. He is motivated, he says, by a desire to make prisons more humane. "My whole idea is that incarceration itself is supposed to be the punishment, not the building you are in," he said. "I will not design buildings that exist to punish people."

In the political realm, however, advocating a humane approach to the housing of prisoners can be perilous. The argument for the vanilla-style prison which carries greater weight with politicians is that these prisons are easier on the staff ("They are the real lifers in most prisons," Ziskind says) and require significantly fewer guards to patrol them. But there are almost 1.7 million people imprisoned in the United States today—six to ten times the incarceration rate of other Western industrialized nations—nearly all of whom will be reëntering society sooner or later. It makes sense that their time in prison should teach them something about how to live outside it.

Tzalmon, a new prison in the Galilee, in Israel, which Ziskind just completed, and which he believes represents his most advanced ideas, makes the point. It is organized as a series of "pavilions"—groups of forty cells arranged around two-story, skylit atria that serve as common rooms, and allow for localized supervision. All the cells face outward and have natural light. They are painted light colors, and have built-in beds, bookshelves, and work surfaces that face the windows, which look out onto the desert. They are blandly comfortable and are in some ways indistinguishable from much of the housing for noncriminals which the Israeli government has built. While the cells themselves do not contain much in the way of advanced technology, it is easy to imagine the Tzalmon prison adapting itself easily to what is all but certain to become the next development—the "smart cell," containing a television monitor that not only provides some degree of controlled entertainment but can also be used for communication, education, religious services, or even a kind of cell shopping channel, through which prisoners can order necessary goods and are spared the inconvenience of having to go to the commissary. Smart cells are but one step away. "I think Rikers will include some version of them," Ziskind said.

Whether that much technology is an entirely good thing is another matter, since—like the virtual prison of technologically controlled home incarceration that lies farther in the future—such a cell is really a form of solitary confinement. "The only reason a prisoner would ever have for leaving this kind of cell would be to get outdoor recreation or to receive a visitor," Ziskind said unhappily. "Technology would allow for almost no human interaction at all."

—PAUL GOLDBERGER

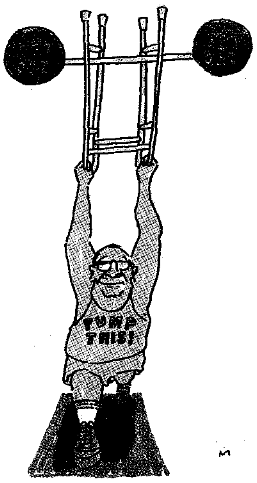
MORTALITY

BUILT TO LAST

Lifting your way to longevity.

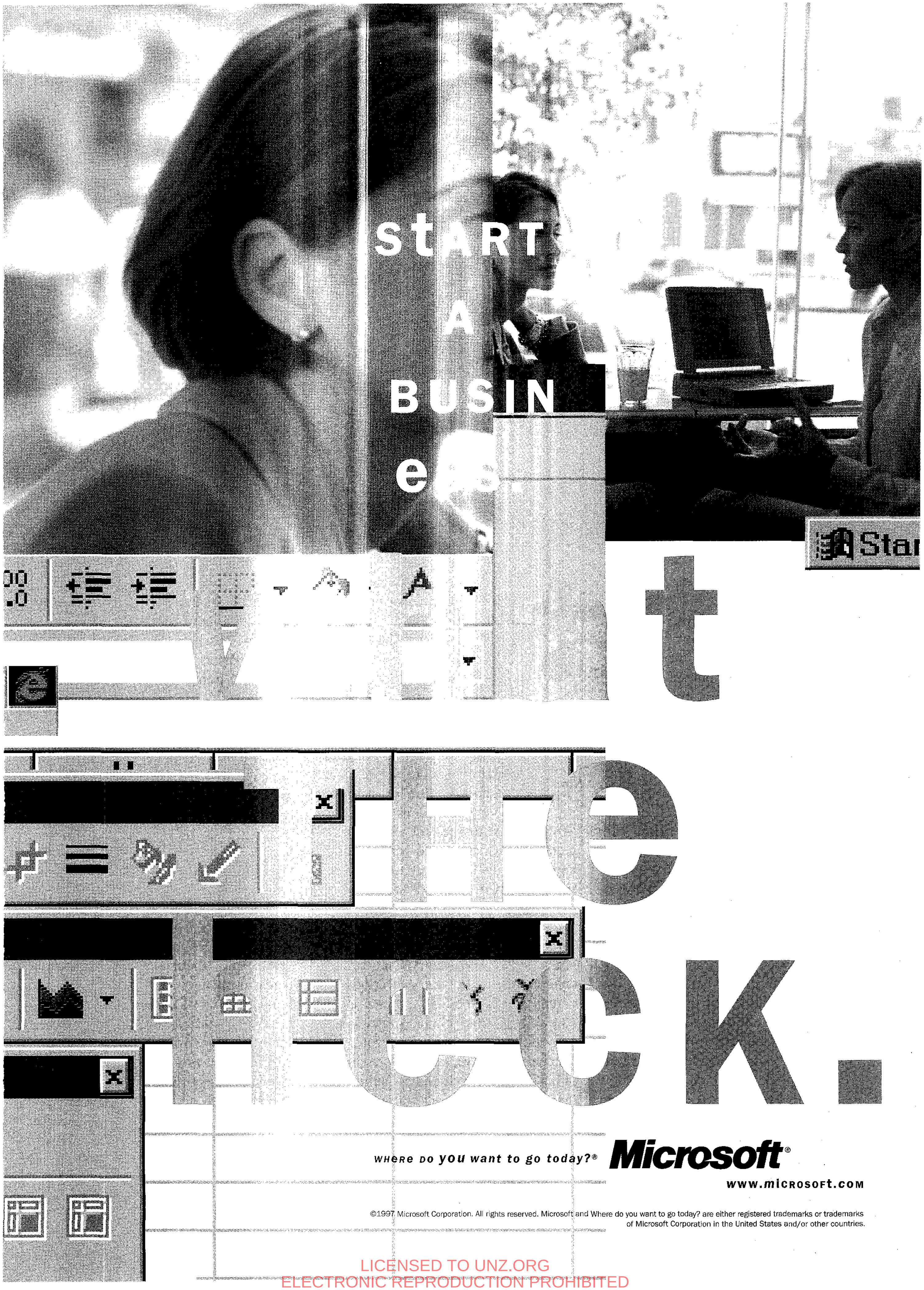
THE promise of a more youthful future may best be embodied by Ed Rosenthal, the poster boy for the Hebrew Rehabilitation Center for Aged, a nursing home in Boston. He is rippling testament to the age-reversing power of resistance weight training. "When I was seventy, I didn't have any muscles," Rosenthal, who is now ninety-one, explains. For the past seven years, though, he has been pumping iron three times a week at the center. "It's quite a change from sitting on the beach in Florida, which is what I did for the sixteen years before I got here," he says. This morning, he is wearing Reeboks, khaki pants, and a white tennis shirt that clings rather than hangs. He has the handshake of a Strom Thurmond on the campaign trail.

When the current fitness frenzy started, back in the late seventies, it split immediately into two schools. The Apollonians subscribed to the cardiovascular tortures of intensive aerobic training—running, biking, rowing, and the like—as a means to longevity, if not to eternal life. The Dionysians went in for Nautilus, free weights, bulked-up muscles, and the sculpted gym-rat look as a means to a more satisfying social life. Most of us bought the idea that the former was healthy and the latter narcissistic and cosmetic, if not downright demented. Today, however, many researchers believe that while aerobic fitness is still a worthy goal, high-intensity weight training has far more power to reverse the key markers of age—pot bellies, slack arms, slouched shoulders, brittle bones. This has prompted the American College of Sports Medicine, after decades of focussing on cardiovascular fitness, to recommend a program of weight training for all adults.



MICHAEL CRAWFORD

Ed Rosenthal started lifting weights when he was a subject in a research study conducted by Maria Fiatarone, a geriatrician at Tufts. Fiatarone recruited a hundred center residents with a mean age of eighty-seven and put half of them on a weight-training program. Her goal was to test whether it was possible to regenerate muscle, even among the very frail elderly. The results,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reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, exceeded all expectations. The control group, which had been given only a nutritional supplement or a placebo, showed no changes, but after eight weeks the subjects who lifted weights had more than doubled their leg strength. They also improved their stair-climbing speed by thirty per cent, and their walking pace by twelve per cent. Several of them actually threw away their walkers and canes. Fiatarone says she's seen significant muscle-fibre regeneration even in people who were as old as a hundred. Not only is this a potential boon for geriatric health but it may enliven the sports-bar scene as well.

—TONY SCHWARTZ

THE LITERARY LIFE

FAME, THE SEQUEL

What to do next when you start at the top.

"IF this book isn't accepted—" a kindly agent ventures, in a conversation with James Salter, struggling with his first novel at the age of thirty-three.

"I'll start another," the stubborn would-be novelist replies.

When I read that passage, from Salter's new memoir, "Burning the Days," I thought, Lucky Jim. Success came to him late, after he'd been seasoned by failure; it spared him sequel trauma. By the age of thirty-three, most writers of note these days are celebrities waiting for the crash—unless they've experienced it already. Bret Easton Ellis was twenty-one when he made his noisy début with "Less Than Zero," and twenty-six when he bombed with "American Psycho." Jay McInerney made a fortune in his twenties with "Bright Lights, Big City"—and paid a high price. "I'm still recovering," he says. "If you don't do it again—pluck the chords of the Zeitgeist—you've failed." At the very age when Salter was holed up in a grungy room near the Fulton Fish Market wondering if he had the stuff, David Foster Wallace published "Infinite Jest" and became a household name below Fourteenth Street. The commotion over the novel unsettled him. "Anyone who's had a lot of fuss over a book has to fight against the 'Oh, no, how do I know that my next book will be as well received as what I did before?' syndrome," he says.

James Salter, Mary Karr, David Foster Wallace

Not that it's ever been easy to follow up that first big book. Reading Adele Mailer's fetid memoir, "The Last Party: Scenes from My Life with Norman Mailer," I was struck by her description of the great man's agon in the bleak years after he published his first novel, "The Naked and the Dead," when he was twenty-five. Two duds, "Barbary Shore" and "The Deer Park," followed. "More nights than I care to remember," Adele writes, "I would be awakened by my sleepless, agitated husband muttering to himself, pacing the length of the room with that lumbering bearlike walk that had become more pronounced over the years." Swilling Scotch, crunching ice cubes between his teeth, his face contorted with an "angry look of anguish," the guy was obviously in the grip of second- or third- or fourth-book syndrome.

But Mailer had stamina. He made a comeback, after a fashion, with "Armies of the Night," and even now he's still ambulatory. Plenty of others never quite recover. After "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," Hemingway was basically done. J. D. Salinger wrote "The Catcher in the Rye," then devoted the rest of his public life to the Glass family, with mixed results. If you're a star athlete, you can open a restaurant or buy an automobile franchise when you retire your jersey; if you're a star writer, retirement is not an option. You have to go through life answering that vexing question "What are you working on now?" In other words, can you top it?

Mary Karr, who hit the charts with her gritty memoir, "The Liars' Club," wards off sequel dread by switching genres. "The blow was softened by the fact that I'm a poet," she says. "I have a book of poems coming out this spring. When I was on my book tour, I'd go back to my hotel room and scribble ladies' verses. It felt very dirty and surreptitious. I was lounging around with my muse."

Randall Jarrell said that a good poet was someone who managed in a lifetime to be struck by lightning five or six times; a great one a dozen times. For workers in the more labor-intensive form of prose, inspiration is a luxury. The problem for John Berendt, whose book "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil" has now been on the best-seller list for a hundred and sixty-nine weeks, is how to find another story that's as good as decadent Savannah. "Whenever I smell a whiff of a story, I go off and research it," he says. "I even went down to Louisiana to interview an eighty-nine-year-old couple in this strange leprosarium on the Mississippi. The man died the night I saw him, so there went that source." Berendt has now switched his attention to what he describes as "a replay of 'The Aspern Papers.'" He says, "I just want to be busy. I don't want to be a retiree. As Tennessee Williams said about writing, 'There is no alternative to it but death.'"

—JAMES ATLAS

AGRIBUSINESS

CASH COW

It's buffalo, the other red meat.

SOMETIMES the best strategy for an uncertain future is to go back to nature's original plan. On the Great Plains, the shape of economic prosperity in the next century may well come lumbering out of the past, in the shaggy form of the buffalo—*Bison bison*—an animal that was, ironically, hunted to the edge of extinction a hundred years ago. While in recent decades irrigation water pumped from underground has brought lucrative harvests to the region, scientists say that the fossil water, and with it a vast swath of the nation's granary, will dry up early in the coming century.

The plains have always been mar-

ROBERT MELEE

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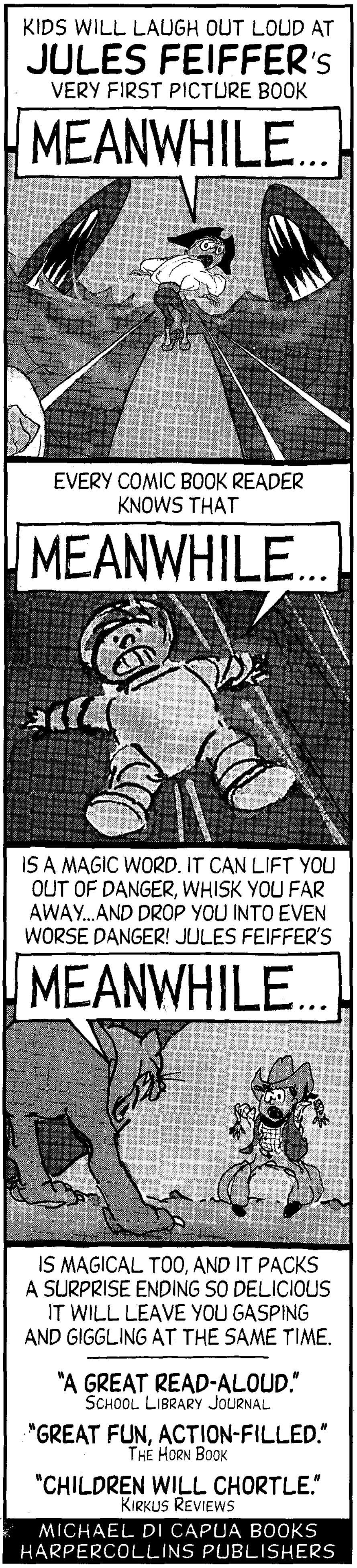
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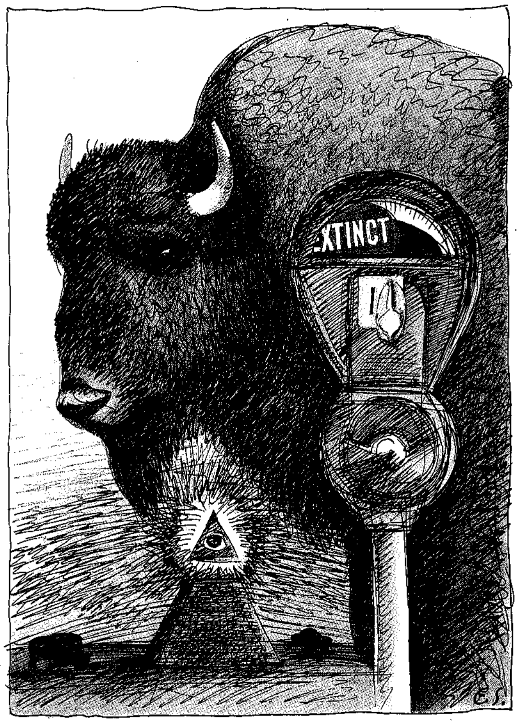
ginal for farming—with thin soils, extreme temperatures, and, as the Dust Bowl of the nineteen-thirties demonstrated, periods of killing drought—and climate change may soon make them more so. In the nineteen-eighties, rampant farm failures and population loss led some to declare farming on the plains "a hundred-year mistake," and, to encourage tourism, the government was urged to buy ten million acres of stressed farmland to restore to prairie and set aside as a "buffalo commons"—a real-life Jurassic Park of American near-extinctions. Ten years later, the market has beaten the restorationists to the punch: fed by a rising demand for buffalo meat—hormone free, and lower in fat, calories, and cholesterol than beef, pork, or skinless chicken—the North American herd has grown to at least a hundred and fifty thousand, sustaining a five-hundred-million-dollar-a-year industry. (Fifteen thousand of the animals belong to Ted Turner, who owns eight ranches in three states and is the world's largest bison owner.)

The demand for breeding stock and meat (not to mention hides, skulls, and stuffed heads for curios) is so high, in fact, that bison can sell for five times the amount that cattle bring, and the over-all herd is literally growing as fast as it can, since all females are being kept for reproduction. The economics are so compelling that many farmers have begun to reseed their land with native prairie grasses—reversing the botanical course of American history.



EDWARD SOREL

THE buffalo boom's potential is heightened by the fact that bison, having evolved over millennia to survive and prosper in the region, are far tougher than cattle: they calve unassisted and can survive winter wind chills of minus a hundred degrees Fahrenheit without the shelter or near-constant feeding that cattle require. In last winter's brutal blizzards, around two hundred thousand head of traditional livestock died in the Dakotas alone; fewer than ten bison were lost. But the big creatures' hardiness has a price: bulls weighing more than two thousand pounds are capable of leaping six-foot fences and running forty miles an hour, and they refuse to be herded. Instead, as Russ Miller, the head of operations for the Turner ranches, explains, ranchers must adopt "a different mind-set," and patiently lead bison to corral with bribes of sweet-feed pellets, doled out from the safety of a truck. "Every time you take that truck out into the pasture, you blow the horn, and, after a year, when you blow the horn the bison come. It's a little Pavlovian."

Some cattlemen question how long the bison can remain both profitable and wild. "If buffalo are going to compete directly with cattle, they will have to become cattle," a Montana rancher said. "One of our challenges," Miller admits, "is to domesticate the bison enough so that we can coexist in a ranching community but not so much that they lose all those wild instincts that make them survivors."

To some, the return of the buffalo heralds a long-overdue rapprochement between agriculture and nature. To others, the new democracy of the range may sound suspiciously like the "total quality management" prescriptions of the corporate-reëngineering guru W. Edwards Deming, wherein "workers are led, not driven" to a postindustrial utopia—because in agribusiness the workers end up as burgers one way or another. —WADE GRAHAM

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THE NEXT EX-PRESIDENCY

CLINTON'S AFTERLIFE

Who will he be in the next century?

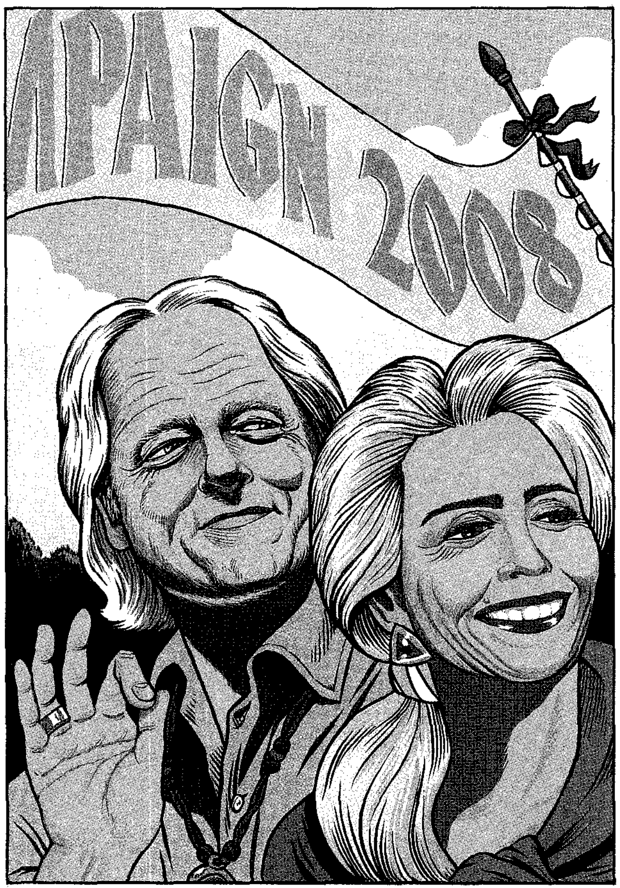
BY MIMI SWARTZ

As Ronald Reagan and George Bush neared the end of their Presidential terms, there was little talk about their ex-Presidential plans. Both were leaving the White House at venerable ages—Reagan was seventy-seven years old, Bush was sixty-nine—and it was taken for granted that they would do what older Presidents usually do: disappear with dignity, and ossify into living monuments to themselves. But the question of what Bill Clinton will do when he moves out of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is different. And it has already inspired something of a coast-to-coast parlor game.

Clinton, who will be fifty-four when he leaves office on January 20, 2001, will be the second-youngest ex-President in history. The youngest was Theodore Roosevelt, who was just fifty when he turned the bully pulpit over to his older, fatter successor. Moreover, having completed a second term, Clinton—unlike T.R., who spent the rest of his life trying to reclaim the Presidency—will be constitutionally barred from running again. He's going to need something to do. The question is: What sort of life is likely to satisfy a man who has spent virtually his whole life running for and serving in public office, including the highest office in the land? In other words, where does Bill Clinton go from here?

For all their immense power, sitting Presidents are at the mercy of their times; most of their energies are spent reacting to external forces. Released from the constraints of office, former Presidents are free to decide exactly how they want to spend their days. It might be said that if the Presidency reveals what a man can do, the ex-Presidency reveals who he really is. An important determining factor is, of course, the manner in which he leaves office. Richard Nixon, disgraced by Watergate, devoted his ex-Presidency largely to the task of rehabilitating himself in the public eye. Jimmy Carter, whose single term ended in frustration abroad and defeat at home, has become a tireless and often effective world statesman without portfolio.

These days, one thing that the most garrulous President since Lyndon Johnson isn't talking about is what he will do in the next millennium. He declines to be interviewed on the subject—friends say that talking about it makes him "nervous," and they ominously recall the depression that settled in after he lost a gubernatorial reëlection bid in 1980. Several of his closest aides insist that he has never discussed life after the White House. The most that Bill Clinton has said about it is that he might return to Arkansas and put himself up for school-board president—a joke that suggests that he, too, is perplexed about what he might do beyond doing what he's always done best: run for office.



The Clintons circa 2008: The trick will be how to keep the office while being out of office.

MARK ZINGARELLI

None of this, of course, has stopped Clinton watchers, who are legion, from musing on the matter. And, because the President himself is such a famously chameleonlike figure, what they have to say covers a broad range of possibilities.

STATESMAN BILL

Clinton will doubtless busy himself with a great cause or—given how restless he is—an assortment of great causes. Some kind of think tank, devoted to the exploration of progressive ideas and modelled on the Carter Center, in Atlanta, is being discussed. Should Clinton wish a stint in some appointive job, there are ample possibilities: the Secretary-Generalship of the United Nations (assuming that Washington gets around to paying its back dues), the chairmanship of federal commissions (on everything from race relations and work-force development to campaign-finance reform), the presidency of a university (Yale, say, his alma mater; or the University of Arkansas; or—to foil Chelsea's cross-continental breakout—Stanford). One proponent of the academic path is ex-President Gerald Ford, a veteran of the university-lecture circuit, who says, "You really get to know the next generation." Another is Diane Blair, a retired University of Arkansas professor, who recalls how easy it was to persuade Clinton to speak to her political-science classes during the downtime between his first and second terms as governor. "He was a natural in the classroom," she says. Others who have known the Pres-

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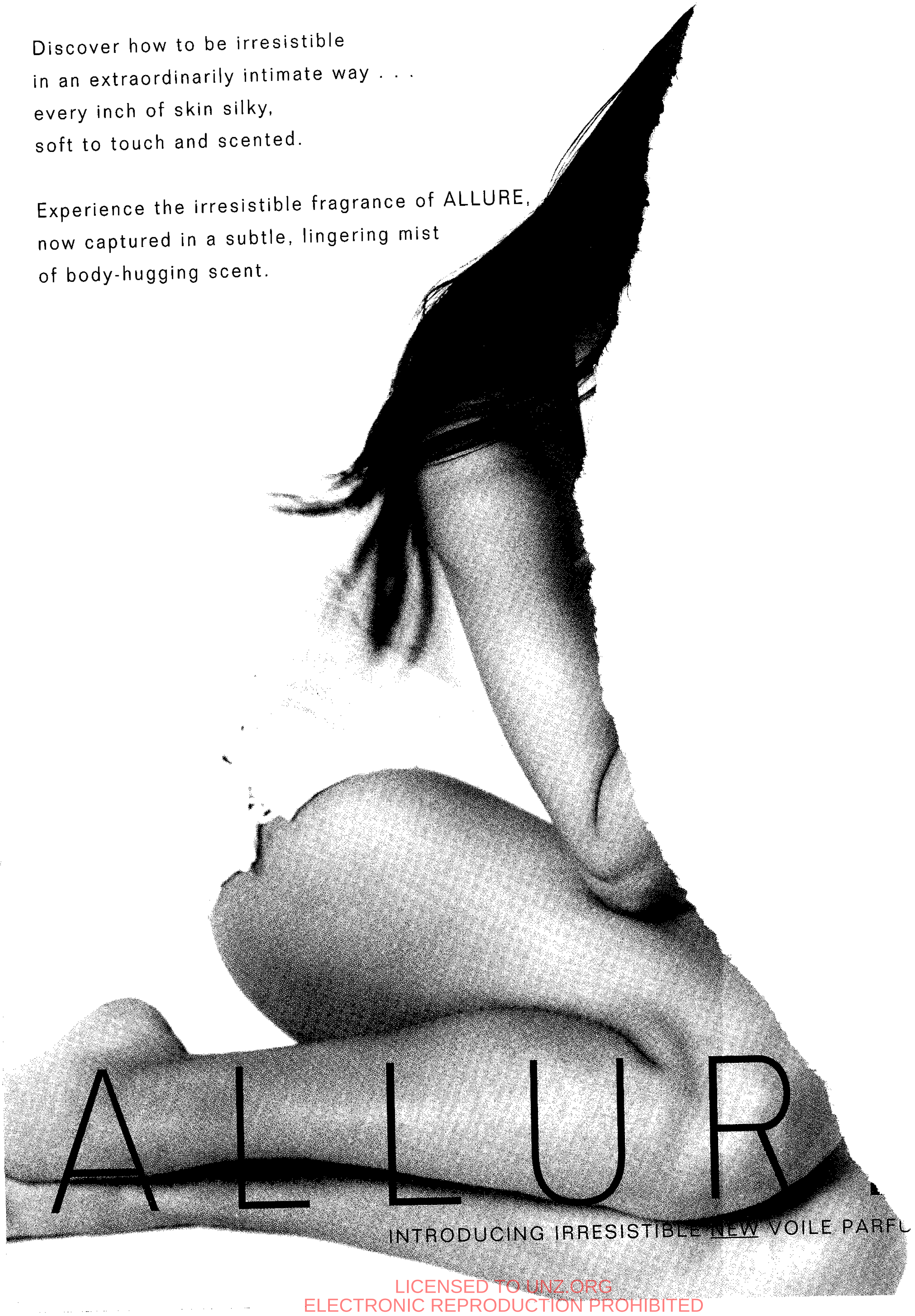
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ident think that campus life would be too pokey for him. Speaking of that dark period in the eighties when Clinton was out of office, his former adviser Dick Morris says, "We talked about him heading a foundation, being president of a college—neither was very exciting to him."

Washington insiders seem to favor yet another statesmanlike option—the one taken by John Quincy Adams after he was defeated for reëlection, in 1828. Adams subsequently ran for the House from Massachusetts and went on to a brilliant second career as a congressman, becoming a forceful and tenacious opponent of slavery. "I'm willing to bet that within two years of retirement he'll be running for office again," Leon Panetta, Clinton's first-term chief of staff, says. According to Panetta, Clinton was concerned when a Republican, Tim Hutchinson, won the Arkansas Senate seat vacated by David Pryor in 1996, and he is worried that with Dale Bumpers retiring in 1998 that seat could go to the opposition as well. "The prospect of two Republican senators from Arkansas would inspire him to get back into office," Panetta says.

HOMEBOY BILL

THE Clintons' future domicile is the subject of much debate. Some of their friends in Arkansas predict that they'll go back to his origins. "I have every indication that their home base will be here," says Skip Rutherford, a Little Rock public-relations executive and longtime F.O.B. "It would surprise me if they didn't come back to Arkansas." To bolster his position, Rutherford and others point to history ("Once a Southerner, always a Southerner"), the weather ("Hillary hates the cold"), family ties (Hillary's mother lives in Arkansas), plans for a Presidential library in Little Rock (they include working offices for the President and the First Lady), and that potential 2002 Senate race. There is even a move to give the Clintons the Governor's Mansion, which they occupied for four and a half terms. "They lived there longer than anybody else," Joe Purvis, a childhood friend, points out.

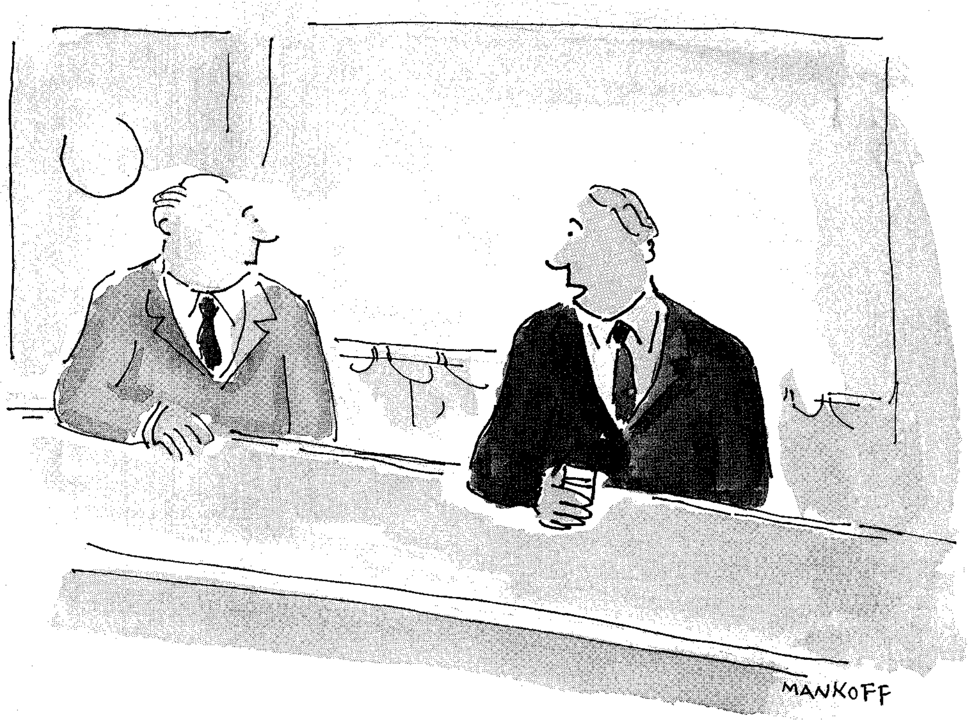
It may be, of course, that the Clintons will live out their later years as they have lived their middle ones: calling one place home while living somewhere else. David Maraniss, the author of "First in His Class," a well-regarded Clinton biography, says, "He'll pretend he's moving back to Arkansas, but he won't really. He'll move to California."

BUSINESSMAN BILL

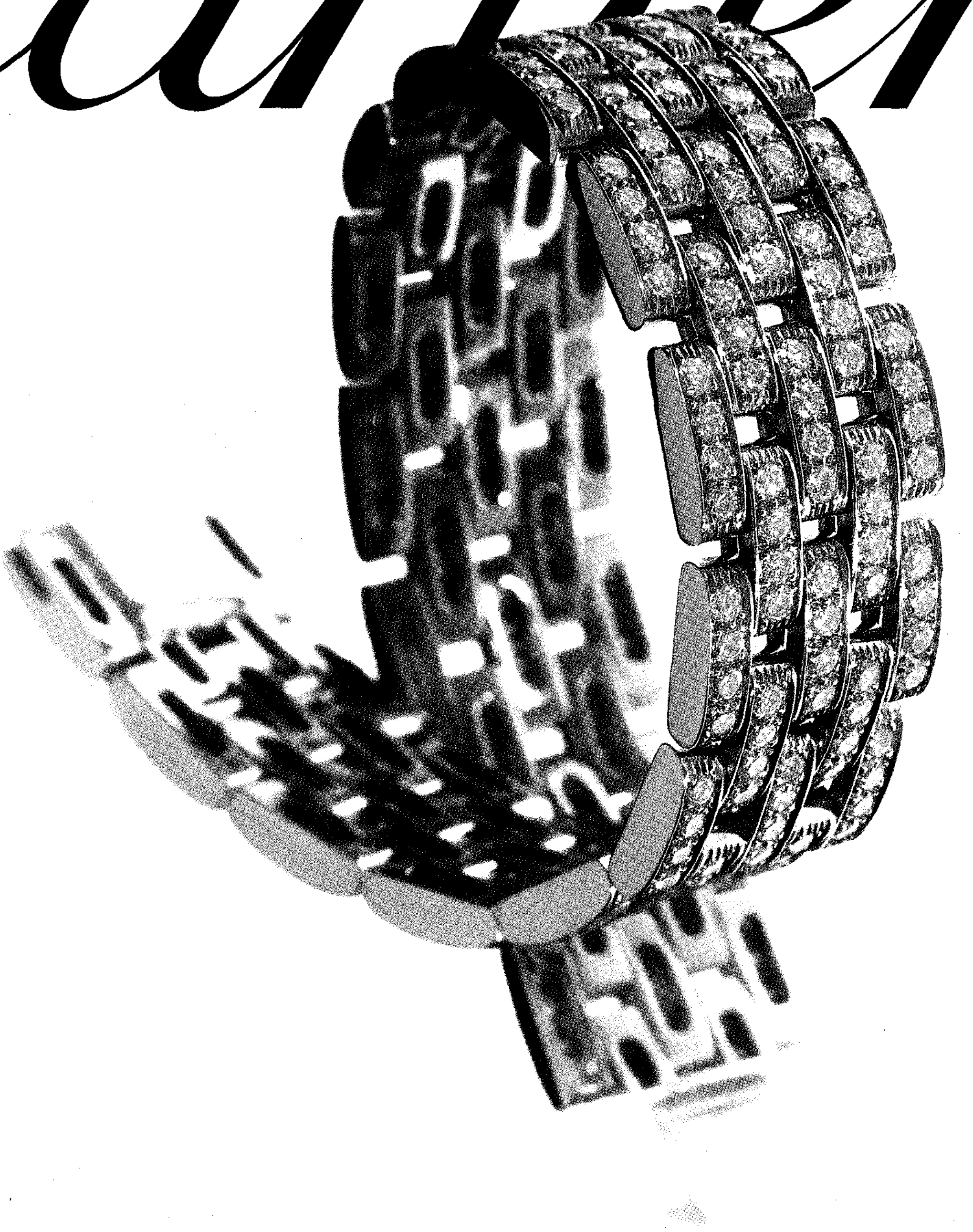
"HE'S going to have to be active in the raising of his money," Betsey Wright, a former gubernatorial and campaign aide, says, alluding to legal bills for Whitewater, the Paula Jones case, and other matters, which will probably continue to dog the Clintons. James Carville, Clinton's former campaign strategist, says, "I'll tell you what I hope he does: I hope he takes some measures to assure his family's financial future." This summer, the *Wall Street Journal* described Clinton's Martha's Vineyard golf games with Vernon Jordan and various corporate bigwigs as a form of financial planning. Close friends, however, maintain that the President has never cared about money. ("He wore a Timex watch to his inauguration," David Leopoulos, a Little Rock businessman who has been one of Clinton's closest friends since the fourth grade, recalls.) They add that the huge sums he raised for his campaigns were never put to personal use. Still, Hillary's notorious cattle-futures bonanza and the Whitewater deal suggest at least a passing interest in financial betterment. In any case, Clinton seems to be in a classic baby-boomer bind: he hasn't saved much of a nest egg for his retirement, his productive years are numbered, and his expenses keep going up.

Fortunately, times have changed since the days when an ex-President—Truman—had to shame Congress into approving a Presidential pension. (Truman was broke at the time, his only salvation a six-hundred-thousand-dollar check from *Life* for his memoirs.) Nowadays, an ex-President's retirement benefit, which is currently a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars a year, is regarded as what G.I.s call base pay. (Nixon, who had his own legal problems, was close to being broke until he received a two-and-a-half-million-dollar advance for his memoirs and agreed to be interviewed by David Frost for another six hundred and fifty thousand dollars plus. In later life, he quietly accepted consulting fees from the like of the Romanian dictator Nicolae Ceauşescu.)

Despite his fondness for golf, Clinton is unlikely to emulate Gerald Ford,



"Personally, I like the 'Times' in color."



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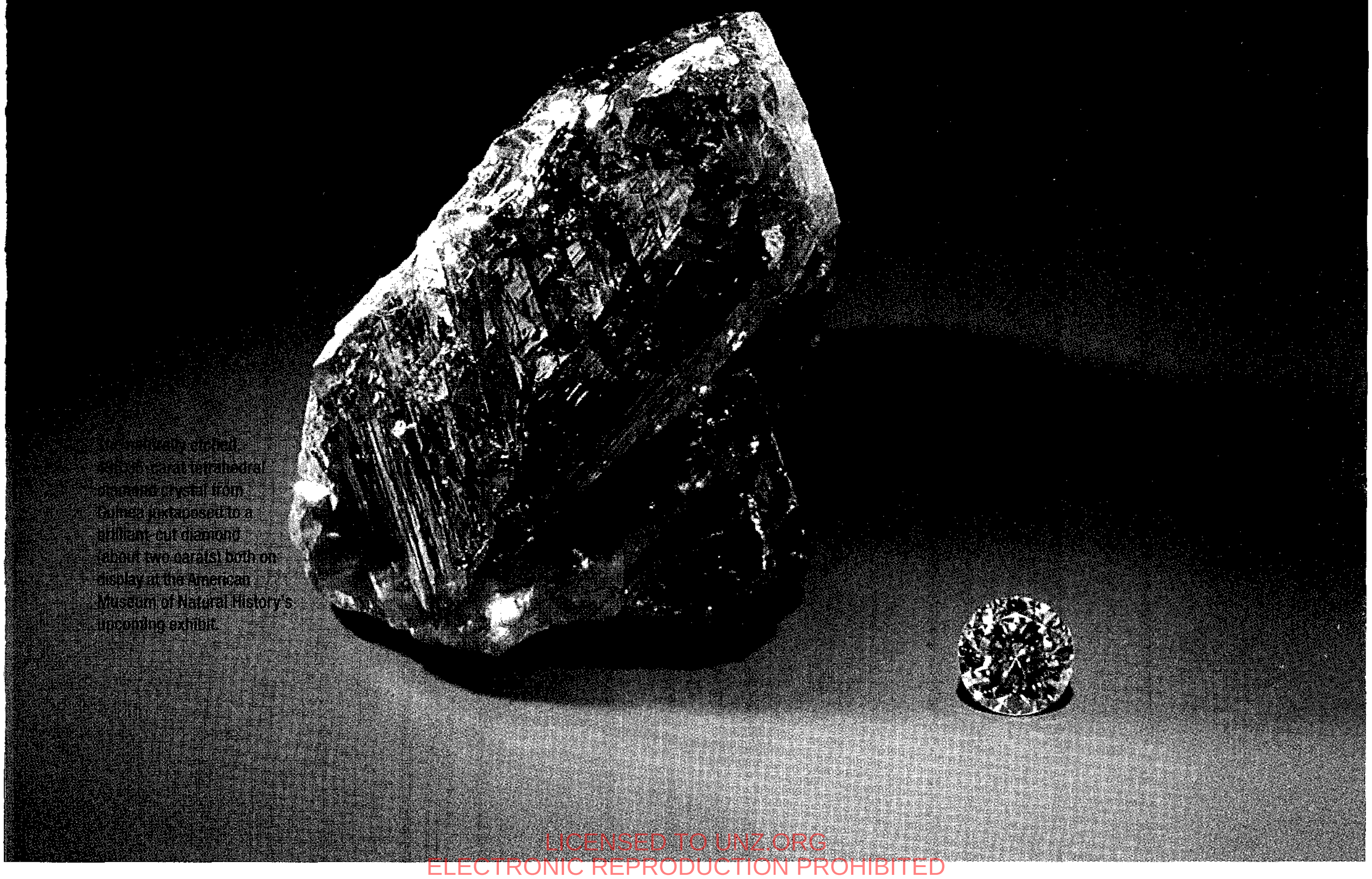
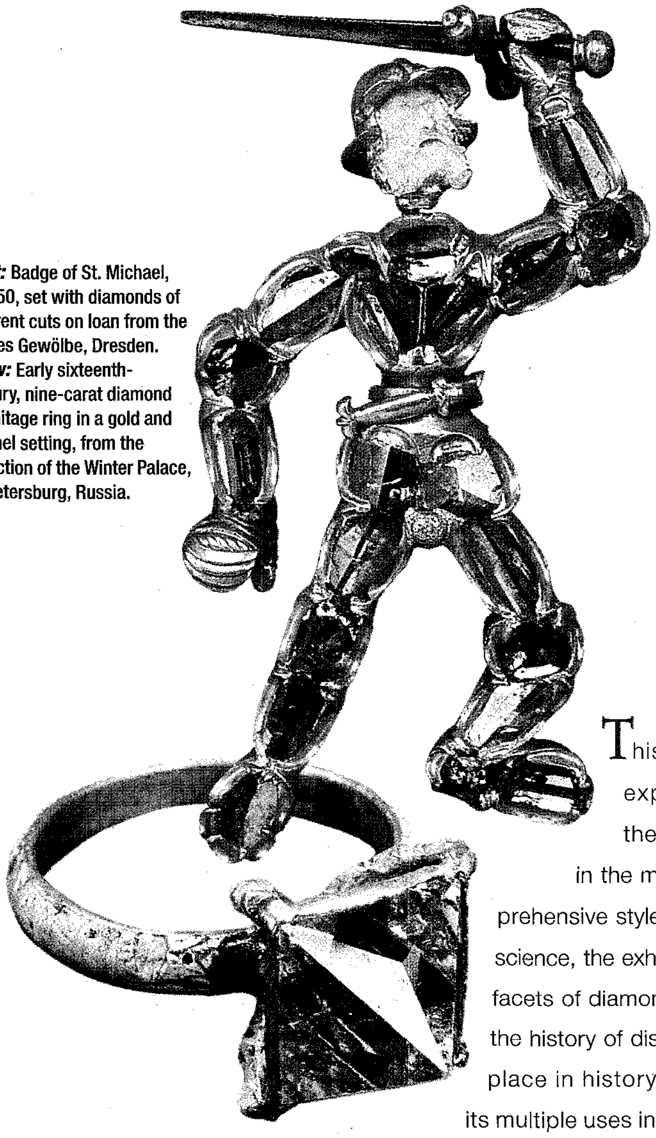
THE NATURE *of* DIAMONDS

No natural substance—perhaps nothing on earth—possesses the lure of diamonds, a mineral so extraordinary that for centuries it has inspired extravagant myths and yearning throughout the world. "The Nature of Diamonds," a special exhibition devoted to this important mineral, opens at the American Museum of Natural History in New York on the first of November and will run through April 26, 1998. It will offer visitors a unique view of the science and lore of diamond, featuring some of the most dazzling jewels in the world.



A naturally etched [illegible]-carat tetrahedral diamond crystal from Guinea juxtaposed to a brilliant-cut diamond (about two carats) both on display at the American Museum of Natural History's upcoming exhibit.



Right: **Badge of St. Michael, c. 1550, set with diamonds of different cuts on loan from the Grünes Gewölbe, Dresden.** ***Below:*** **Early sixteenth-century, nine-carat diamond Hermitage ring in a gold and enamel setting, from the collection of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, Russia.**

This captivating presentation will explore the natural history and the culture surrounding diamonds in the museum's characteristically comprehensive style. Encompassing art, culture, and science, the exhibition is set to examine the many facets of diamond—from its geological origins, to the history of discovery and mining, to diamond's place in history, adornment, and literature, to its multiple uses in technology and research.

Diamond has played an intriguing role in cultures throughout the ages. In many early myths and legends the substance was endowed with mystical powers. For example, in medieval Europe a thirteenth-century law decreed that only the king could wear diamonds. In ancient Rome, the diamond was believed to carry talismanic powers to ward off evil. Diamond's fascinating tale will be told through an historical overview of how the myth and material of diamond traveled from India (the only known source of diamond before the sixth century) to the West, with a superb display of diamond jewelry. Examples of diamond's role in modern adornment offer

THE
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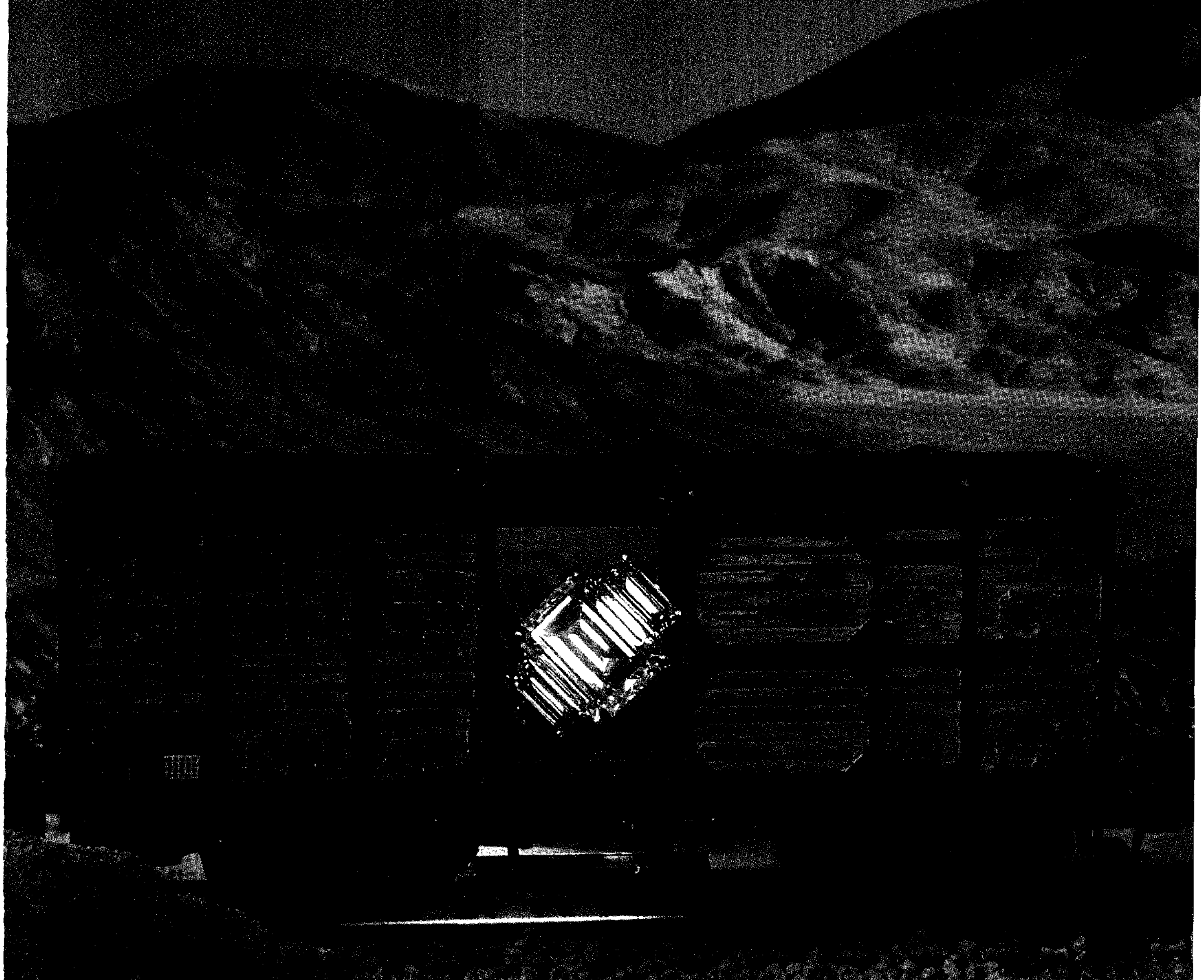

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Bow brooch with large suspended pear-shaped diamond.

a visual demonstration of the transition from "royal diamonds" to "everyone's diamonds."

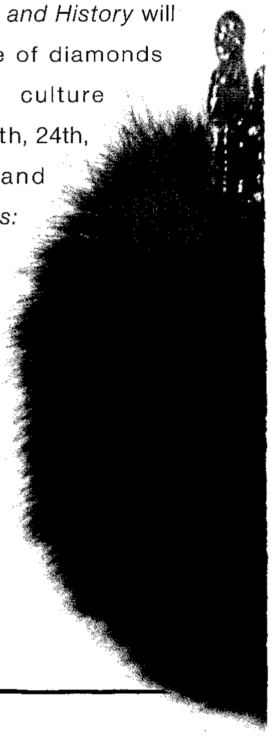
Visitors can experience the brilliance of diamonds in the exhibition's walk-in vault, which will house some of the show's most spectacular and rarest objects. Among them are a stunning array of jewels from the Kremlin, including the sable and diamond-studded crown of Peter the Great made of gold, silver, emeralds, and rubies; an assortment of superb nineteenth-century regal jewelry from the Ajuda Palace in Portugal; objects from the fabled Grünes Gewölbe (Green Vault) in Dresden, including a five-inch long diamond hat ornament of Friedrich August III; the 128.54-carat Tiffany Diamond; and the twenty-four carat Arkansas diamond, also from Tiffany & Co.

The scientific, industrial, and technological portions of the exhibition will demonstrate and describe the physical properties that make diamond unique; where diamond comes from; how it is brought to the earth's surface through dramatic volcanic eruptions; and how diamond's special qualities make it perfectly suited to its dual roles as supermaterial and gem.

"The Nature of Diamonds" is sponsored by the Diamond Information Center on behalf of De Beers, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of "A Diamond is Forever" slogan. De Beers, the world's oldest and largest diamond mining company, is proud to be associated with an exhibition that explains the earth processes that create raw diamonds and illuminates the extraordinary history of diamonds in our culture. De Beers has been the source for beautiful diamonds since 1888.

LECTURE SERIES

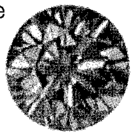
The American Museum of Natural History is presenting two special lecture series on diamonds. *Diamonds: Symbols, Jewels, and History* will examine the role of diamonds in history and culture (November 3rd, 17th, 24th, December 1st and 8th). And *Diamonds: Window to Earth, Asteroids, and the Stars* takes a look at what diamond is, where it is found, and what it tells us about our planet



THE
NATURE *of* DIAMONDS

Top: **Gold, silver, and enamel Gospel cover owned by Catherine the Great (1794) inlaid with more than 2,000 diamonds, as well as rubies, sapphires, emeralds, amethysts, aquamarines, and almandines.** ***Left:*** **Diamond crown of Peter the Great (1682-1684) from the principal collection of the Armory, Kremlin State Museum.** ***Silhouetted:*** **Random sampling of naturally colored diamonds from the Aurora Collection.**

(October 16th, 23rd, 30th, November 6th and 13th). The series runs from 7 P.M. to 8:30 P.M., and admission is $30 ($27 members, students, senior citizens); $10 for a single lecture ($9 members, students, senior citizens). Tickets are limited and reservations are required.

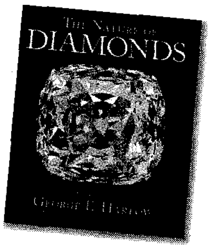


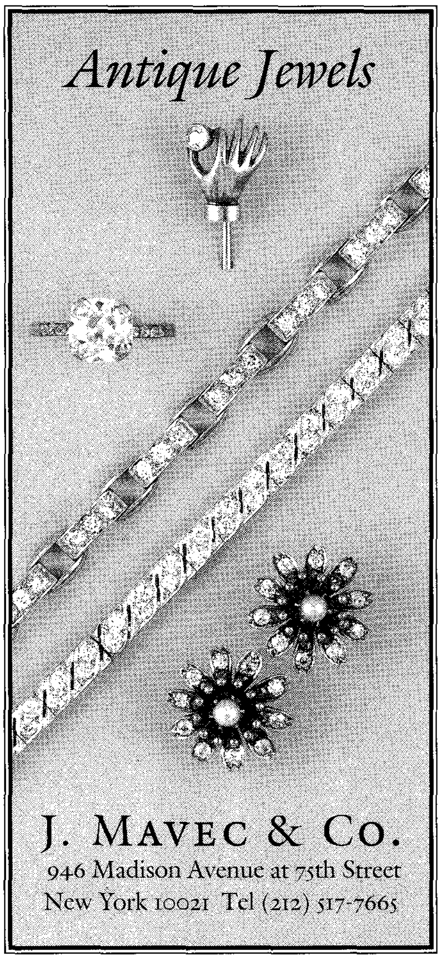
FILM FESTIVAL

The museum will present fictional and documentary films that examine the cultural, economic, and scientific views of diamonds (November 22nd and 23rd, 10:30 A.M. through 3:30 P.M). **For information on the festival's schedule, or the special lecture series, call 212-769-5200.**

SPECIAL PUBLICATION

A 288-page book entitled "The Nature of Diamonds" will be made available. Edited by George E. Harlow, the exhibition's organizer, with a preface by museum president Ellen V. Futter, the book is co-published by the museum and Cambridge University Press. Filled with 150 color and fifty black-and-white photographs and illustrations, as well as maps and charts, the book traces the history, art, symbolism, science, and technology of diamond ($50 in hardcover, $29.95 softcover). To order by phone, call 212-769-5150.





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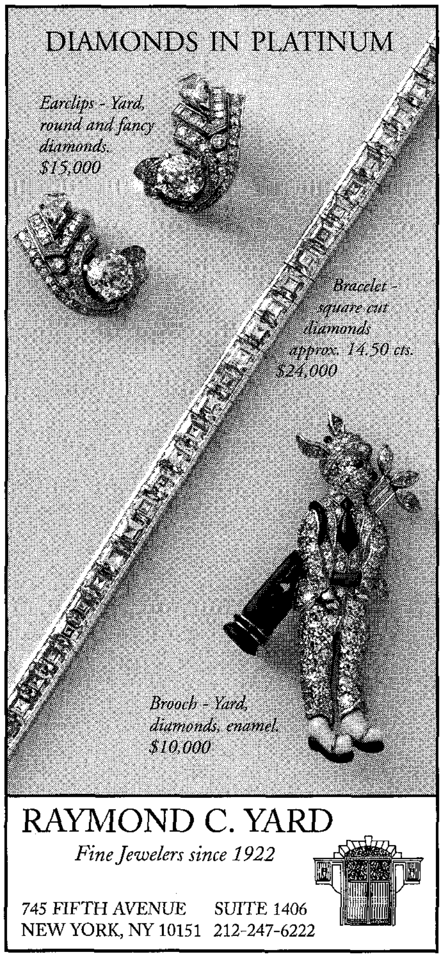

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Diamonds in books, on fabric, in holograms, in jewelry, and in the rough—the museum's special Diamond Shop will feature a selection of sparkling diamond objects including a line of fourteen-carat gold and diamond jewelry and thematically related products based on pieces in the exhibition. Earrings, brooches, necklaces, rings, diamond studs, and other tantalizing objects range in price from $49 to $995.

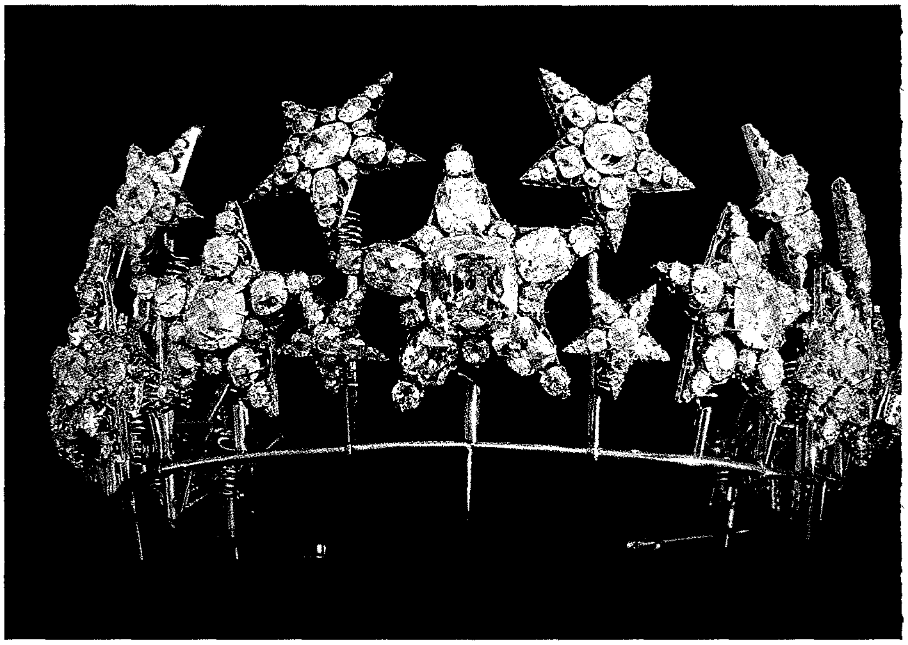
Sunday Diamond Brunches

The brunch package includes an elegant Sunday brunch in the museum's Garden Café, a ticket to visit the museum, and a guided tour of the exhibition ($29.95 per person, including tax and gratuities). Reservations are required, and are currently being accepted for November 16th, 30th, December 7th, January 11th and 18th. To make reservations, call 212-769-5200.

Diamond Getaway Weekends

Special Getaway weekends afford both visitors and New Yorkers an opportunity to rediscover the glamour of the city. Spend a night in one of Manhattan's premier hotels, enjoy a continental breakfast, and receive two VIP tickets to "The Nature of Diamonds." Also included is a complimentary "Diamond Champagne Cocktail" specially created by The Rainbow Room and available at the Rainbow Promenade Bar. Packages are available at the following hotels from January 1998: The Mark Hotel, 800-THE-MARK; The Millennium Broadway, 800-622-5569; The Radisson Empire,

Diamond diadem with stars commissioned by Queen Maria Pia of Portugal (1847-1911).



THE
NATURE *of* DIAMONDS

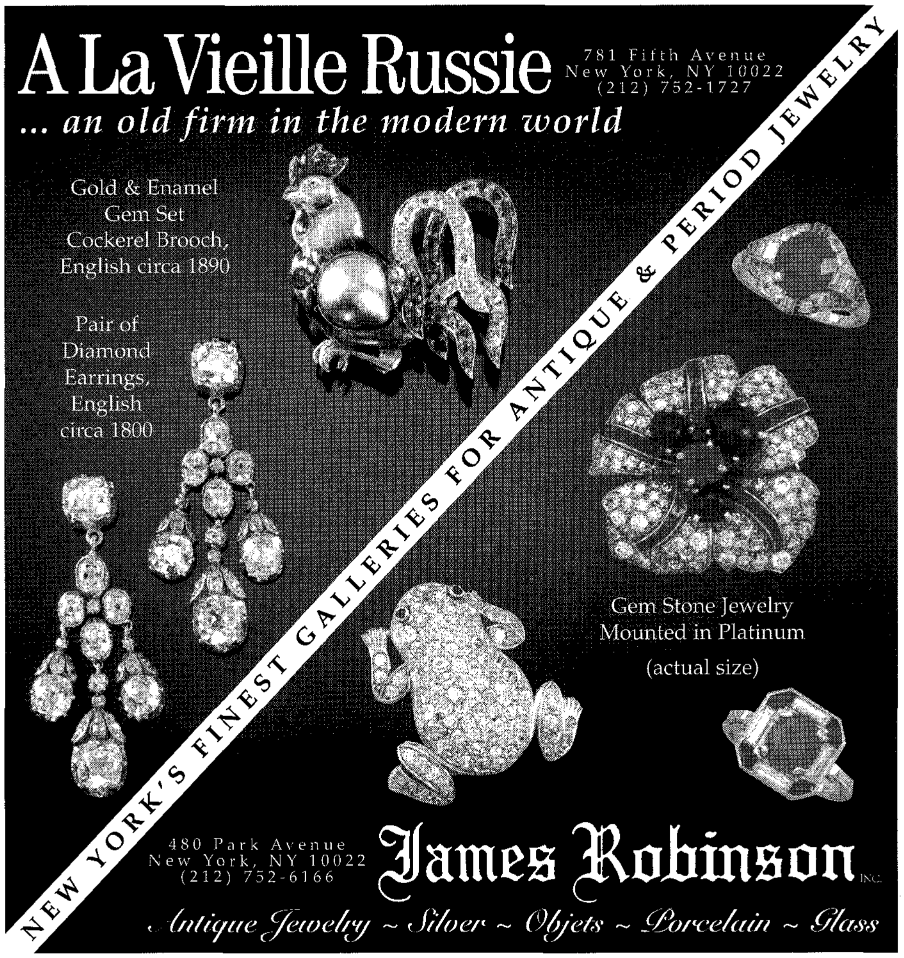
212-265-7400; The Waldorf=Astoria, 800-WALDORF; The Warwick 212-247-2700. Call for further details.

HOURS AND ADMISSION

The museum is open Sunday through Thursday, 10 A.M. to 5:45 P.M.; Friday and Saturday until 8:45 P.M.

❖Tickets to "The Nature of Diamonds," which include museum admission, are $12 for adults, $8.50 for students and senior citizens, $6.50 for children (twelve and under). The exhibition is free with museum admission every Friday beginning at 6 P.M. Tickets are on sale now. Call 212-769-5200.

❖ Become a family member of the American Museum of Natural History and receive two free tickets to "The Nature of Diamonds." Call 212-769-5606.



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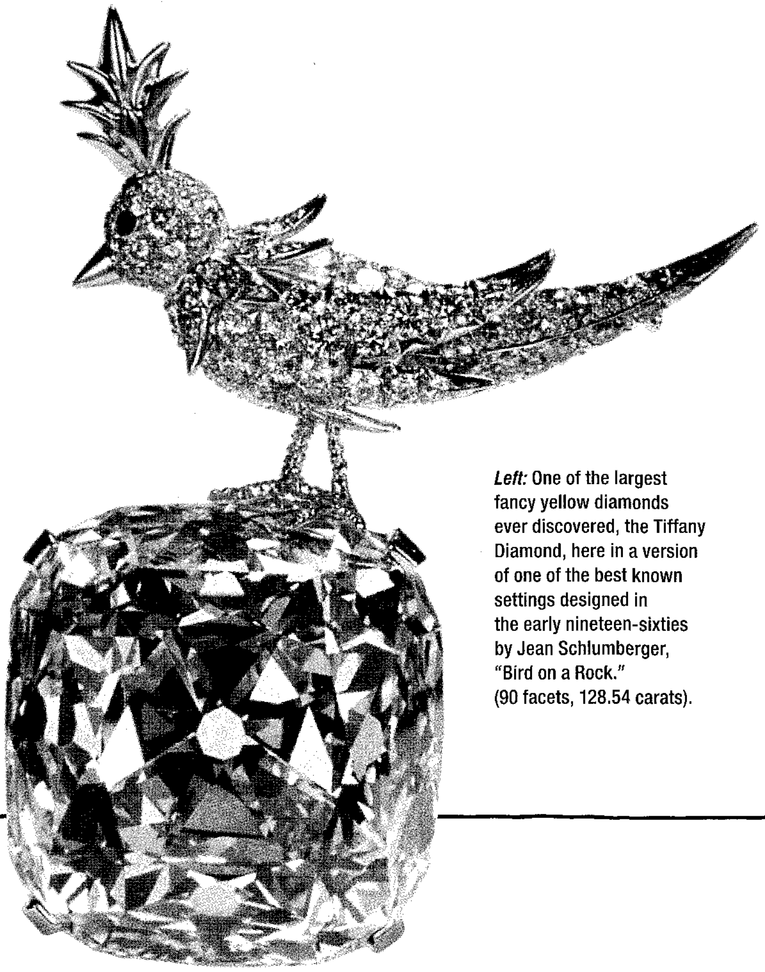
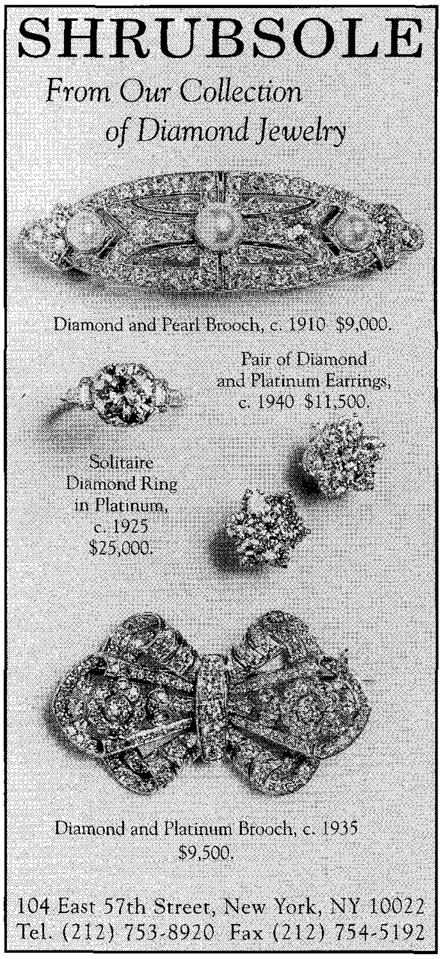


Left: **One of the largest fancy yellow diamonds ever discovered, the Tiffany Diamond, here in a version of one of the best known settings designed in the early nineteen-sixties by Jean Schlumberger, "Bird on a Rock." (90 facets, 128.54 carats).**



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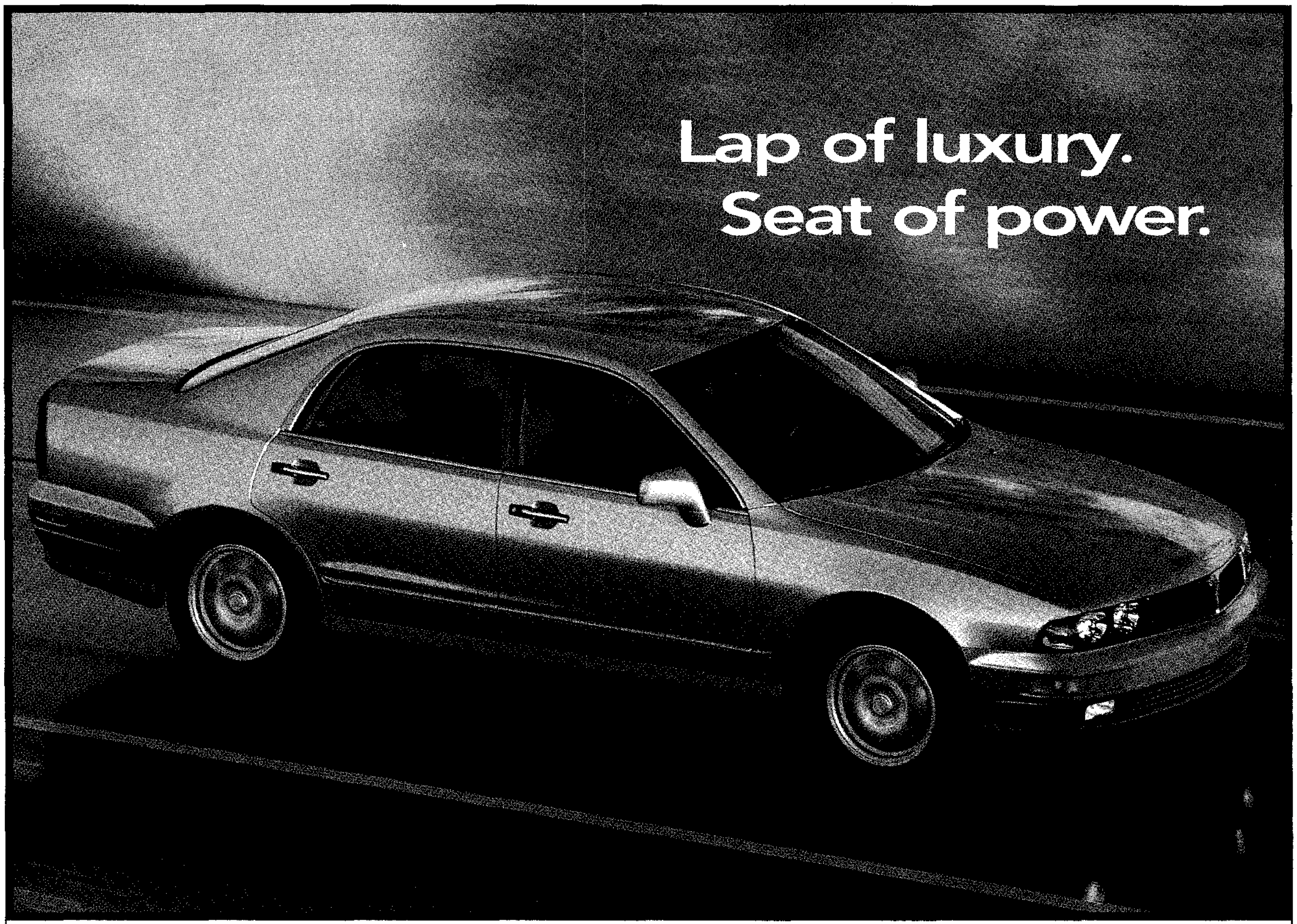

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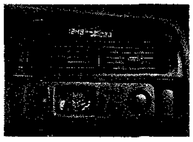

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who stocked up on corporate board memberships. Even though boards offer generous fees—fifty thousand dollars for attending, say, eight meetings a year—they also have certain requirements, like responsibility for the product. The *Wall Street Journal* recently suggested a roster of prospective employers: among others, the magazine-publishing firm of Ziff-Davis, Microsoft, and Xerox. Indeed, in light of the fund-raising machine that Clinton created, just about every corporation in the country is a potential suitor.

Still, Clinton has had no direct experience in the business world. Is he interested in getting any? "Not in the slightest," a prominent member of the financial community and a social pal of the President says. "I have never had him ask me one question about business. He plays golf with corporate people because these are the people who play golf." Partnership in a corporate law firm seems dubious, too. Corporate law bored Clinton during the years between his governorships of Arkansas; Hillary, who has more experience in this field, is perhaps more likely to go that route.

"The speaking—there's a lot more to be said for that," Leon Panetta suggests. "You can say your piece and make some money at the same time." Indeed, the extracurricular activity that Barbara Bush refers to as "white-collar crime" seems ready-made for Clinton. Few corporate boards pay as much in a year as Clinton might be able to make with a single speech: estimates range from sixty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars per gig. (Ronald Reagan, remember, came home two million dollars richer after delivering two twenty-minute speeches to Japanese businessmen in 1989.)

The Presidential memoir has come to be valued as much for its financial as for its historical uses. Although Clinton's 1996 campaign book, "Between Hope and History," sold poorly, it is assumed that he'll get a multimillion-dollar advance for his autobiography and that the First Lady will get one for hers, too. "If Paula Barbieri got three million dollars, how much will the Clintons get?" the literary agent Esther Newberg asks. She offers the Carter experience as a model. "Jimmy Carter is the most successful ex-President ever," she says, refer-

AMNIO TO GENOME

Research on genetic diseases – notably many diseases of childhood – is entering an exciting, promising new phase. As scientists intensify the process of deciphering the secrets of the human genetic blueprint, their findings yield critical new clues to the development of genetic diseases and to the search for new therapies. ❧ The figures are staggering: deciphering the blueprint means the ultimate sequencing of 3,000,000,000 letters of the human genetic code. Genetic diseases number about 5,000. ❧ The Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovot, Israel, takes pride in its commitment to both these research challenges. Years ago, discoveries in a Weizmann laboratory led to the first uses of amniocentesis to examine the fetus and diagnose hereditary illnesses. Among current projects on the Weizmann agenda are studies of fundamental embryonic development, Down syndrome, low birth weight, cerebral palsy, cystic fibrosis, insulin substitutes and vaccinations against juvenile diabetes. The establishment of the Bioinformatics Genome Research Center on the Weizmann campus underscores the growing contributions of Institute scientists to the World Human Genome Project. ❧ It's another example of how support for basic scientific research yields practical benefits previously beyond reach.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,400 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 850 research projects ranging from basic medical research in cancer, AIDS, neurosciences and children's diseases to chemistry, physics, agriculture, computer science and the environment.

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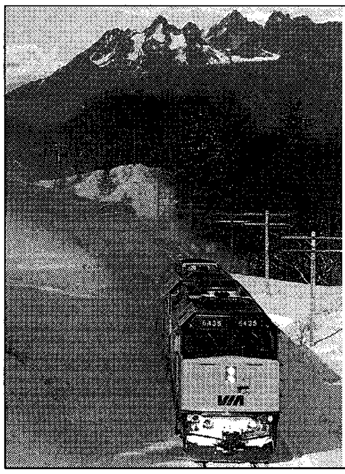

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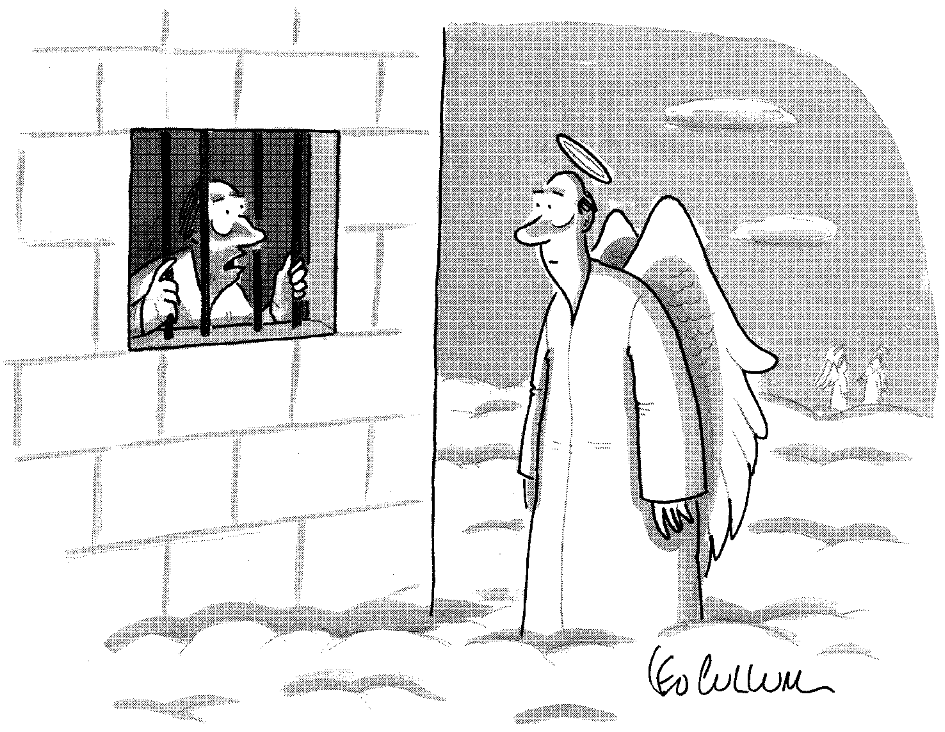


“Apparently, there is life after death.”

• •

ring to Carter’s post-Presidential books, all of which have been strong sellers. “He made book tours to every little tiny town in America. He went to places nobody ever went. And Bill and Hillary are more outgoing.” Clinton has apparently been thinking about his memoirs for some time. Two years ago, he was heard to say that he had wanted to coöperate with someone who was writing a biography of him but that he had decided not to after being cautioned that helping another author would damage the earnings potential of his own eventual book.

SHOW-BIZ BILL

“He has a lot of contact with David and Steven,” Andy Spahn, the head of corporate affairs at DreamWorks SKG, says. The starstruck President has been a studio-door Johnny ever since the producer Dawn Steel invited him to town for his first L.A. fund-raiser, in 1992. Since arriving in the White House, he has rivalled the Reagans in building up Hollywood connections: pals like Lew Wasserman, Steven Tisch, and the DreamWorks crew, as well as old friends from back home, like the Thomasons and Mary Steenburgen. Just what Clinton might do, exactly, in California is problematic. Becoming a studio head is definitely out: the President could undoubtedly get his phone calls returned, but he hates to say no—a prerequisite for the job. “And what kind of movies would he make?” the producer Lynda Obst jokes. “Romantic comedies? Financial thrillers?”

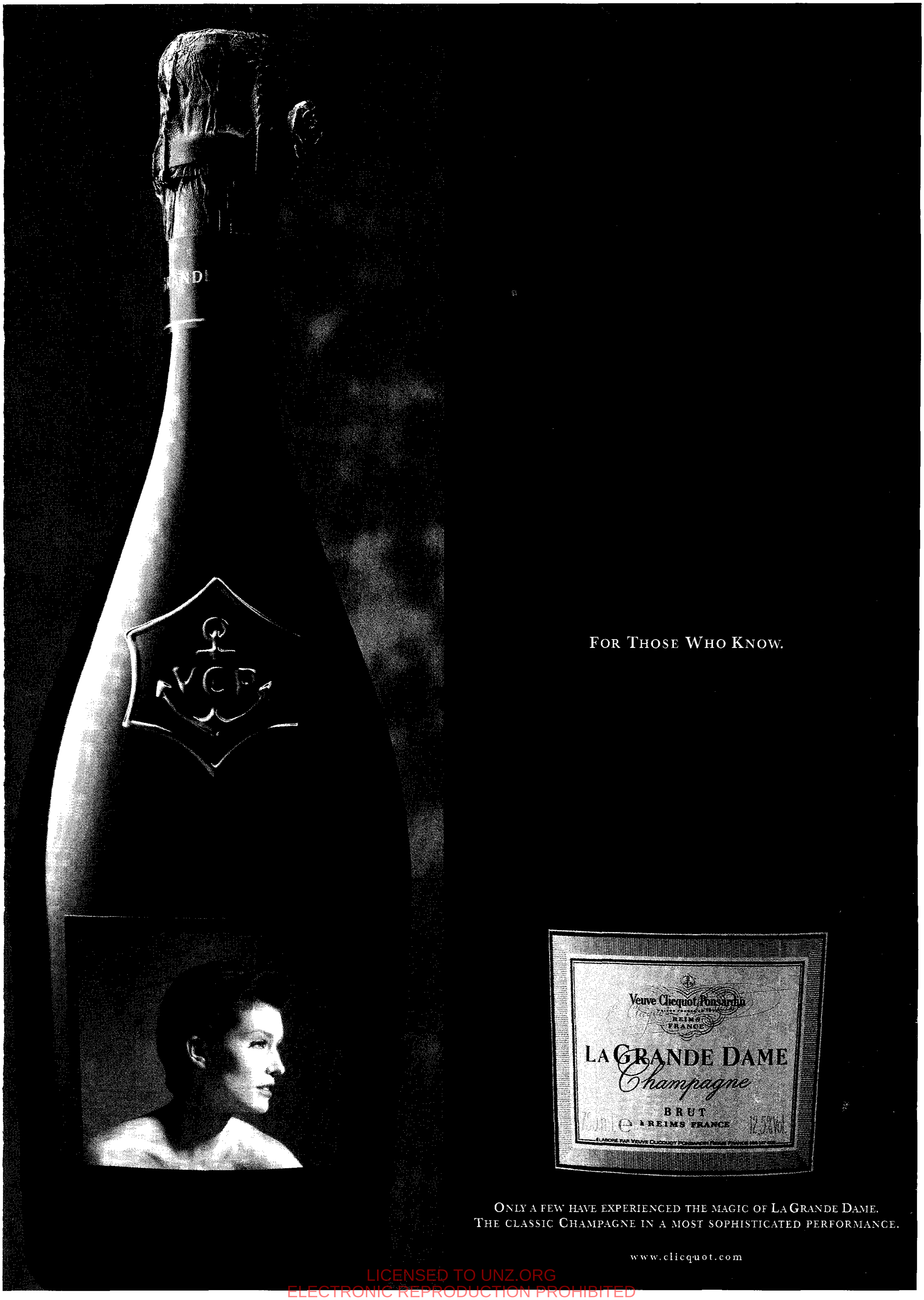
More realistically, Clinton could combine his passion for politics with his gift for gab as some kind of television or radio commentator, as George Stephanopoulos is doing at ABC. (It is rumored that one major network is already developing a hire-Clinton strategy.) “I think he’s going to be the next Rush Limbaugh,” the Washington journalist Sally Quinn says, half seriously. “He’ll move to Los Angeles and have a radio or TV show. He’ll go totally Hollywood. He’ll have a house in Malibu and something up in the canyon somewhere, and he’ll make millions. He’ll have an apartment in New York, because Hillary won’t want to live in Los Angeles. He’ll have dinner with Steven Spielberg, Tom Hanks, and Barbra Streisand. Hillary will do the U.N., UNICEF—whatever Audrey Hepburn did. What could be more blissful? Great golf courses, movie stars, great schmooze.”

People who are closer to Clinton, however, find it hard to picture him by the pool, talking grosses over a cell phone. “I don’t think he’d think the movie business is the right forum,” James Carville says. “You not only have to look Presidential. You have to look ex-Presidential.”

BILL-OF-ALL-TRADES

In 1995, when Clinton handed the Charles Frankel Prize in the Humanities to the Southern historian William Ferris, he admitted that if he hadn’t been elected President he might have wanted a job like the one Ferris had, as the director of the Center for the Study of Southern Culture, in Oxford, Mississippi. “He lives in the Deep South, he writes funny, wonderful books, and he’s still trying to find out if Elvis is alive,” Clinton said at the time. Despite his teasing tone, his words contained a measure of truth: such a job would suit the Clinton who is intellectually voracious, eclectic, and restless. (Clinton futurologists, take note: Clinton moved Ferris out of the Oxford job and appointed him the head of the National Endowment for the Humanities, thus creating an opening.)

Then again, Clinton could do worse than make himself into an upmarket version of Ed Koch, the former New York mayor. “Most people go into oblivion, and I did not,” Koch says of his ability to hold the limelight. “I’ve had my day in the sun. I still have my day in the sun.” Koch is a partner in a law firm, has a talk-radio show five days a week, does a weekly column in the *Post*, writes movie reviews, delivers television commentaries, stars in TV commercials, gives six lectures a year in public policy at N.Y.U., and adjudicates on television’s “The People’s Court.” He writes books, too: his ninth, a detective novel, comes out this month. “I remain on as mayor forever, and I help solve the murders the cops aren’t able to solve,” he summarizes, sounding like a man who has found a way to lose his office and have it, too. The same, no doubt, will be said of the next ex-President. ♦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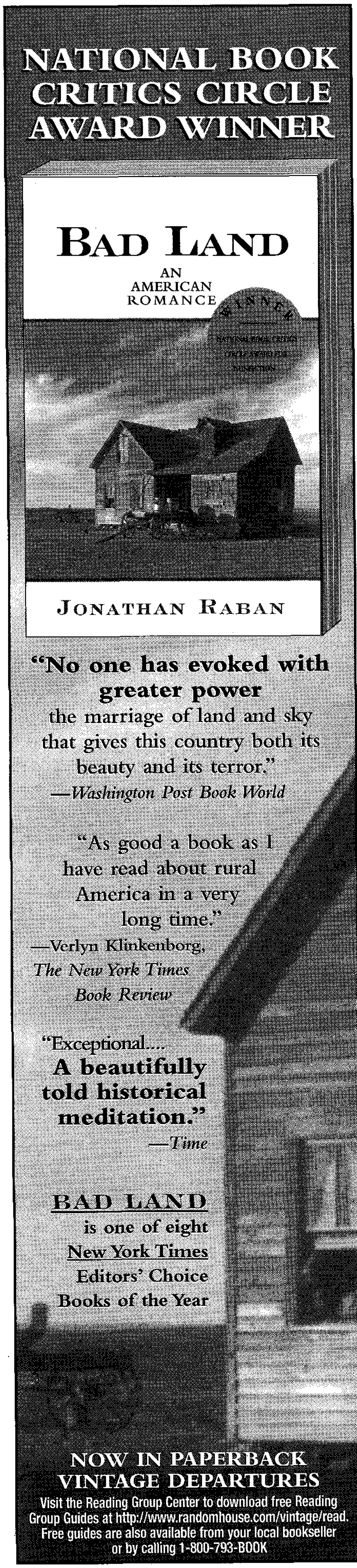

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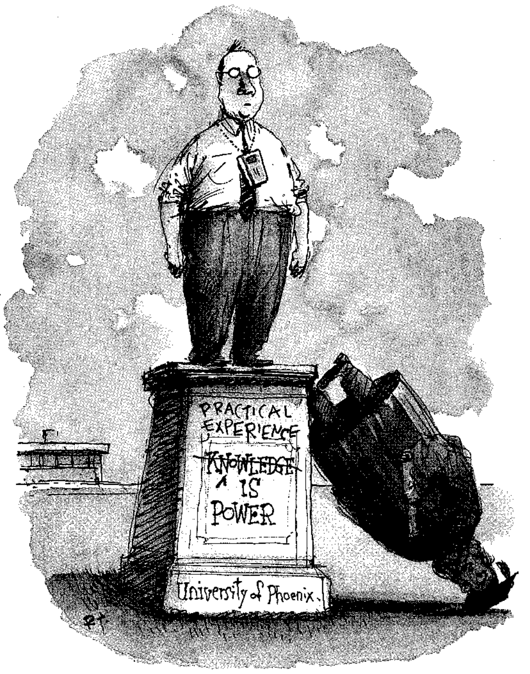
BY JAMES TRAUB

At the University of Phoenix, which describes itself as the second-largest private university in the United States, terms that normally have a clear and literal meaning are used in an oddly evanescent way; this seems especially true of the language that evokes our most romantic feelings about higher education. The university has, for example, a "bookstore" on the ground floor of its central administration building. The store is a boutique offering backpacks, T-shirts, coffee mugs, beer glasses, and ties, all bearing the school logo; the only books are textbooks, which you have to order from someone standing behind a counter. The U. of P.'s "library" can be found, as Kurt Slobodzian, the librarian, likes to say, "wherever there's a computer"; students can access thousands of journals via the On-line Collection. And the word "campus" is understood, at the University of Phoenix, to mean "site," or even "outlet." The university is a franchise operation, with forty-seven sites all over the West and in Michigan, Florida, and Louisiana; most of them consist of an office building, or merely a few floors of a building, just off a highway exit ramp. When I was talking to the director of the university's "distance learning" program, I noticed that he was using the word "campus" to apply to himself and three other people, who ran the program from a suite of offices. The University of Phoenix is, in fact, a para-university. It has the operational core of higher education—students, teachers, classrooms, exams, degree-granting programs—without a campus life, or even an intellectual life. There are no tenured professors, and the most recent issue of the university's only academic journal contained but a single academic article, about copyright law.

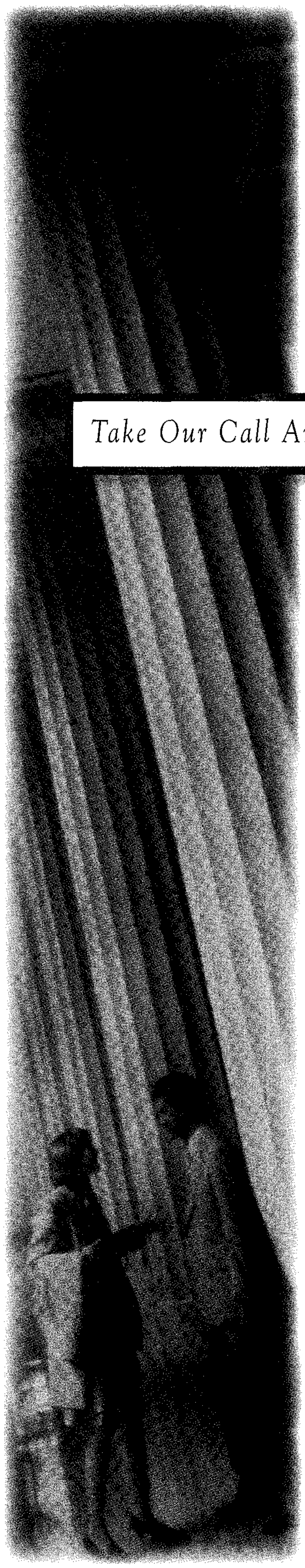
You cannot get a rise out of the university's top officials by pointing any of this out. William Gibbs, a former Price Waterhouse manager, who is the president of the U. of P., said to me, "The people who are our students don't really want the education. They want what the education provides for them—better jobs, moving up in their career, the ability to speak up in meetings, that kind of stuff. They want it to *do* something for them."



"The people who are our students don't really want the education," the president of the U. of P. says.

RICHARD THOMPSON

Apparently, it does. Enrollment may be flat at élite institutions, but the U. of P. has grown from three thousand students to forty thousand over the last decade. It offers accredited bachelor's-degree programs in business, nursing, and education, and an M.B.A. as well. The university is also the principal subsidiary of a profit-making company called the Apollo Group. Since late 1994, when the company first offered shares on the NASDAQ exchange, Apollo stock has increased in value from two dollars to thirty-five dollars, on a split-adjusted ba-



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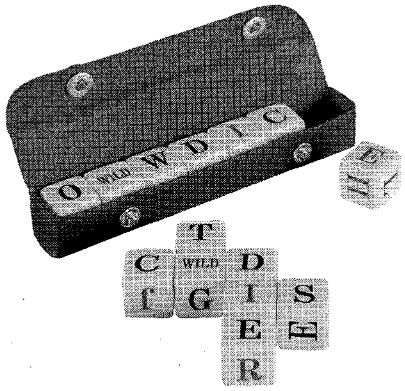

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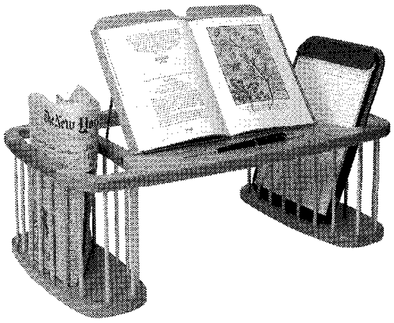

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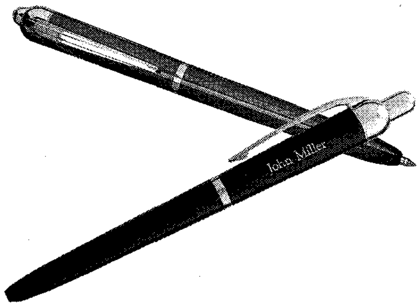

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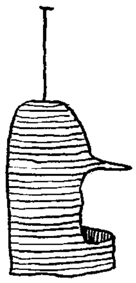
sis. One broker I spoke to said that most of his customers were professors at Arizona State, who had concluded that the U. of P. delivered pretty much the same product they did, only more efficiently. The University of Phoenix is competing not with the Ivy League but with the big state schools and the small, unheralded private colleges, where most students enroll. It's a Darwinian world out there: some two hundred colleges have closed during the last ten years.



College, for most of us, means greenswards, dreamy spires, professors with elbow patches, old volumes in the stacks; but no more than several dozen colleges answer to this description. Higher education in America is now a vast industry that accommodates two-thirds of America's high-school graduates, or more than fourteen million people. Most of the nation's thirty-seven hundred colleges see themselves as market-driven institutions trying to satisfy customer demand. As I drove around Phoenix, I kept hearing ads on the radio for Ottawa University, a Kansas institution that has three campuses in Arizona and others in Singapore, Malaysia, and Hong Kong. "Ottawa," the announcer said, "majors in *you*."

Almost half of America's freshmen attend community colleges, institutions with no residential facilities and, often, no campus. According to a study conducted by Arthur Levine, the president of Teachers College, at Columbia University, only a sixth of America's college students fit the stereotype: full-time students, living on campus. Levine says that a survey of the five-sixths who do not has found that "they wanted the kind of relationship with a college that they had with their bank, their supermarket, and their gas company. They say, 'I want terrific service, I want convenience, I want quality control. Give me classes twenty-four hours a day, and give me in-class parking, if possible.' These are students who want stripped-down classes. They don't want to buy anything they're not using." Such students understand clearly that higher education has become an indispensable passport to a better life.

In a 1994 book entitled "Dogmatic Wisdom," a history professor named Russell Jacoby faults critics on both the left and the right for focussing on the intellectual melodramas that agitate a tiny number of institutions—"canon wars" and battles over "speech codes"—while ignoring the "narrow practicality" that dominates educational practice at almost all the others. Jacoby quotes a Department of Education study showing that of a million bachelor's degrees awarded in 1991 seven thousand three hundred were in philosophy and religion, twelve thousand in foreign languages, and about two hundred and fifty thousand in business. The institution that sees itself as the steward of intellectual culture is becoming increasingly marginal; the others are racing to accommodate the new student. And the University of Phoenix, according to Arthur Levine, "is the first of the new breed."

JOHN SPERLING, the founder of the University of Phoenix and the chairman of the Apollo Group, is a blunt, ornery seventy-six-year-old from the Ozarks. In the company's bland and studiously polite environment, he stands out for his willingness to call an idiot an idiot. Sperling is an economic historian by profession, and, like many economists, he considers himself one of the few rational people on earth. Among the people he counts as idiots are those who believe that market forces can be ignored; during one of several conversations, he observed that the principal effect of the war on drugs was that it forced users to commit crimes. Along with George Soros and Peter Lewis, Sperling helped finance the Arizona referendum to permit the medical use of marijuana.

Sperling himself had a classical education—a B.A. in history at Reed, a master's in history at Berkeley, and a D. Phil. in economic history at Cambridge. He recalls his time at Berkeley as among the happiest years of his life. He was, however, far too restless to stick with the academic routine. In the early seventies, while teaching courses in the humanities at San Jose State, Sperling won a government contract to offer a variety of classes to teachers and police officers, and that was the beginning of what he considers his real education. "They were the best students I ever had," he told me. "They really fell in love with education. It wasn't long before they said, 'We'd like to get a degree.' So I went to the administration, and they said, 'No way.' I said, 'I'm bringing you students.' And they said, 'We don't need no stinking students.' "

Sperling developed a program with twenty-five hundred teachers and police at the University of San Francisco and two other colleges in California, but he claims that the regional accrediting body said, "Either get rid of these programs or we'll pull your accreditation for the whole university." Sperling came to see higher education as a closed system whose gates were manned by the accrediting agencies—a racket designed to squelch the forces of individual choice.

Sperling reached the Wild West of the free-market system in 1976, when he went to Phoenix, visited a local law firm, and drew up a charter for a new university and, just like that, the University of Phoenix opened for business. He targeted the niche market that he had already begun serving—the adult learner. The University of Phoenix would accept anybody who was twenty-three or older and was working. Students had to have sixty college credits when they arrived, so the need for general education, liberal arts, and all the other stuff that takes up so much time and money at college could be dispensed with. Sperling wanted to provide a useful and profitable service, not replicate higher education. What interested him was not so much what to teach this population as *how* to deliver it. "Higher education is one of the most inefficient mechanisms for the transfer of knowledge that have ever been invented," Sperling said. "I decided to go back to my economics and conceive of education as a production function, in which you specify the learning outcomes that you want—they're your product—and then do a regression and figure out the most efficient way of producing them."

Just as the Ivy League model was developed two centuries ago to accommodate aspiring clerics, so the University of Phoenix is shaped by the needs of working adults in the corporate economy. And because it was created all at once it's a highly rational institution. Classes are held at night, from six to ten. Courses consist of five or six weekly sessions, taken one at a time and one right after another. Each degree program is identical from one campus to the next. Laura Palmer Noone, whose title is vice-president for academic affairs—else-

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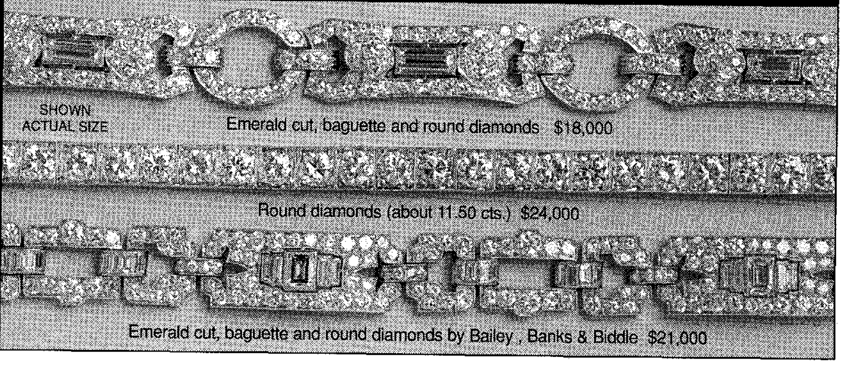

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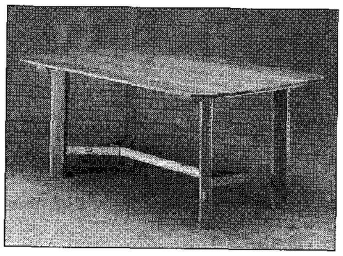

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where she would be called "provost"—says, "What we have found is that adults don't want all that much flexibility; they want it to be simple."

One of Sperling's early insights was that adults also put very little stock in academic opinion. He concluded, "You were going to have to draw your faculty from the world they were familiar with—the world of work. If you had a Ph.D. that didn't mean shit." Marketing would be taught by a marketing executive, and accounting by an accountant. In a vocational setting, these teachers had the credentials that mattered. The "practitioner" system also, and not incidentally, allowed the university to deliver coursework far more cheaply than its competitors, since it paid its instructors an average of about a thousand dollars for each five-week course. Many of the teachers, and especially the businessmen, say they do their nighttime job for the sheer satisfaction of it. Hugh McBride, the executive director and chair of the graduate business programs, told me, "It's really a joy to have someone say, 'You know, Hugh, I used that last week in the company.' "

Faculty members are required to have a master's degree, but few, if any, of them have academic credentials that remotely rival Sperling's. Hugh McBride, for example, spent twenty years in the Army doing systems work, earned his M.B.A., and went to work for Citicorp and the Metro-North rail service. Larry Gudis, the director of the Phoenix campus, is a former high-school teacher and assistant principal who spent three years working as a training manager at Intel. When he walked out of his office for a minute, I glanced at the three books he had on his shelf. Their titles were "Training and Performance," "The Miracle of Personal Leadership," and "Team and Organizational Development."

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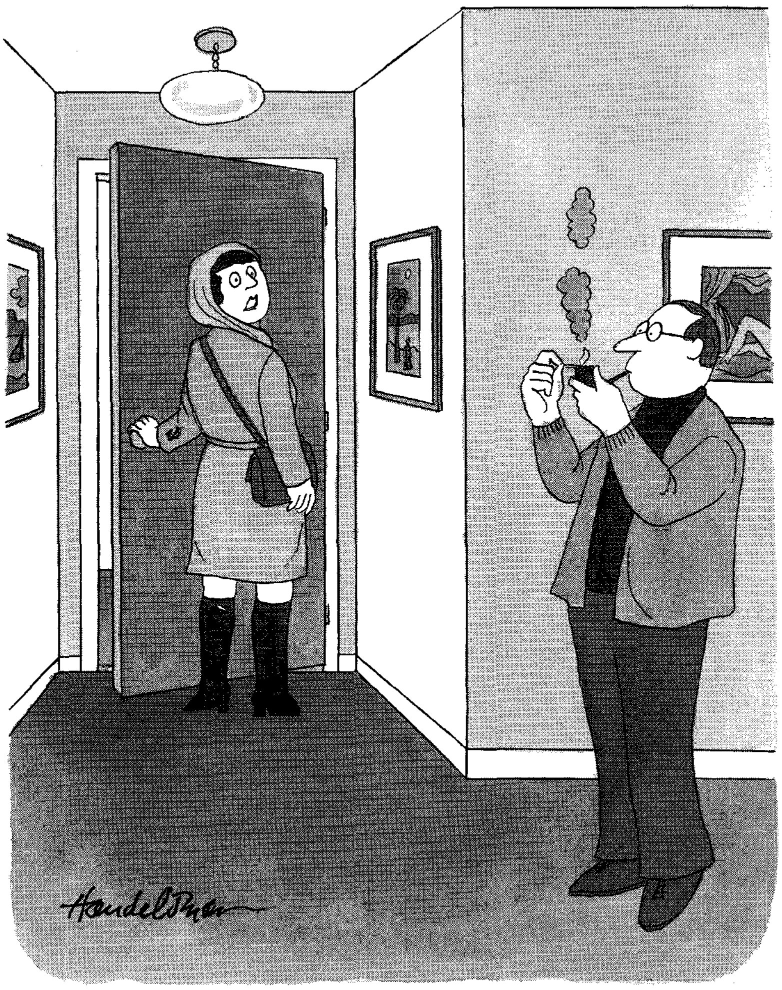

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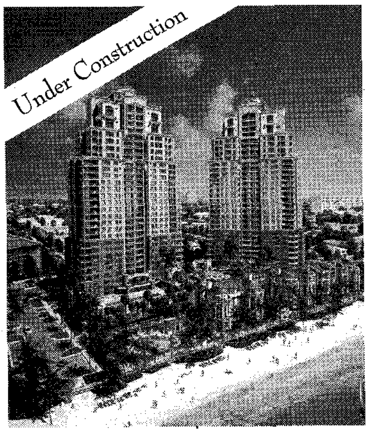

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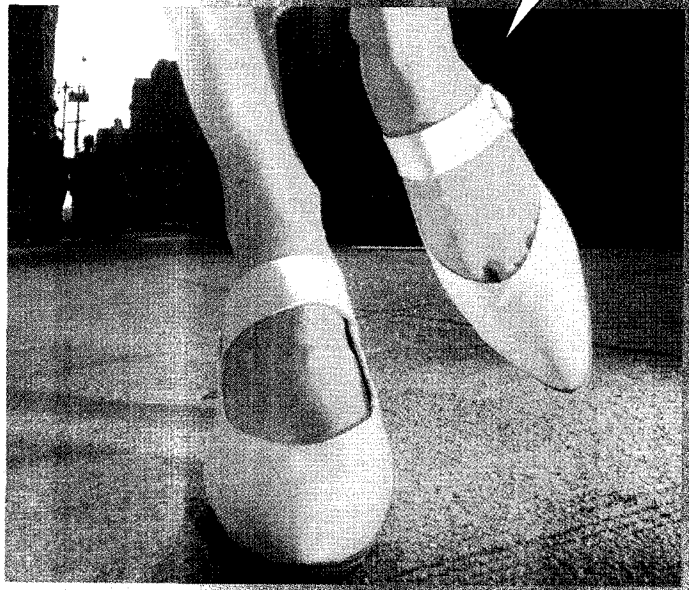

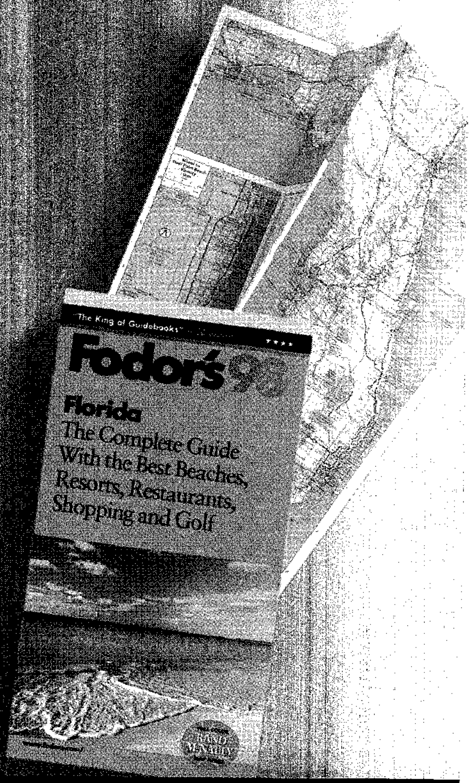
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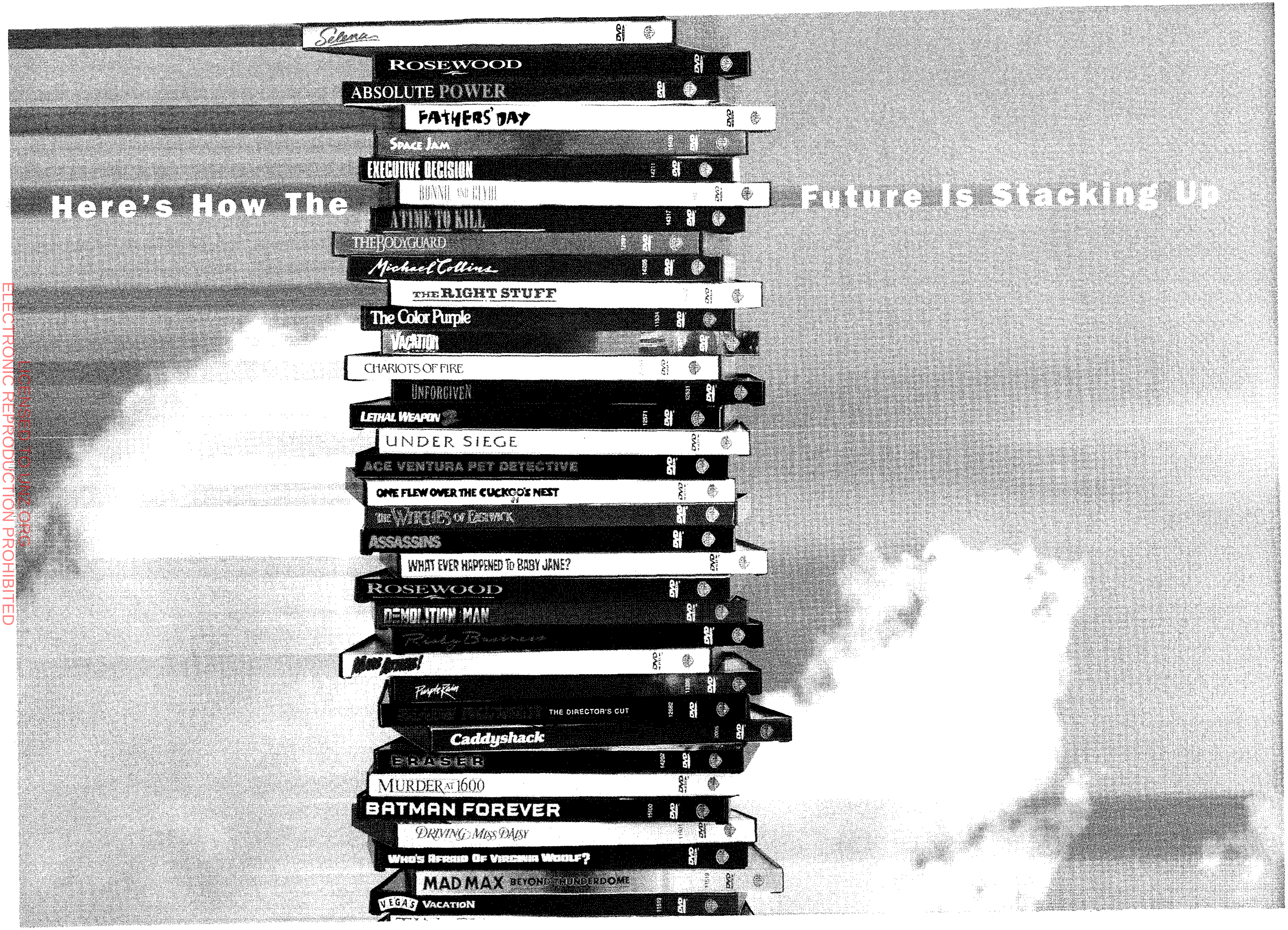
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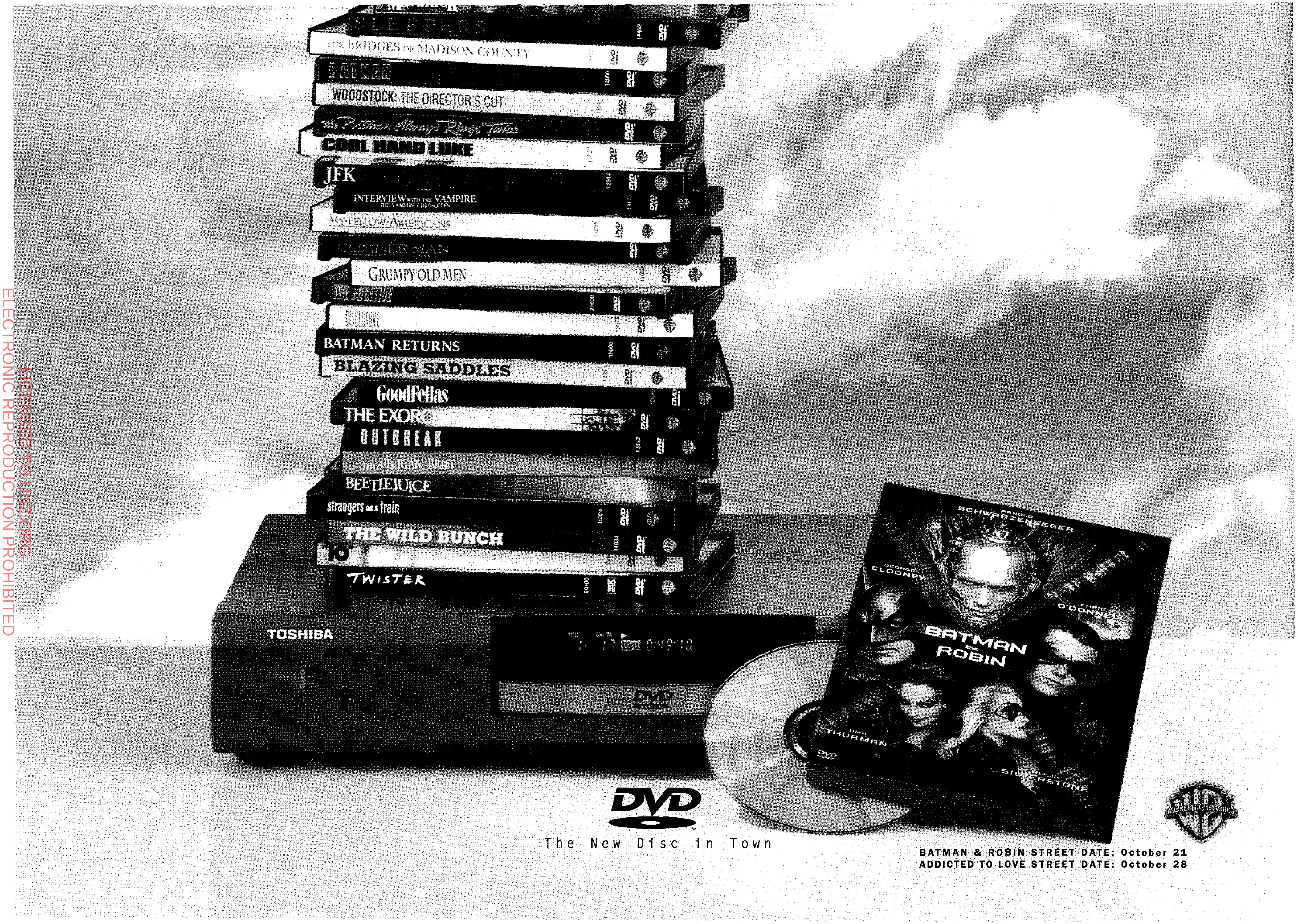SLEEPERS
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sists of two buildings of banded glass and brick with a fig leaf of grass in between and a parking lot all around them. The central campus happens to be situated in the middle of an industrial park near Sky Harbor Airport. As with the forty-six other facilities, the area was chosen with an eye to convenience in an automotive culture. The university leases multiple sites in many of the cities where it operates, choosing them so that no student has to drive more than twenty minutes to get to class. (In Phoenix, there are four sites, with two more scheduled to open soon.) And as the culture shifts from an automotive to an electronic one the U. of P. is moving to abridge space altogether. The on-line program offers classes to two thousand five hundred students who work out of their homes, including military personnel stationed all over the world. A separate service, the Center for Distance Education, provides one-on-one study for two thousand more students. Hundreds of colleges now offer some form of distance learning, but the U. of P. is one of the few where you can earn a degree without ever mingling with other students or even meeting a professor.

One evening, I attended a meeting of Business Communication Skills, a course known as COMM 202. The class met on the fourth floor of the taller of the two buildings at the central campus. The view outside the plate-glass windows was mesmerizing: waving palms; sawtooth mountains; airplanes sailing through a deepening blue sky. The teacher, Katherine Barnett, who was the assistant department chair for General Studies at the university, was a blond woman in her late forties with an ingratiating smile and a brittle manner. During the day, she taught reading and English at a public high school. She taught twenty-five or thirty classes a year at the U. of P., and did some curriculum consulting as well. It sounded like a staggering burden, but she had kids to put through college.

There were about fifteen students. Most had been in a prior course together, and they had already found a comfort zone consisting of friendly chatter. Since this was COMM 202's first session, Barnett asked the students to talk briefly about themselves. They volunteered in order of courage. Maria Surrell was a long-distance operator for Sprint; Tammy Walter was a full-time mother; Ben Burns ran the laundry at a V.A. pharmacy center; Jody Gagnon was the contract administrator for a construction firm. The youngest student in the group, Jared Annes, was twenty-four; he had spent four years in the Army after high school and now worked for a computer firm that designed telephone voice systems. "I want to be more than just Joe Programmer; that's why I chose the Business and Information Systems degree," he had told me before the class. To the others he now said, with a laugh, "When I grow up, I want to be rich." One of the oldest students, Dean Williams, slight and earnest, said that he was in "food management." He had got a job at an Albertson's supermarket when he was a teen-ager; the money was good, and at the time he couldn't see any reason to stay in school. Now it was twenty years later, and he was managing the produce department in one store. He wanted to move up, but, he said, "it seemed like I got to a stopping point because I didn't have that degree."

Barnett agreed. "The days are gone when you could make your way to the top of the ladder by sheer guts," she told the class. "Now you have to have that piece of paper." The class was designed to teach the kind of oral-presentation skills that are required in business. Group work—a simulacrum of the team-oriented business environment—is an integral part of U. of P. pedagogy: for COMM 202, the final project would consist of a group presentation of a business meeting. Students would also make individual speeches. Barnett told the class that she would be giving hints on how to reduce the stress of making public presentations. She sounded forgiving. "If you make a mess of it but you try anyway, you're going to get the grade," she said.

COMM 202 was for students who had arrived at the University of Phoenix with fewer than twenty-four credits; in effect, it was for freshmen. Later that evening, I attended a session of Advanced Marketing Management, for students working on their M.B.A. They were required to turn in papers each week, and to do considerable reading; the final group project would be to devise a marketing strategy to capture one

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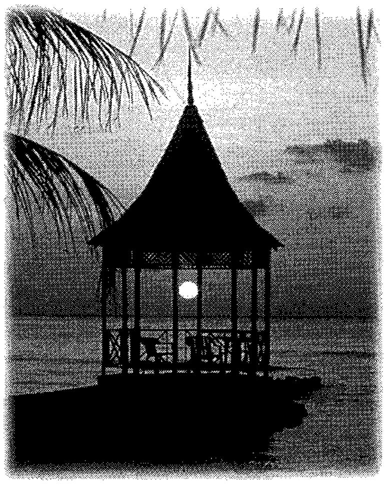

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per cent of the beverage market. The teacher, George Francisco, had been a brand manager for Philadelphia Cream Cheese and other products at Kraft. He talked about the idea of a mature market. The soda business had stopped growing, he explained, so the big players were branching out into flavored teas and bottled waters. One student said, "We had a caffeinated water we tried to market—Aqua Java." It hadn't worked. They talked about high-stakes presentations. "Let me tell you what happened at Kraft," Francisco said. "If you went over an hour and a half, they walked out of the room." There was a little collective gasp.

The University of Phoenix has been denigrated as a "diploma mill," but in this class and the others I attended the students were engaged and the discussion was spirited. What was a little hard to get used to, though, was the lack of intellectual, as opposed to professional, curiosity. Ideas had value only insofar as they could be put to use—if they could *do* something for you, as Bill Gibbs had said. Here was a university formed around the idea that practiced experience is superior to abstract understanding—a proposition that almost seemed self-negating. Indeed, the U. of P.'s greatest contribution to curriculum design may be its Assessment of Prior Learning, a system that allows students to earn credit for courses by proving that they have had equivalent personal experience. You can even take a course in the subject, which allows you to get credit for mastering the "theory" behind the system and also gives you the tools to successfully "challenge" other courses. Norma Turner, who often teaches this course, told me about a student who earned nineteen credits—plus three more for the class itself—by writing essays demonstrating his mastery in such subjects as Parenting, Family Life, and Loss and Bereavement.

The University of Phoenix is not cheap compared with many of its competitors. At two hundred and sixteen dollars a credit, a bachelor's degree could come to more than twenty thousand dollars. But I didn't meet a single student who questioned the value of the investment. Many of them had chosen the University of Phoenix after a good deal of comparison shopping. They had tried Arizona State University but had found that they had difficulty scheduling all their classes at night. They had enrolled in community college but had been unable to tolerate the juvenile atmosphere. They had tried to register elsewhere but had grown tired of waiting in line for courses that turned out to be closed. In a consumer-driven market, the U. of P. had adapted itself to their needs more effectively than the competition had; it was doing unambiguously what the others were doing haltingly. Scott Safranski, a professor of management at St. Louis University, who headed a visiting accreditation-review team that looked at Phoenix last year, notes that detractors have called the school the McDonald's of higher education but says, "I'm not sure that's entirely derogatory. They've provided a uniform product in a consistent way which is convenient to the consumer at an affordable price." He adds, "I certainly hope they don't take my market away too quickly."

THE University of Phoenix is still one of the few for-profit academic institutions established to date; but the distinction between profit-making companies and educational institutions is becoming increasingly moot. Several education experts I spoke to volunteered the idea that a new kind of institution would come into being as the result of an alliance between a state-university system, a "content provider," like Disney, and a technology firm, like Motorola. The fastest-growing sector of higher education is, in fact, the "corporate university," which typically provides training for middle and upper management. A 1994 book by Stan Davis and Jim Botkin entitled "The Monster Under the Bed" observes that the increase in "classroom contact hours" for corporate employees in one year, 1992, exceeded the enrollment growth at all the colleges built between 1960 and 1990. The authors foresee the business model, with its focus on "competition, service, and standards," supplanting the current educational model.

This may be a bit premature, but the line between corporate training and academic education has clearly blurred. One day, I drove into Tempe, a suburb just beyond Phoenix (itself a sprawling suburb), to visit Motorola University, a gleaming facility on landscaped grounds that looks more like a university than the University of Phoenix does. Motorolans, as they are known, were taking courses in Behavioral Interviewing and Developing

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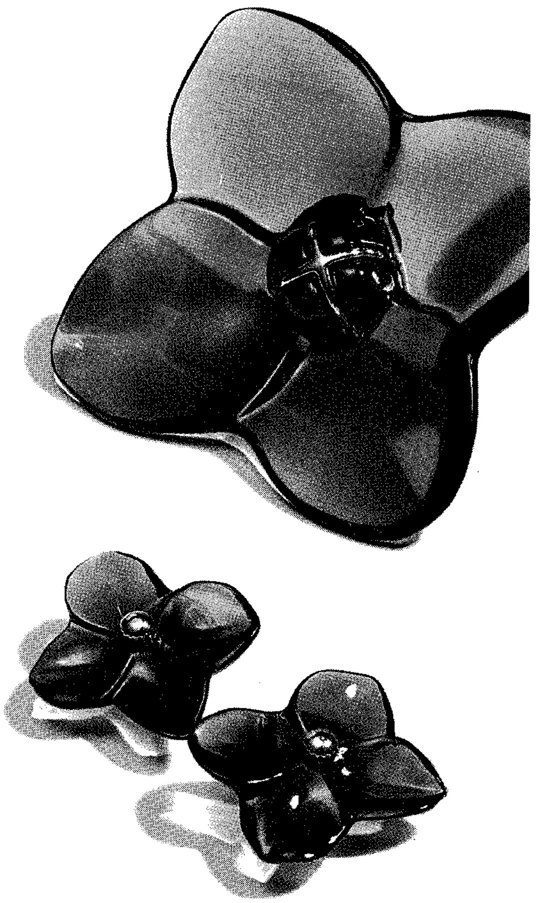

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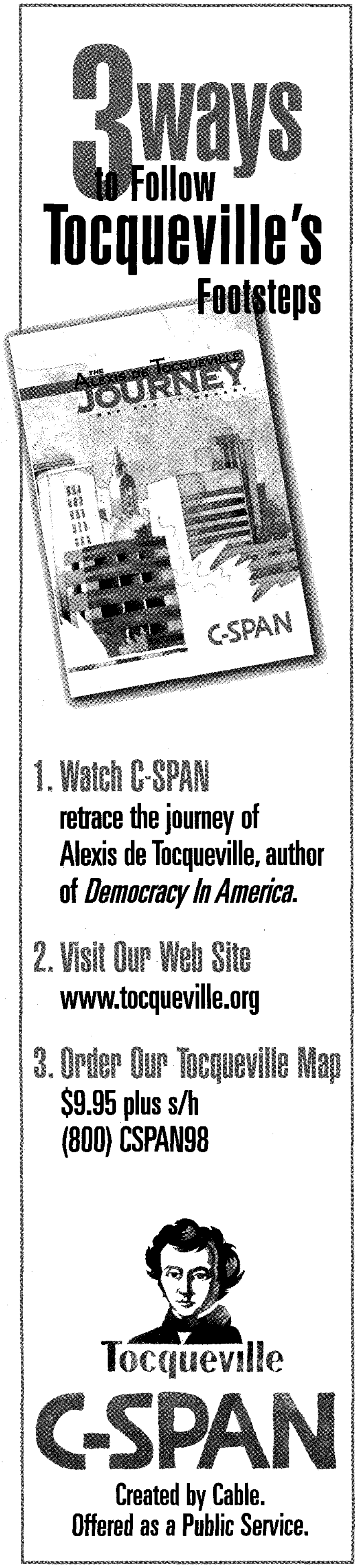
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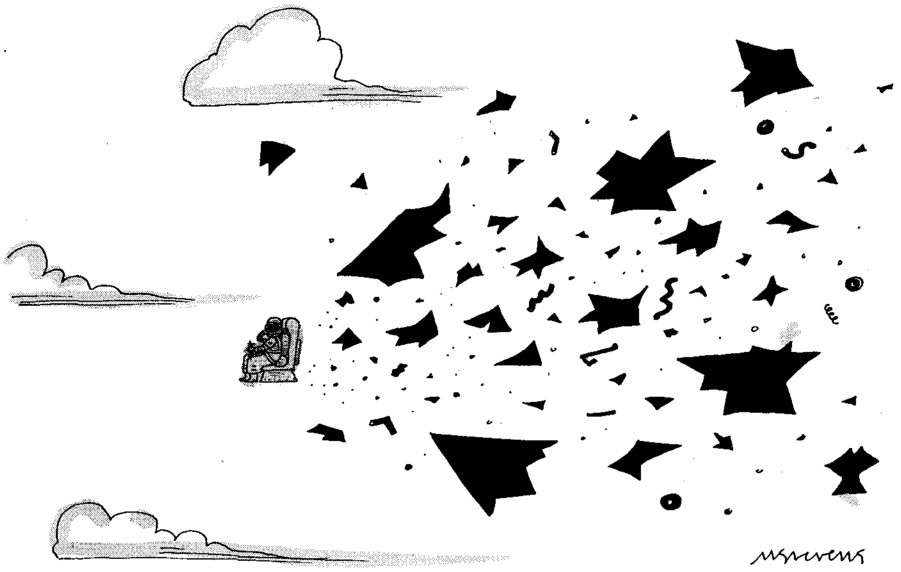


HOW THE STEALTH BOMBER EVADES RADAR

• •

Your Human Potential, along with some in recondite aspects of computer-chip design. The curriculum sounded a lot like the one at the University of Phoenix, and, in fact, the U. of P. offers several of its courses on the campus. Motorola does not provide an academic degree, as some corporate universities do, but Arizona State offers a master's in Management of Technology on the Motorola campus, using teachers from both institutions. In Phoenix, if not yet in Boston or New York, the corporate university is part of a web, not of a pecking order—one of several kinds of "providers" filling in different aspects of a "learner" 's needs. Arthur Levine, of Teachers College, predicts that several generations from now "we'll still have some number of residential colleges and some number of research universities, but most of the rest will disappear." Corporations may simply make postsecondary education an in-house function. Non-élite institutions, Levine suggests, will be reduced largely to examining and certifying students for workplace readiness.

Like any successful business, the University of Phoenix is oriented toward growth, and in recent years it has begun to expand into the realm of the conventional university. The number of credits required for admission has dropped from sixty to zero. The U. of P. has created a General Studies department, which offers courses not only in Oral Communications but in Philosophy and Religion. (Bill Gibbs, though, says that he would like to see the Religion course focus on such practical advice as how to do business among different bodies of believers.) In effect, it is now taking responsibility for the entire undergraduate education of many of its students. The administration hired William Pepicello, who has a Ph.D. in linguistics from Brown and a manner that is identifiably academic, to establish a Gen. Ed. curriculum and embody the school's new identity. Last year, the U. of P. sought permission from accreditors to offer undergraduate degrees in whatever subjects it wished, and to establish a doctoral program. Both of these proposals were rejected—a decision that infuriated many at the school. The general view in Phoenix is that the forces of convention which have been trying to throttle John Sperling for a quarter of a century still have the upper hand in academe. An alternative point of view is that there are still standards for an academic education, and the university may have been threatening to transgress them. Stephen Spangehl, an official of the North Central Association, which is the regional accrediting body, declines to give specific reasons for the decision but says that the group was concerned about, among other things, the university's lack of rigorous academic assessment. "They seem more concerned about customer satisfaction," Spangehl says. "Our focus has always been on learning."

It's that sort of curt dismissal that makes John Sperling furious. "Jesus, they're disgusting," he said when I asked him about the decision. But he was moving ahead, looking for new markets. He had recently returned from a trip to the Far East. There were, he said, a million potential customers for information-systems training in Malaysia alone, and the China market was incalculable. The Apollo Group was making a big push into distance learning, and that may well be the growth market for postsecondary education. Moreover, the whole public-school market was opening up. Jorge Klor de Alva, a former anthropology professor at Berkeley, who is now the chair of the U. of P.'s academic cabinet, told me that the advent of school vouchers "will create huge opportunities for private, for-profit schools." Apollo could own a chain of schools, provide management services, and market curricular material. Once you conceive of education as a product, and regress from the needs of the consumer, a whole world of possibilities presents itself.

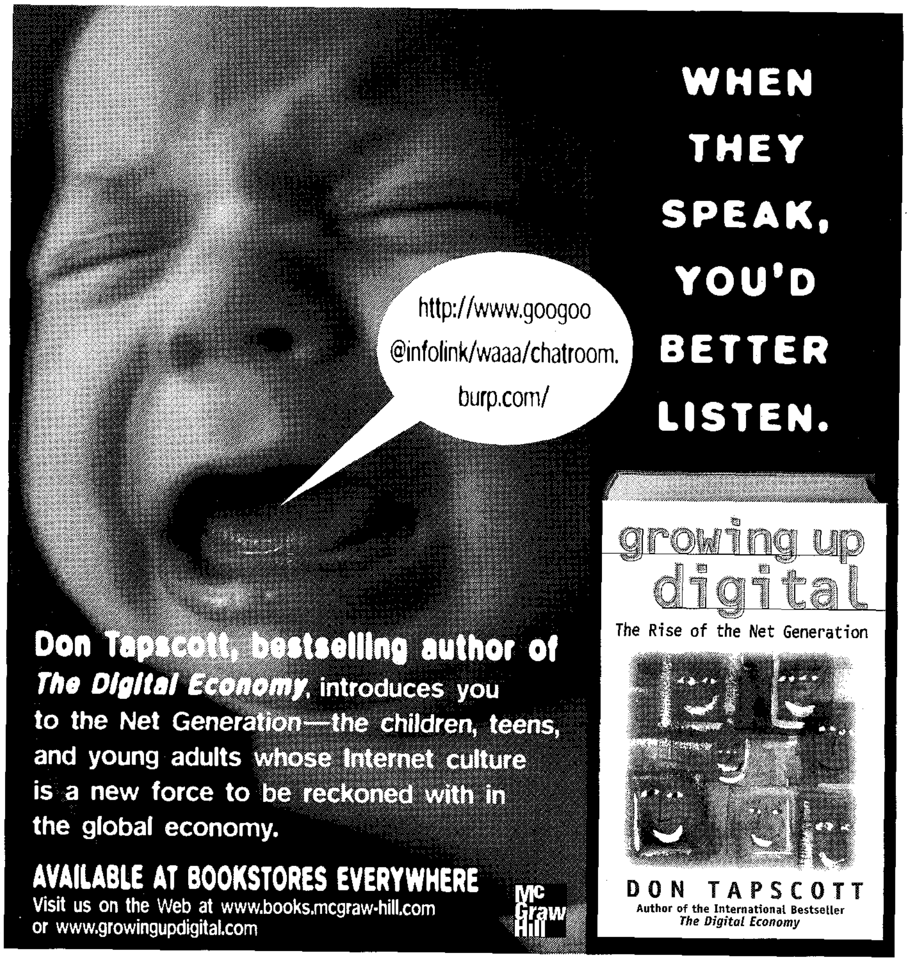
Sperling himself seems unable to decide whether he has created a superior model for higher education or a viable alternative to the existing one. As we were having dinner one evening, he started going on about the uselessness of classical education. "One of my favorite books is 'Tom Jones,' " he said. "I read 'Tom Jones' for the sheer pleasure, but I didn't go out and rut with some maid in the canebrakes. It's all part of what happens up here." He pointed to his head, but he sounded so thoroughly exasperated that he might as well have been talking about his appendix. "The University of Phoenix causes you to *apply* what you've learned *the next day at work*." Then, lest I get the wrong idea, he reminded me of how deeply he had loved Berkeley.

"Why don't you want all your students to have the experience you had?" I asked.

"Because they can't afford to."

"Wouldn't it be good if they could?"

Sperling gave me a weary look, and said, "I'm not involved in social reform." He had once tried to build a chain of technical schools for inner-city youth, he told me, and when that failed he had vowed never again to create something there wasn't a demand for. "Microsoft is a much more powerful force shaping the world than Harvard or Yale or Princeton," he said. "So if you can't beat 'em, join 'em." ♦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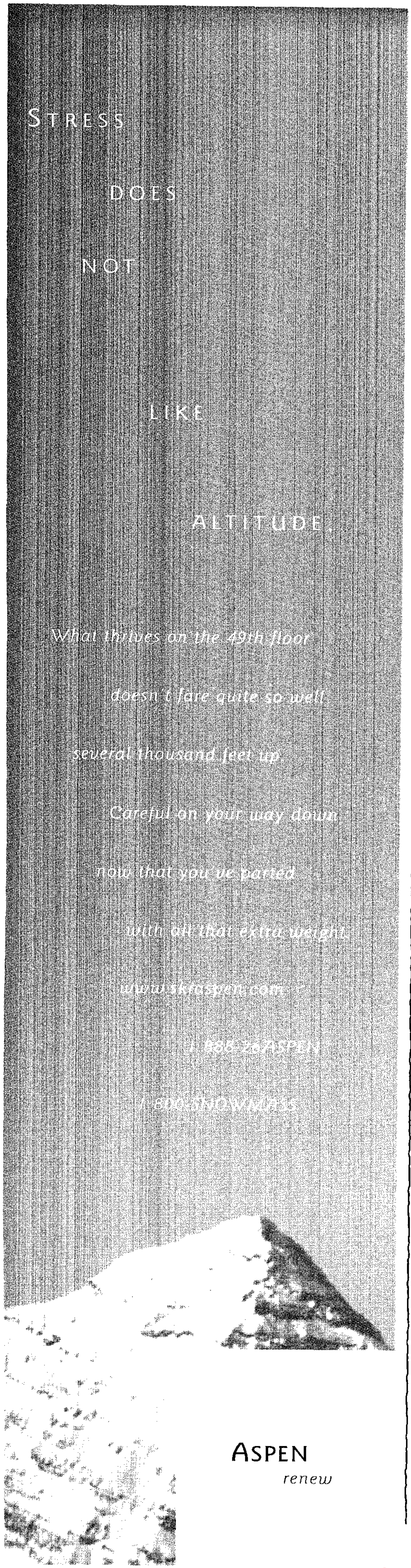


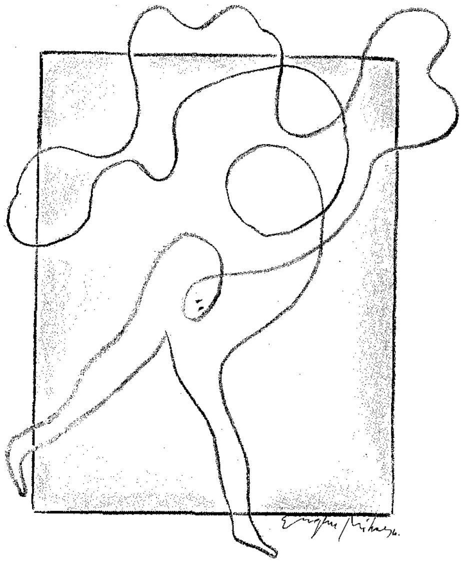
THE NEXT HEALTH-CARE CRISIS

THE ALZHEIMER'S STRAIN

How to accommodate too many patients.

BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

ALZHEIMER'S patients cannot sit still. This is one of the facts that make caring for them so difficult. A normal, healthy adult can be fully entertained watching television, reading a book, or holding a conversation, but for someone who no longer has the ability to absorb the meaning of words and images stillness represents a kind of prison. So people with Alzheimer's tend to wander. They walk along the walls of houses and nursing homes, in an abstracted, ceaseless, and sometimes obsessive attempt to escape from their deprivation. They wander up stairs and through doors and down hallways and into the rooms of others, rummaging through drawers and closets, randomly opening and closing cabinets, looking for things they cannot articulate and may never find. When some dementia specialists at Presbyterian SeniorCare, a nonprofit long-term-care group in Western Pennsylvania, set out several years ago to design the ideal Alzheimer's facility, then, their first goal was to create a safe, familiar environment in which residents could move around.



The wandering problem, prosaic though it sounds, is one of the hardest new questions facing the American health-care system. About half of the million six hundred thousand Americans in nursing homes today suffer from Alzheimer's or other forms of dementia. Most of those homes, however, are designed for people who are physically impaired and mentally healthy, not physically healthy and mentally impaired. For years, nursing homes coped with this mismatch by simply tying down their Alzheimer's patients, strapping them to their beds or wheelchairs to keep them from roaming. Or they employed what are euphemistically referred to as "chemical restraints," because following the wanderers around to make sure they didn't head out into the street or trip and fall or walk into someone else's room was too much trouble. These methods were not particularly humane. Nor did they make much financial sense, since the patients who do not get exercise end up sicker, and cost more in the long run, than those who are allowed to walk around. Since nursing-home care now costs about sixty billion dollars a year—and within twenty years will cost more than double that—these considerations are far from trivial. Barring a medical miracle, in fact, by the middle of the next century there will be as many Americans with Alzheimer's as currently reside in the state of Pennsylvania.

Solving the wandering problem is surprisingly difficult, however. The Senior-

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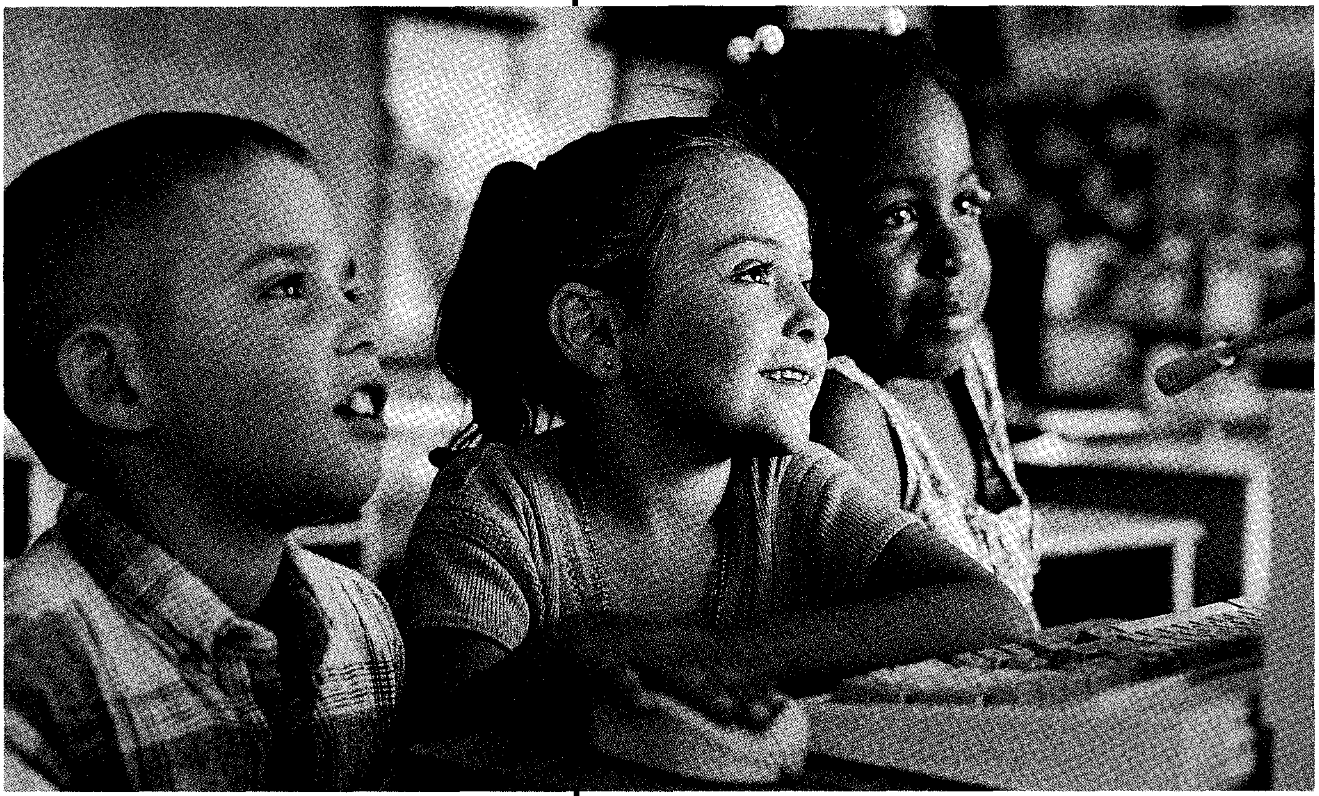

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But what's really incredible is that
this picture was taken during recess.

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"Your father's a suit, and when you grow up you'll be just a suit, too."

Care group, for example, didn't want to build what their architect, David Hoglund, refers to as a "psychiatric racetrack"—a building that would channel all wandering into a purposeless monitored loop. They wanted to create a space that allowed for movement with meaning, that allowed patients to explore and then—just as important—allowed them to find their way home again. At the same time, the SeniorCare group couldn't just create a meandering walkway lined with gadgets and pictures and bright colors to grab and hold the wanderers' attention, because the paradox of Alzheimer's is that the very stimulation its victims seek is the one thing they cannot handle.

Alzheimer's represents human development in reverse. It is what happens when a disease implacably unravels a lifetime of neurological connections, beginning with those which govern higher cognitive functions and then steadily moving backward along the developmental path, until all that are left are the most basic and primal of emotions and instincts. Memory goes first, then comprehension and language. Those are the obvious signs of dementia. What goes at the same time, though, is the ability to sort and arrange and choose from all the information that the human environment presents. Most people can stand in the middle of a crowded cocktail party, focus intently on the conversation in front of them, and screen out all the other words in the room. A person with Alzheimer's cannot do that. No information is privileged. Everything counts. New faces startle. Large crowds become intimidating. Paranoia and hostility are commonplace. An Alzheimer's ward in a traditional nursing home is full of shouts and cries and screams, the sounds of fright and breakdown. People with Alzheimer's often say that what they are looking for in their relentless searches is "home," by which they mean a place of familiarity and certainty. They are driven to explore, but what they find often terrifies them. The ideal environment for an Alzheimer's patient, the Pittsburgh team realized, must engage but not overwhelm.

There were other requirements as well. In fact, the list was so long, and so many of its requirements were contradictory, that the task seemed almost impossible. The home had to be flexible, because the second of the many paradoxes of Alzheimer's is that as the disease strips people of their identity it makes them more individualistic. "We've got people who get up every morning at two," Beth L. Deely, the director of Alzheimer's programs for Presbyterian SeniorCare, told me. "We have people who sleep for twenty-four hours, then are awake for forty-eight. We've got one gentleman who consumes most of his food after nine at night." One of the reasons for heavily medicating people with Alzheimer's is to impose a regimen on them, but if the Pittsburgh team wasn't going to use any restraints then it had to fashion a facility that could respond to all the patients' idiosyncrasies at once. And it couldn't look like a traditional nursing home or hospital, because there are few things that frighten and agitate someone in full cognitive retreat as much as hospitals do. To someone with Alzheimer's, a nurse's voice on an intercom is a terrifying disembodied presence; a long, straight hallway is a navigational impossibility; a white coat might be a subconscious trigger of a lifetime of medical crises. The perfect home had to be flexible, and it couldn't look like an institution. In short, it had to be better than a traditional nursing home. Yet—and this went without saying—if it wasn't also cheaper than a traditional nursing home it would be forgotten the minute it was built.

SEVERAL years ago, after exhaustive planning, Presbyterian SeniorCare opened Woodside Place, in the Pittsburgh suburb of Oakmont. Within a year, it won five architectural awards. It has been studied by architects and long-term-care experts from around the world, and it is credited with sparking an entirely new movement in nursing-home design. Recently, a group of researchers from the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Mellon University completed a three-year study of Woodside and concluded that the residents there have a slower rate of deterioration than residents at traditional nursing homes, that they stay physically active longer, that they spend three times as much time socializing with other residents, that their families visit more often, and, to top it off, that the costs of caring for them run somewhere around twenty per cent *less* than normal. "It is clear," the researchers' report noted, "that Woodside Place serves a population that was not well served before."

The complex sits on a small wooded lot, behind a larger nursing home, on

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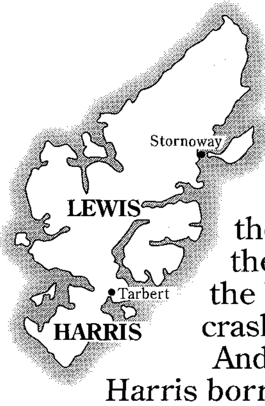

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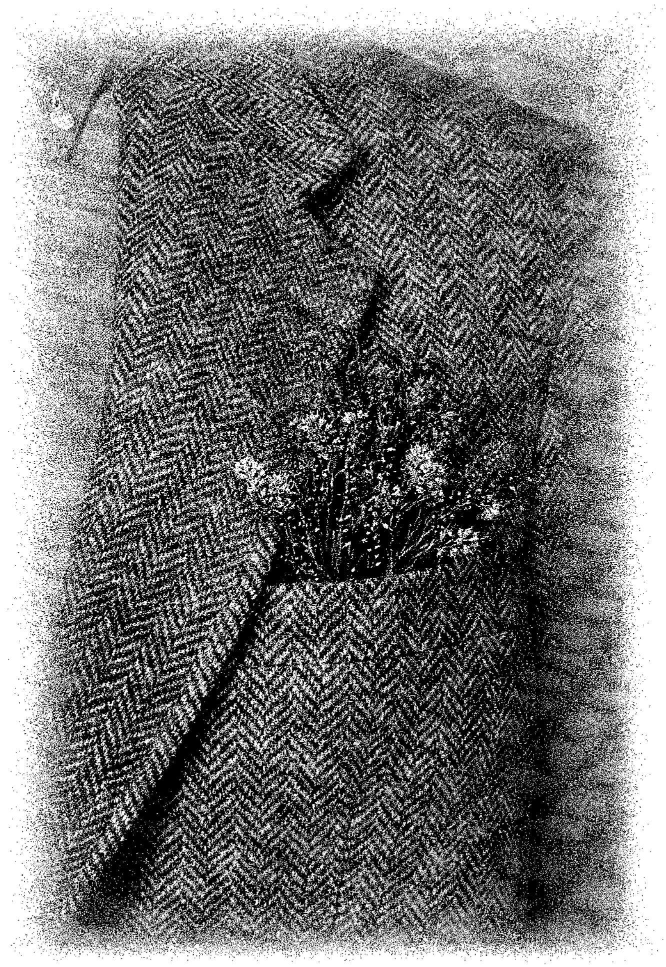

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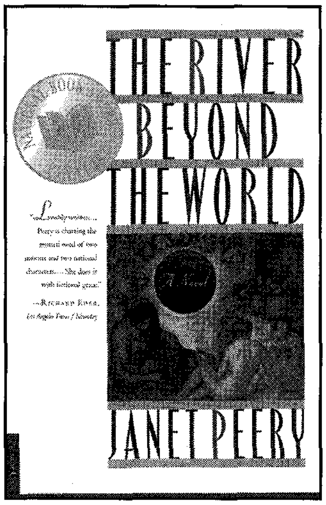

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What to read next
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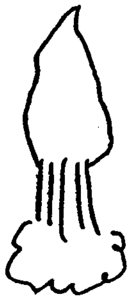
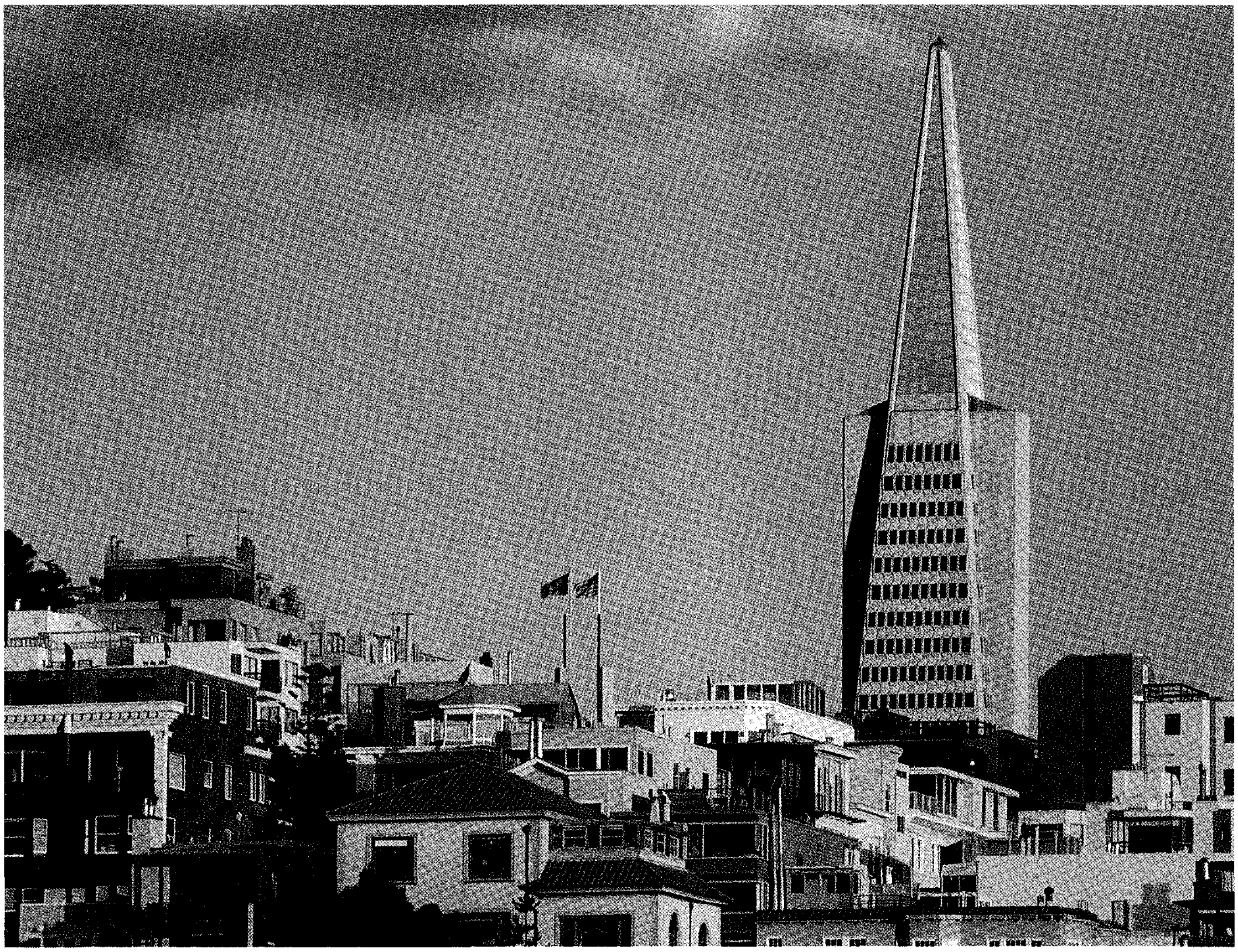
Presbyterian SeniorCare's Oakmont campus. It is patterned after a traditional Pennsylvanian Shaker village. There are three high-roofed, gray-shingled houses, all linked to a large main building and surrounded by a white picket fence. Each house has ten bedrooms, with private bathrooms, off a central hallway; a kitchen; and a courtyard. The main building has a series of public rooms—a music room, a television room, a meeting hall—surrounded by a corridor lined with big picture windows. The buildings are mostly carpeted, and are painted in soothing greens, blues, and pinks. There are quilts on the walls and the furniture is solid and old-fashioned. On the day that I visited, some of the residents were bowling in the hallways, a man was taking an art class in one of the kitchens, and other residents were sitting in deck chairs along the main corridor, looking out the windows.

Woodside Place has only thirty-six beds. "We didn't want a Texas-size facility," Beth Deely said. After all, if Woodside was going to be comforting and nonthreatening, it couldn't be large, and this was the smallest number of residential units that could be maintained economically. Separating the residents into three houses of twelve each was an attempt to make Woodside seem smaller still. Among the last faculties to desert a person with Alzheimer's are the sense of smell and the ability to recognize and draw comfort from familiar faces, and both those facts drove the design of the individual houses. They aren't served by a central nurse's station, for example, as they would be in a typical nursing home. Each house always has a staff member on duty, who provides a soothing anchor. And the staff members don't work in an office—which would, of course, seem out of place in an institution striving to feel like a home—but in the kitchens, which are wide open on the sides, so cooking smells can circulate through the house. "We tried to integrate the staff into the house," David Hoglund said. "The kitchen is hearth and home." Moreover, separate kitchens enable the staff to be far more flexible. Originally, the idea had been to bring food to Woodside Place from the large central kitchens in the neighboring nursing home. That would have been cheaper, but it would have meant that all meals had to be provided on a schedule, which is fine for normal adults but not for Alzheimer's patients. The individual kitchens allow the staff to serve meals around the clock. "We have some people who have five or six breakfasts before lunch," Deely said. "We're not going to say 'Don't you remember you just had breakfast?' That's when people with Alzheimer's get frustrated. We don't have that regimental mind-set."



For the wanderers, the corridor around the main building leads past the front entrance (which is locked to residents) and toward two large glass doors opening onto the fenced-in garden. There are a number of walkways in the garden, and all of them are circular, so the wanderer never has to face the anxiety of coming to a dead end. The idea of lining the interior corridor with floor-to-ceiling windows was controversial, because some felt that opening the building up to the outside would provide too much stimulus. But Hoglund thought it worth the risk. Plus, he took steps to control what the residents would see. "You've got to watch what you plant," he says. "If a tree or a shrub gets too big, or its cone gets shaped like an evergreen's, it sways in the wind and looks like a person." The windows also create shadows in the evening, which is a problem. "The residents misperceive them," Deely told me. "They think people are out to get them." There is a recessed light along the inside edge of the corridor ceiling which eliminates most of the shadows, but not all of them. Deely says it's a trade-off, because the windows allow for precisely the kind of stimulation that the residents crave. "In the spring, we have an Easter-egg hunt in the garden, and kids come in and run all over," she said. "The residents love it. They gather at the windows to watch."

That kind of balance between familiarity and stimulation is in evidence all over the building. The hallways leading from the houses to the main building, for example, have floors of blue ceramic tiles decorated with a muted-red geometric pattern. Why tiles? Because the other hallways are carpeted, so the sudden change from carpet to tile provides a welcome moment of novelty, and also a subtle auditory cue telling the wanderers that they have arrived in a public area. Why the pattern? Because a plain tile would look institutional. But why muted red? "We didn't want a profound color change, because people might think that



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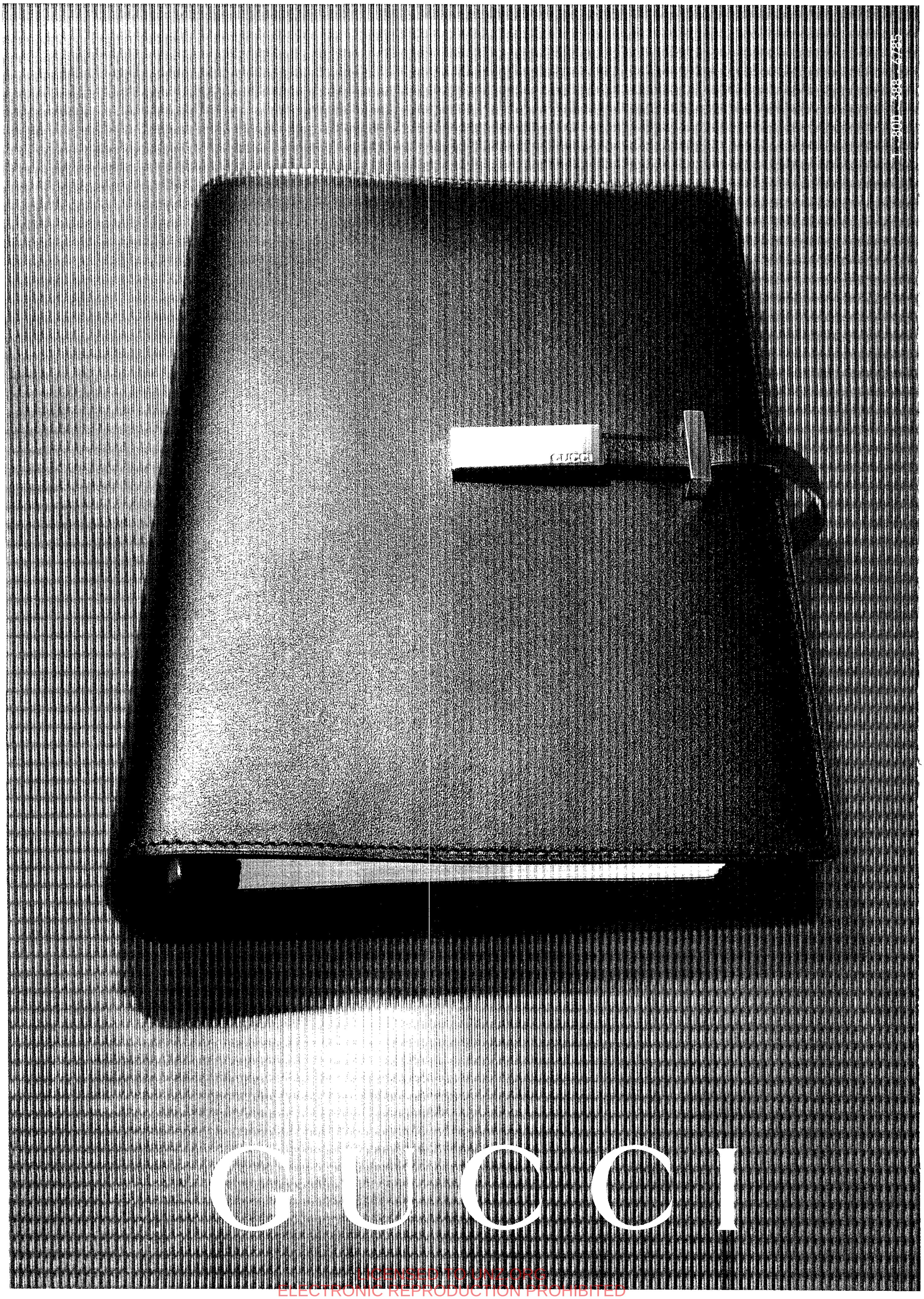
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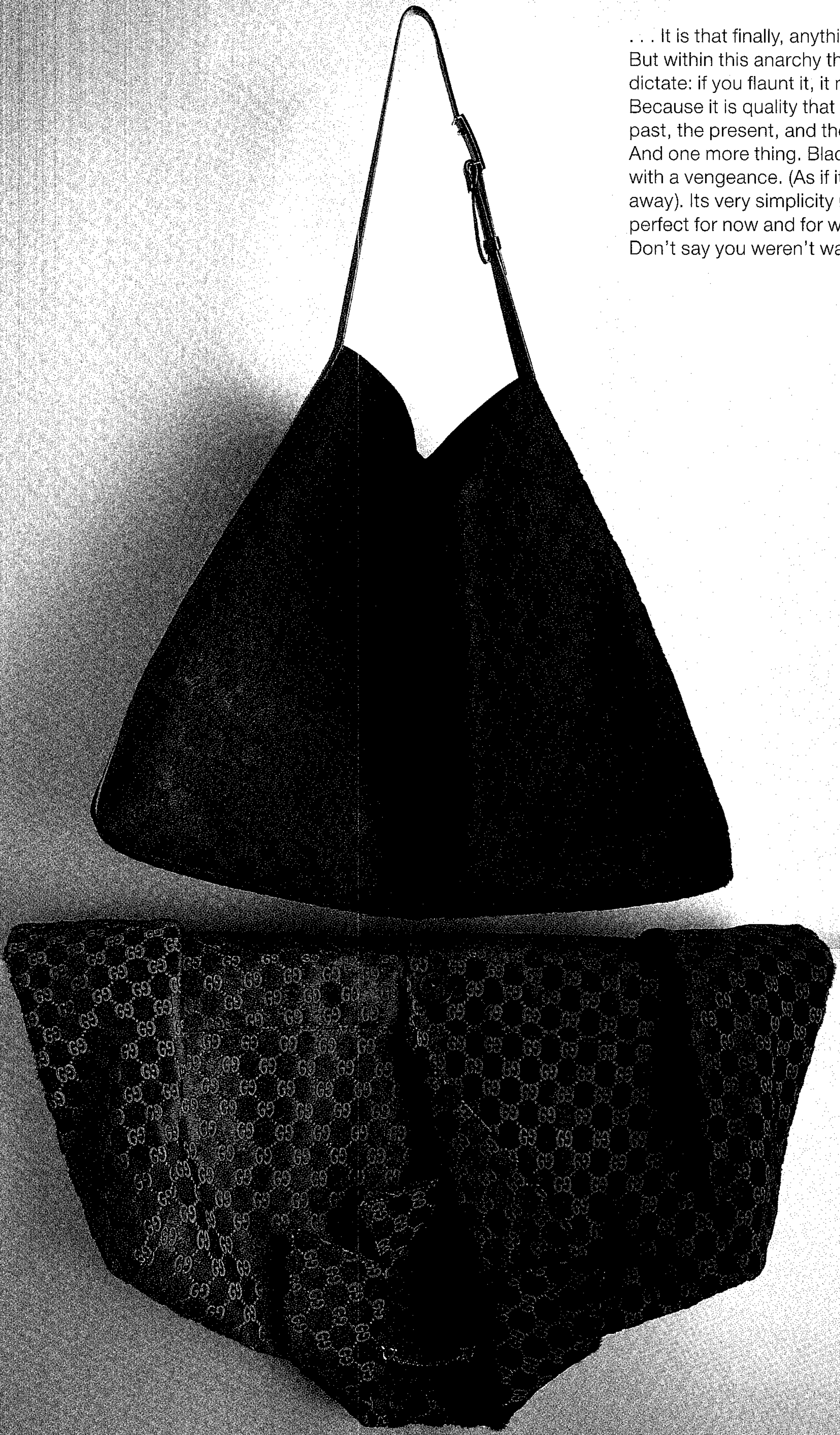

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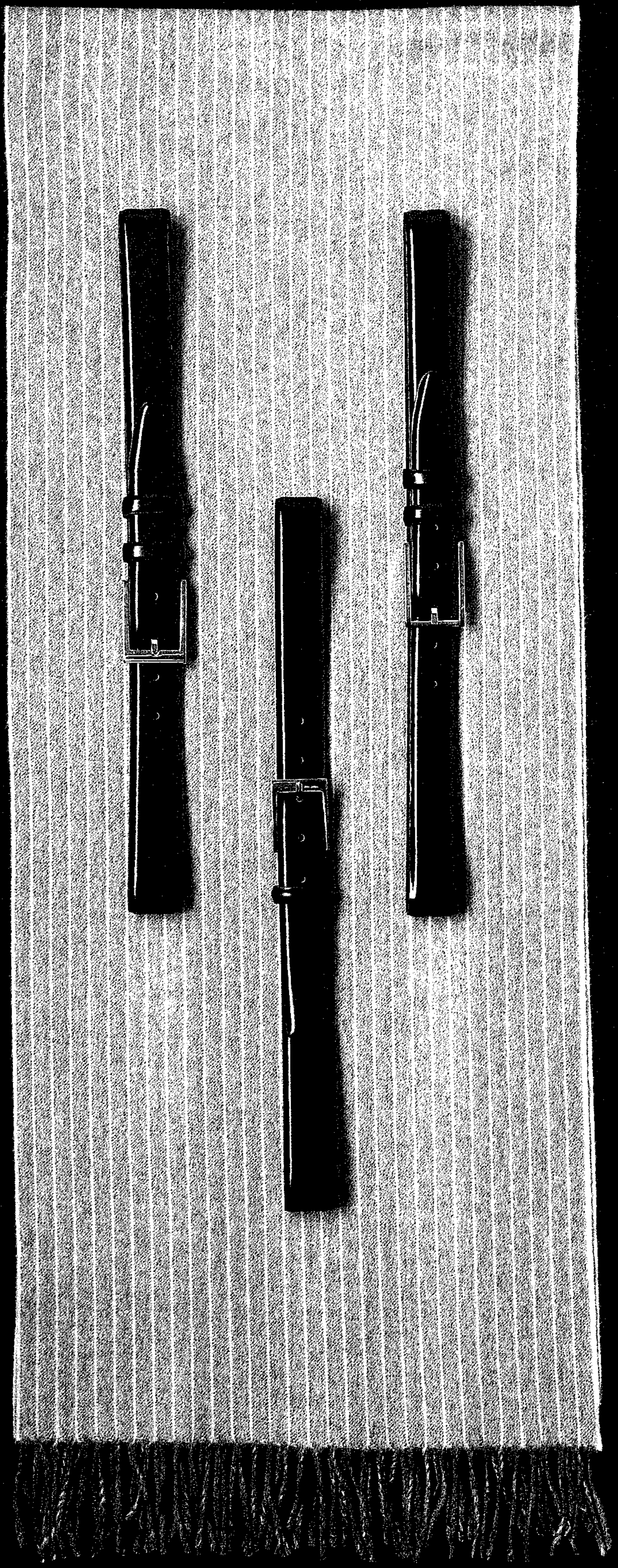

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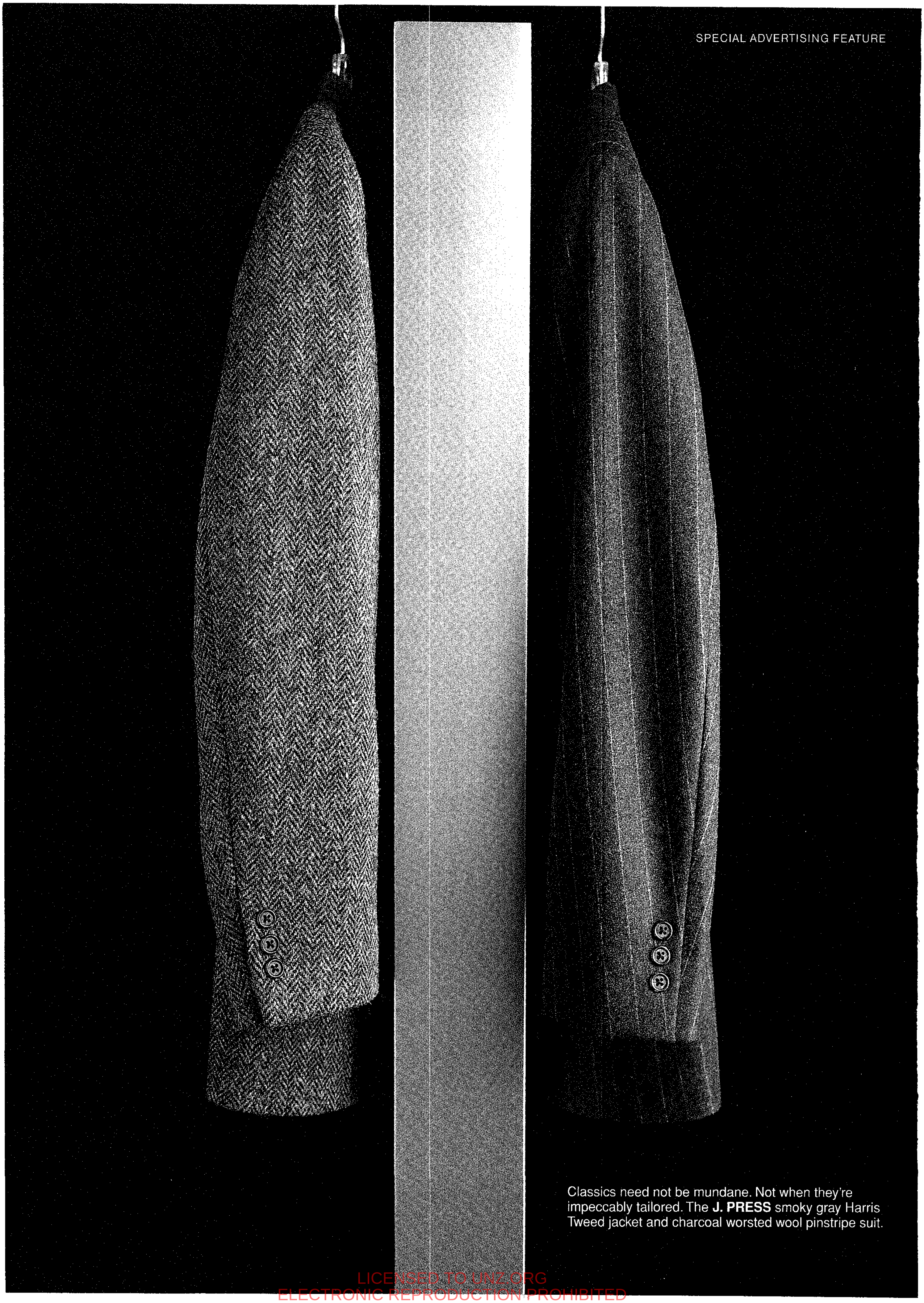

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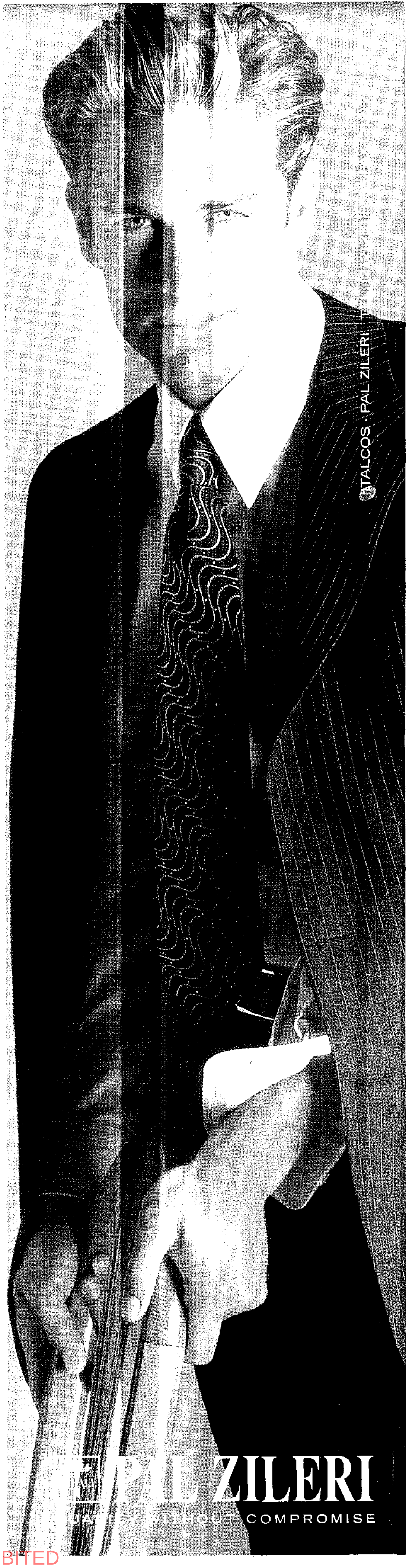
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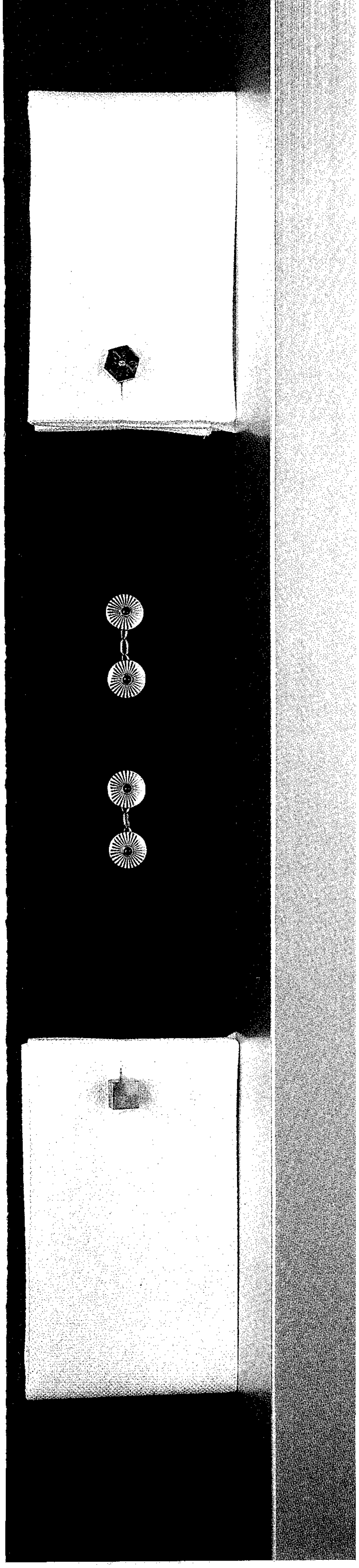
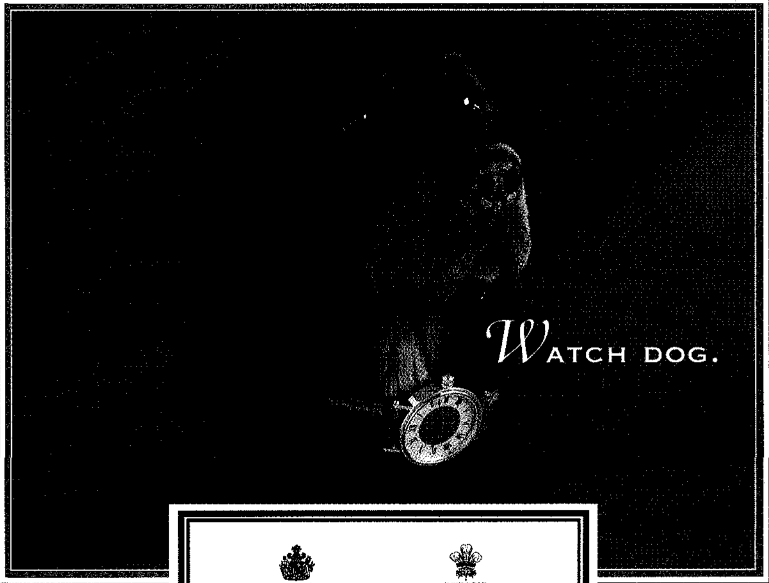
Accessorized stylishness, all in black as rich as onyx. *Clockwise from left*: **CROUCH & FITZGERALD** glazed calfskin shoulder bag; **HARTMANN**'s Linker laptop tote with washable oxford lining, and the Interfacer, both full-grain leather with matte silver hardware; Crouch & Fitzgerald's sleek handbag.

"Cuff links are pieces of miniature art," says Janet Mavec, founder of **J. MAVEC & CO.**, whose vintage cuff links are, *from top right*: Art Deco amethyst cuff links, set in platinum, gold, and diamonds, c. 1925; engraved fourteen-carat gold and guilloché enamel cuff links, c. 1900; Tiffany & Co.-signed checkerboard studs in eighteen-carat white and yellow gold. A snappy choice to show them off is a custom-made, handtailored, white cotton oxford shirt with French cuffs from **ASHLEY DORMEUIL.**





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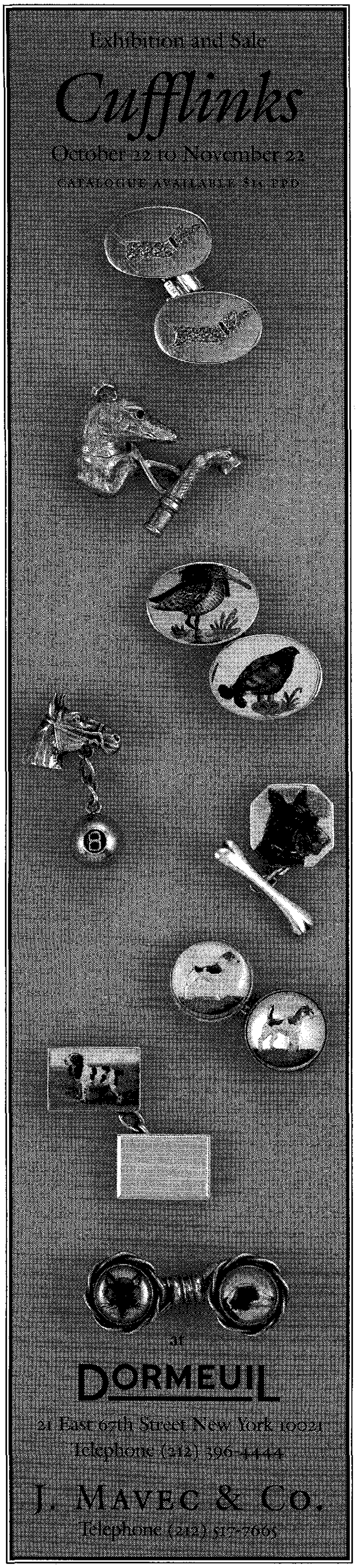

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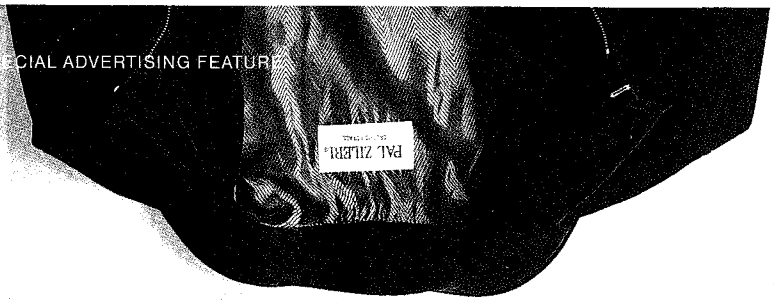

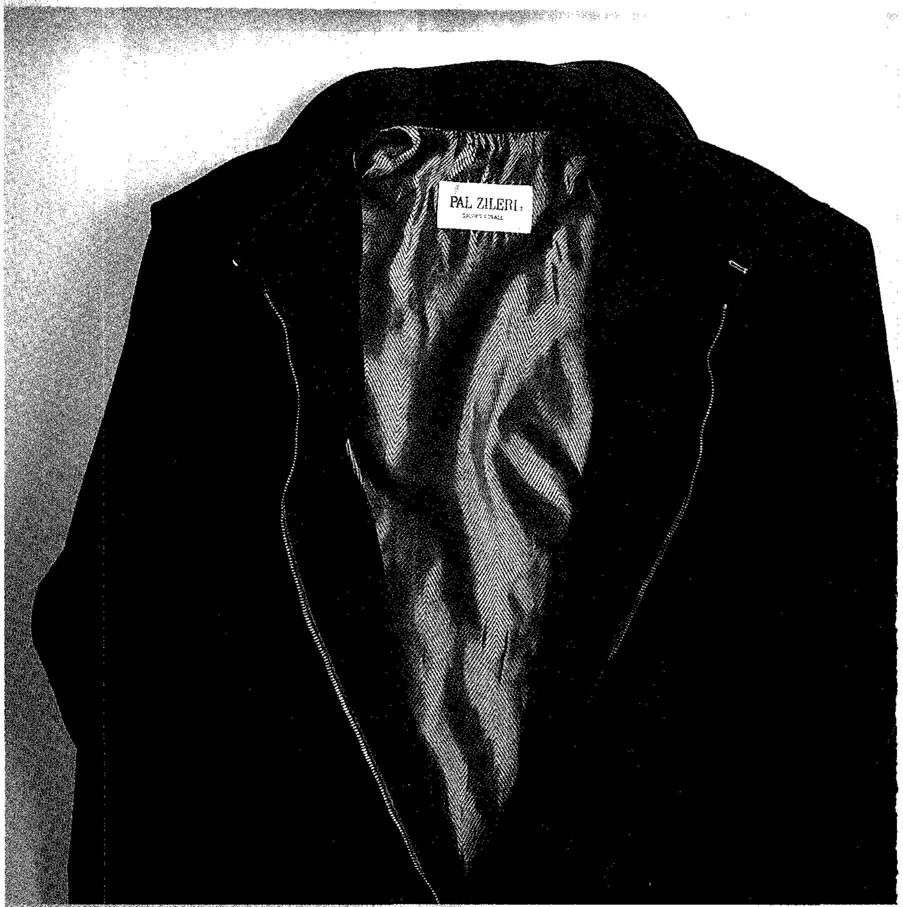

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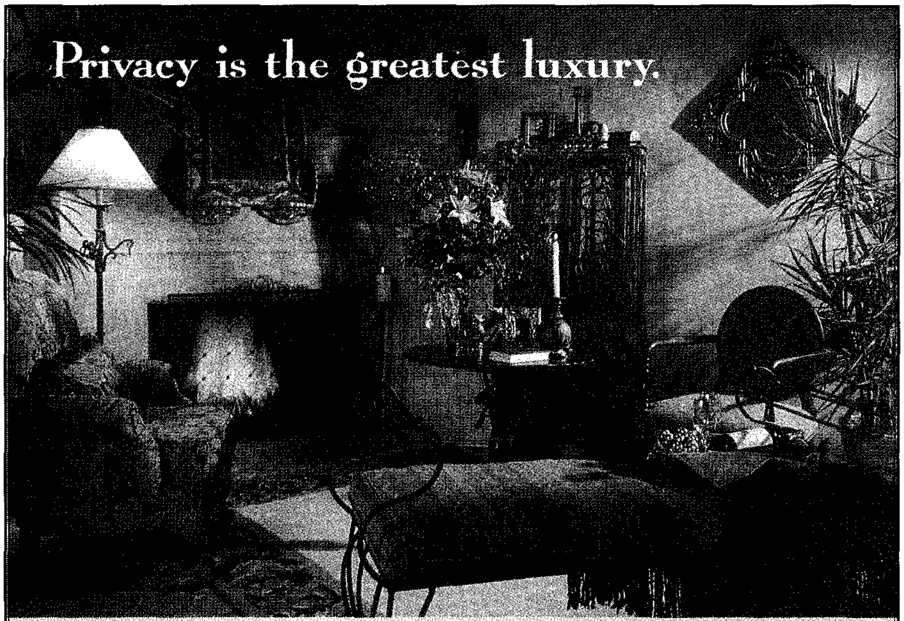
PAUL STUART Madison Avenue (45th St.), New York, 212.682.0320; John Hancock Center, 875 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL, 312.640.2650 the pattern was an object, and try to pick it up. Or they might think it's a hole in the floor," Deely said as she mimed an elderly patient stepping gingerly to avoid each pattern. "That might make it very difficult to walk there."

WOODSIDE is by no means perfect. Hoglund concedes that he made plenty of mistakes—mostly because the facility was the first of its kind—and he has tried to correct them in subsequent designs. He regrets, for example, having put the main doorway in full sight of the bank of corridor windows. The residents are drawn to it when they see visitors coming into the building, and they approach the door and try to get out, only to find that they can't. It's an unfortunate source of frustration. He also thinks that he should have differentiated the three houses more clearly. Alzheimer's patients need a lot of help finding their way back to their own rooms, and the color differences between the houses are too subtle to serve as a guide. What tends to happen is that a resident knows where his room is, relative to the other rooms off his hallway, but he goes to the wrong house. "At this point, there are probably two or three people in the wrong room," Deely told me when I visited. (In a similar facility in Maryland that Hoglund designed recently, he made the houses as distinct as possible. One, the Baltimore House, is decorated in Federal style, with a brick courtyard and a sundial. A second, the Eastern Shore House, is decorated with contemporary furniture. The third, the Carroll County House, has a strong rural theme and an herb garden in the back.)

Hoglund adds that he'd change the position of the bathroom in each bedroom, to help resolve Woodside's chronic problem with incontinence. Right now the toilets aren't visible from the hallways, which is good, because it affords privacy for those who forget to close the door. But neither are the toilets visible from the beds, which is bad, since it would help if the residents had a reminder in the middle of the night of what a bathroom is for. Of course, there may be a limit to how many of the problems posed by Alzheimer's can be solved through intelligent design. "Our men pee a lot in the corners," Deely said ruefully. "What we really need to do is figure out how to design a building without corners." ♦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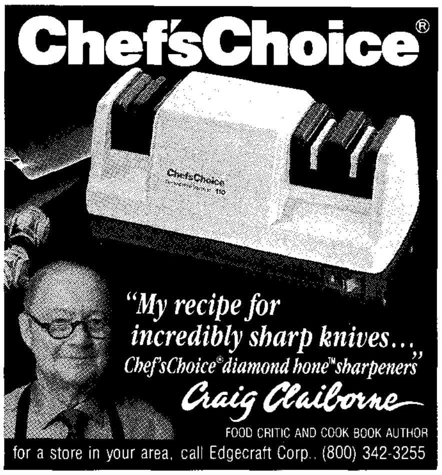
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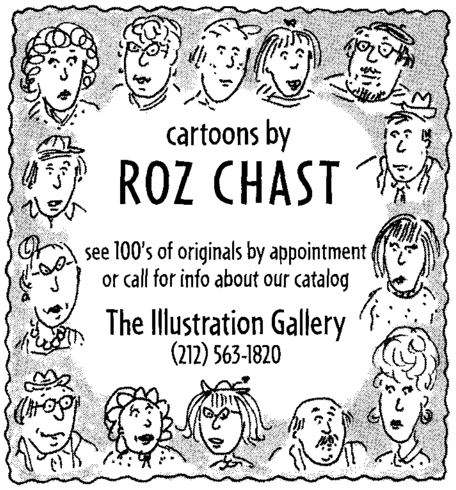
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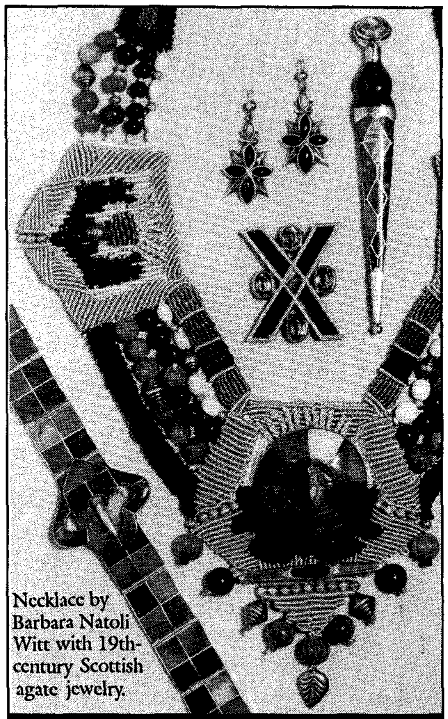

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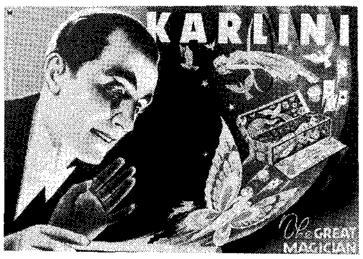

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THE NEXT FRONTIER

ONLY THE FAST SURVIVE

An E-mail exchange with Andrew S. Grove, the chairman and C.E.O. of Intel.

BY KEN AULETTA

GARY POWELL

INTEL, the computer-chip company that Andy Grove co-founded in 1968, manufactures the chips that are the brains of more than eighty per cent of all P.C.s. During the past decade, as Intel managed to double the speed of its chips every eighteen months, the company's revenues rose an average of thirty per cent annually—to twenty-one billion dollars last year. Last month, Intel stunned the high-tech community with its announcement that the memory of Intel chips would soon double at no extra cost. The company's dominance is such that the Federal Trade Commission is now looking into its hegemony. (A previous investigation was closed.) Recently, I conducted an E-mail interview with Grove about what is next for Intel and communications.

Q. Last year, you wrote a book, "Only the Paranoid Survive!," advancing the notion that a company must always be fearful of competitors. Is the future business model for communications companies predicated on more warfare or more competition?

A. What's the difference? Competition *is* warfare. Mostly, it is played by prescribed rules—there is sort of a Geneva Convention for competition—but it's tough and often brutal.

So, yes, the future of business being based on technology (which changes rapidly and gives new opportunity for renewed attacks) and being global in form (those attacks can come from any corner of the world) is going to be warlike.

Q. On a panel at the World Economic Forum in Switzerland last February, a telephone-company executive asked you to explain Intel's business plan for the Internet. With barely concealed contempt, you asked him, "Did Columbus have a business plan to reach the New World?" So you're just guessing at the future?

A. Well, "guessing at it" may be an overstatement. Or maybe it isn't. On any given day, those of us who work in the high-tech industry make decisions that are basically educated guesses about the future of technology and—equally important—about future market trends. Today, at Intel, we decide on building factories (or not) that will come on stream in 2000, or 2001. They will build products that our engineers are designing today. We are sizing those factories based on little more than guesswork that involves such things as market demand—in 2001!—for these products.

It seems crazy or irresponsible. But is there really another way? Those factories take three to four years to be built and get up and running. They will, by necessity, build new products. There is only one thing known about them: if we don't build those factories, those new products will not be built.

It's like that for Internet and telecom infrastructure, too. They deal with unknown and unknowable market demand for services. I just wish some of those industries were a bit more aggressive and optimistic about building their infrastructure, too.

Q. How is the Internet a boon, and a potential menace, to Intel's business?

A. The Internet means universal, global connectivity. It means

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As Sherlock Holmes once remarked to Watson, "you see, but you do not observe." Which, in a rather cogent nutshell, is the problem most of us face in the world of investments. Lacking both time and expertise, we're all too likely to blithely pass by all those luscious opportunities lurking in the bushes. How should the prudent investor respond? Seek wisdom. In the form of mutual fund managers who offer a rather spectacular track record. Interested? Permit us to provide you with a phone number. And, perhaps, a few potentially lucrative ideas.

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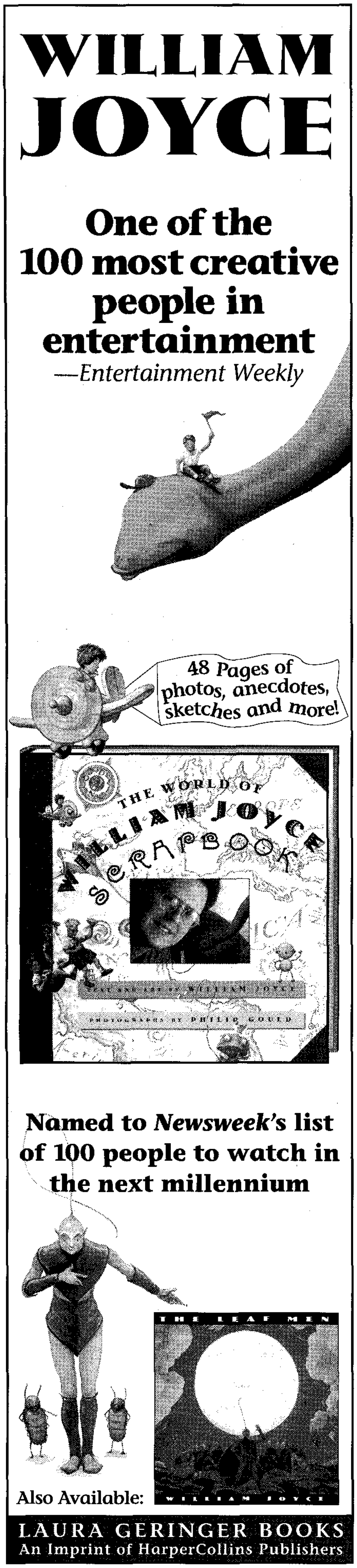

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that in a few years there will be a billion interconnected computers operating in the world. Such an incredible network will turn into a medium for everything—entertainment, commerce, medicine.

This picture means there will be a huge market for microprocessors. They will be needed in the billion computers, and in the servers, switches, and routers that make up the network. That's what we make, so this is good news. The fact that this network is universal means that all kinds of microprocessors can be used for all these purposes. That means more competition. That's the threat.

Q. You often speak of what you call the "strategic inflection points," the unforeseen threats companies must anticipate. What do you believe the next strategic inflection point is for Intel and the computer industry?

A. It's the Internet. It's the staggering need for reliability and ruggedness and security that such a network requires before we can entrust our commerce, our work, our medical records to it.

Q. Larry Ellison, of Oracle, and others believe that consumers will want cheaper computers—in the five-hundred-dollar price range—with the ability to pluck software off various networks, including the Internet. Do you believe that price will prompt consumers to embrace this carpool model? Or do you believe consumers want to drive their own souped-up car and will pay extra to own and control their own cool stuff?

A. Limited computers will be adopted broadly only if the software community stops developing new and attractive products. Until that happens, the industry will be driven by a demand for the new.

Having said that, I think it is worthwhile to experiment with what can be done by simpler, network-connected devices. It will be years before they become popular, if they ever do, and using those years to develop expertise in them is worthwhile.

Q. If Ellison is right in his guess, what happens to Intel and its expensive, souped-up chips or microprocessors?

A. They move into the servers. Computational needs are driven by the application. Where the data is stored doesn't really impact the need for powerful microprocessors—somewhere. If computation becomes more servercentric, servers will need to be beefed up. We'll hope to be supplying those beefed-up chips.

Q. Such apostles of the Internet as George Gilder argue that companies like Intel and Microsoft represent the past, and that the emerging battle in information technology is between those who wish to control the desktop and those who wish to use the Internet as a mass-transit system to liberate citizens from expensive chips and software. Do you feel like Marie Antoinette?

A. Well, I don't really know how she felt. I feel energized and motivated by the enormous change that we are engaged in. I scour the papers (and my computer) for the events of the day, every day, as we progress through these changes.

As for George, well, he is George. In 1984, he wrote a review of a book of mine. He predicted that Intel would be wiped up by Japanese microprocessors. We weren't. Then he wrote a book, called "Microcosm." In it he predicted that microprocessors will all be customized by systems designers. That didn't happen. Now he is merrily predicting a bunch of new things, unfettered by any accountability for his predictions. I envy you writers such a fairyland life. ♦

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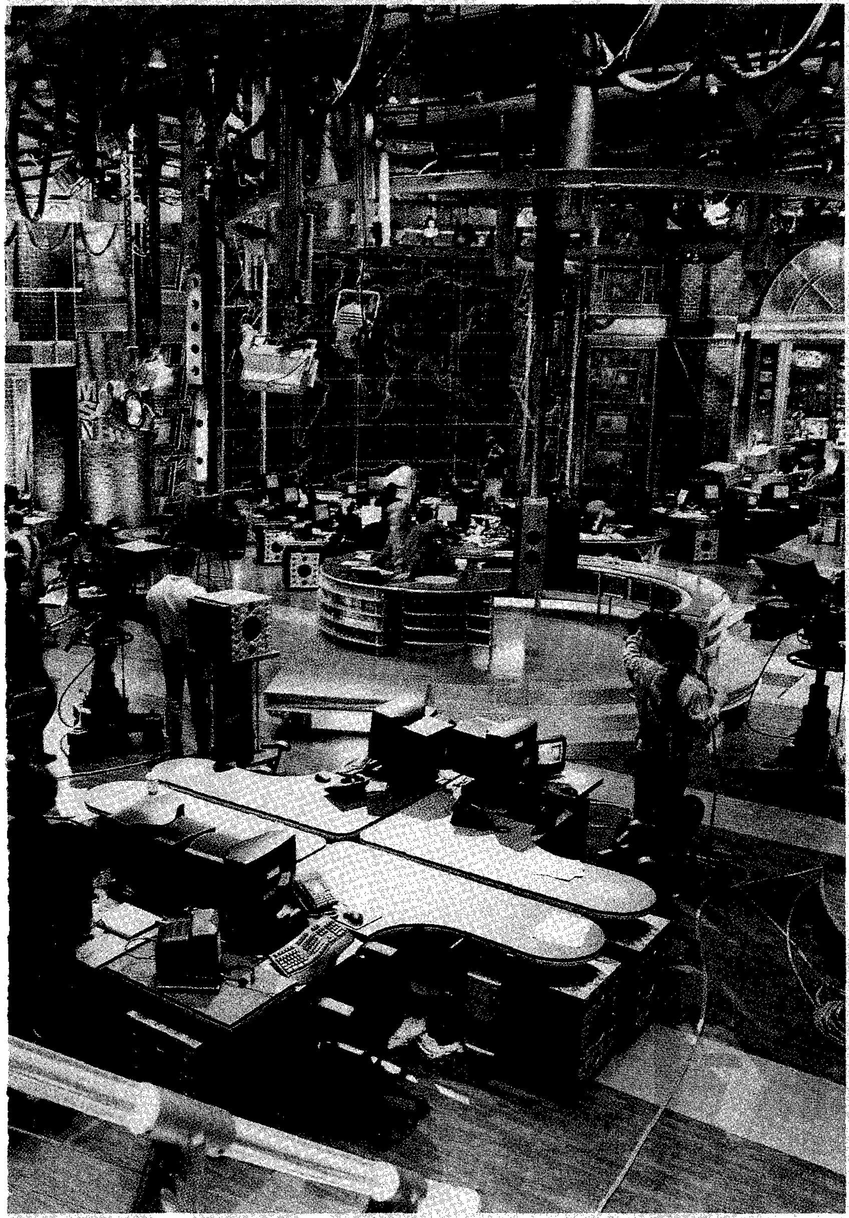

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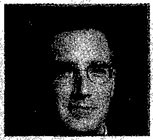

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THE NEXT MUSIC MOGUL

THE NEW NEGRO

As a rap star, she's the bomb. As a music-video producer, she's set a new style. Is Missy Elliott music's next transformer?

BY HILTON ALS

The New Negro is an inventive amalgamation of past and future trends that are indigenous to black American style. Generally, the New Negro—who is "new" every decade or so—is female, a woman who considers her marginal status a form of freedom and a challenge: she takes the little she has been given and transforms it into something complex, outrageous, and, ultimately, fashionable. She is outrageous because no one cares what she does—until, that is, she begins to make money. Missy (Misdemeanor) Elliott, the twenty-five-year-old hip-hop performer who is energetically redefining the boundaries of rap music, is a singer, a songwriter, an arranger, a producer, and a talent scout. Six months ago, few people outside the music industry had heard of her; six months from now, it will be necessary to pretend that you've known about Missy Elliott for years. She is the biggest and blackest female rap star that Middle America has ever seen. She is the latest incarnation of the New Negro.

I first met Missy Elliott last June, in the waiting room at WPGC-FM, a D.C. soul station. She was there to promote the release of her début solo album, "Supa Dupa Fly," and, in characteristic Missy Elliott fashion, she had dressed for the occasion—in a red-and-yellow baseball jersey, bright-yellow vinyl overalls, a bright-yellow vinyl jacket, and brown Timberland boots. Her hair was styled in crisp finger waves close to her head, like tiny black ribbons, and her fingernails, two inches long, were varnished white. But there was no publicist or receptionist to greet her. On the wall above the reception desk were a number of shabby, poster-size black-and-white photographs of the station's disk jockeys, their hair and teeth celebrity-bright, which did nothing to dispel the forlorn atmosphere. She looked around and reduced the dim room and the station's lack of amenities to a weary expletive: "Damn."

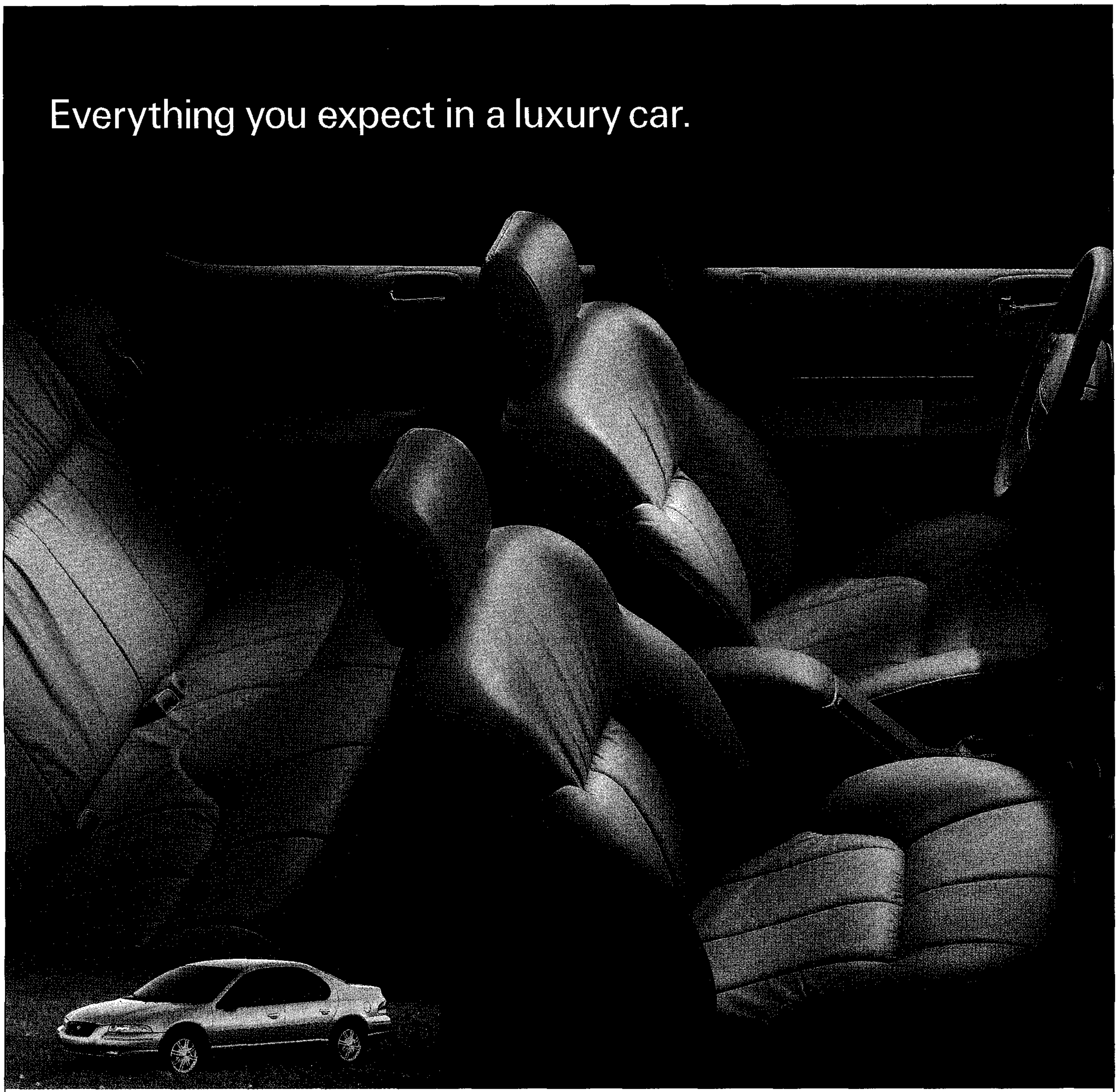
"Missy is one of the sharpest businesswomen I've come up against," an industry executive says. Photograph by Max Vadukul.

Missy had arrived with three people in tow: her cousin Malik, who is as tall and lanky as Missy is short and round; Rene McLean, a rap promoter from the Elektra Entertainment Group; and Keisha, a pretty young black woman who is a third of the girl group Total. As is often the case in Missy's professional circle, exactly who was promoting whom wasn't initially clear.

WPGC was Missy's final guest appearance that day; earlier, she had publicized her album at three record stores and another radio station in the Washington area, and she had been greeted in all those places with considerable fanfare. ("Yo, it was dope," Keisha said, chewing gum as she smiled her most seductive girl-group smile.) In an effort to generate a little of that excitement at WPGC, Missy dispatched Rene to find Tigger, the host of the program she was supposed to appear on. Then she announced that Keisha would be interviewed on Tigger's show, too: less airtime for "Supa Dupa Fly," maybe, but more exposure for another Missy project: she had co-produced and co-written a number of tracks on Total's yet-to-be-released album.

Malik returned with Tigger, and in short order Missy, sitting opposite Keisha in the control booth, was introducing her to WPGC's listening audience. She then took calls from her fans—whom she addressed as Baby, Boo, or Go-Go Head—while autographing her way through a stack of eight-by-ten black-and-white glossies. Even four months ago—before she appeared on David Letterman, before the MTV Video Music Awards, before her record went gold—Missy's unorthodox blend of personal confidence, professional generosity, and entrepreneurial spirit were in ample evidence. After signing off, Missy talked about the lyrics she'd written for her song "The Rain," which was already on its way to becoming a hit: "One minute I'm talking about weed, the next minute I'm talking about a man—like that. Closer to life and closer to how my mind works." She walked into a WPGC conference room and sat down, her oversized yellow overalls ballooning up around her. "I don't want to be oh-so-brag-about-it, but 'The Rain' is hot," she said with a shy laugh, her almond-shaped eyes closing up tight. Then she made the comment that would become her mantra in the coming weeks: "We give our music a futuristic feel. I don't make music or videos for 1997—I do it for the year 2000."

In the nineteen-sixties, when Diana Ross was with the Supremes, she was a superb New Negro. When she sang, she did so much more than just sing: she shrugged her shoulders, bugged her eyes, and bopped her big head on her skinny neck. When she sang "Where Did Our



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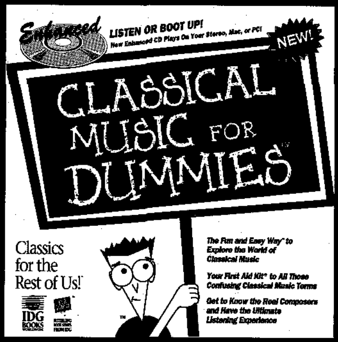

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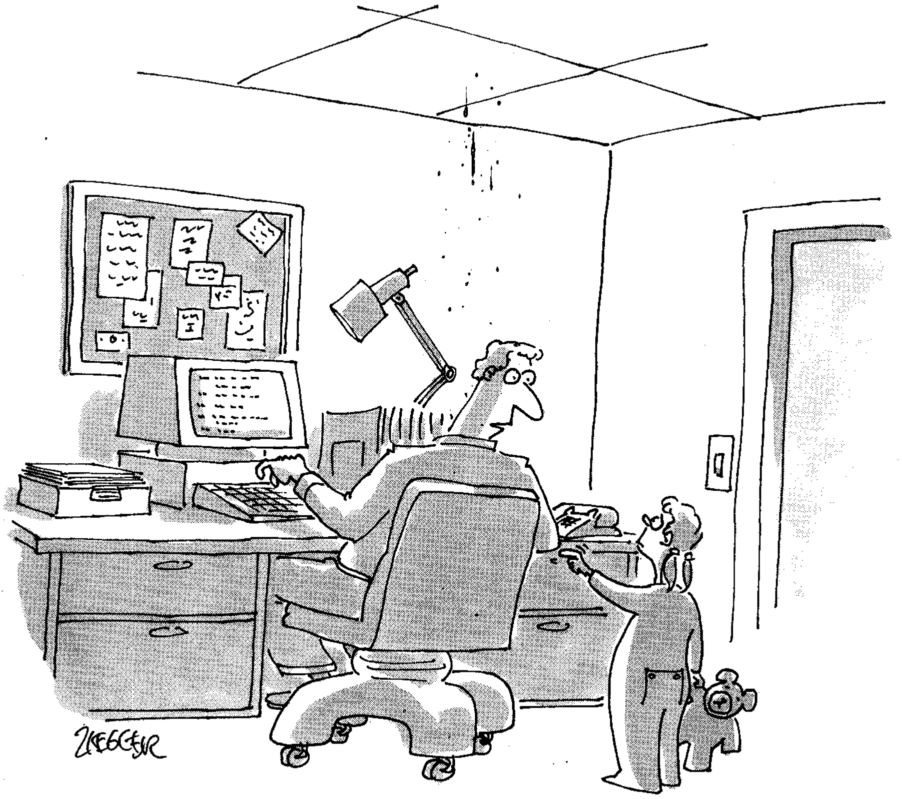
Love Go?" she looked as though she were having a very controlled, elegant freak-out. Then, in the seventies, the Pointer Sisters clunked around in Andrews Sisters wedgies and Ruby Keeler shorts, while waving little American flags and singing riffs from "Swanee" with a great deal of energy and irony. In the eighties, the disco diva Grace Jones not only intoned that she could feel like a woman while "looking like a man" but also, in her extended video "One Man Show," resurrected Dietrich's "Blonde Venus" ape suit, with its racist overtones. In 1997, Missy Elliott is the New Negro of hip-hop.

"WOMEN in rap, it's the same as it ever was—they come and go," Sharee, a New York d.j., told me. "Back in the day, in the nineteen-eighties, they were cute and sexy. Now they're cute and sexy and mad about something. They don't last, because they work one gimmick—their sex appeal—and that doesn't last long. Think Marilyn Monroe talking in rhyme, and you have a pretty good idea of the way most female rappers go." But Missy Elliott has not only avoided the prevailing stereotypes of the music-video industry; she has spent the last few months bringing the industry around to her style of dance, costume, and song. "She slowed down rap—she took chances," Jac Benson, a senior producer at MTV, says. "She opened the door for other sounds." As for Missy's lyrics, they are about her internal world—not the material world of money, jewels, and men—and in her video she has managed to catapult herself beyond the clichéd horny-boy images of girls in Jacuzzis chugalugging champagne. Instead, she has capitalized on the hip aesthetic that Sly Stone founded in the late nineteen-sixties, when he developed a persona that managed to retain a hard-edged black sound without making white listeners feel hopelessly unhip. Missy told me that she wants her work to show "where black folks are from, and where we're going."

In the video "The Rain," her hair, which fits her like a cap, is reminiscent of the marcelled coiffure that Duke Ellington sported in the forties and fifties. In some shots, she wears an inflated black patent-leather suit and black sunglasses attached to a rhinestone headpiece—a look that the Whitney Museum curator Thelma Golden has described as "cyber mammy." In another sequence, she moves toward the camera wearing a lime-green outfit and oversized yellow-framed glasses, jerking her arms up and down and proclaiming, "I'm supa dupa fly!"



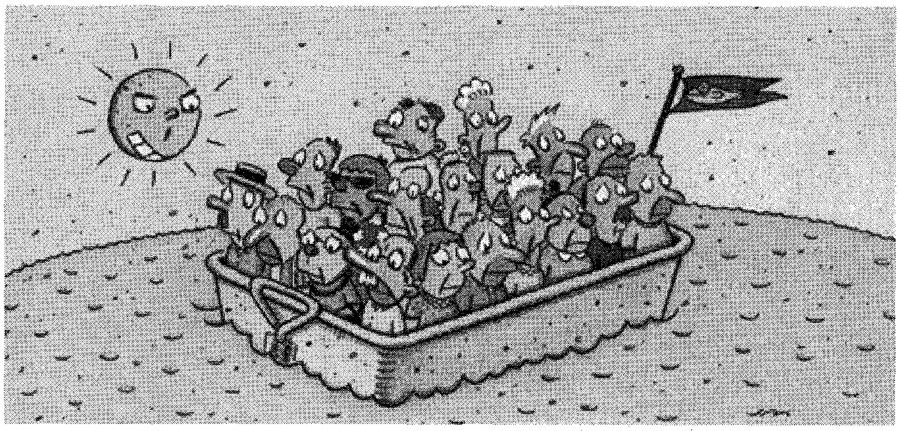
"Honey, please don't talk to Daddy when he's in a chat room."

Missy's little dance looks like an accelerated version of Walter Brennan's "dead bee" hop-and-skip walk in "To Have and Have Not." In another shot, her lips and eyes are "morphed," or enlarged. Features once made grotesque by racist caricaturists are celebrated by this New Negro: exaggerations of physiognomy are an aspect of her style.

In another "Rain" clip, Missy is chanting—her warm, rich voice layered against the song's background track, the soul classic "I Can't Stand the Rain"—"I feel the wind/Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten/Nine, ten / Begin/I sit on hills like Lauryn until the rain starts comin' down, pourin'." Sitting on a near-psychedelic grassy knoll and running her fingers through a straight-haired wig she's wearing, she's a caricature of the Little Bo-Peep white girl. "We wanted to make fun of the ways record companies try to make black women look white," Missy has said. "Fake hair, fake music."

Missy conceived of "The Rain" video together with the black music-video director Hype Williams, who has also directed the rap stars Busta Rhymes and the late Tupac Shakur. Both Missy and Williams were aware that for many viewers the video would provide a way into her music. "Videos are the most valuable tool for selling songs," says Gina Harrell, who heads Elektra's video-production department. "Until they saw the video, radio programmers didn't understand 'The Rain.' She taught people how to move to the track. And Hype was able to pull out the core of Missy—the performance artist." It was only after radio programmers and the general public saw Missy dancing that her position as a New Negro icon was established. After all, the idea that "it's a ten because you can dance to it" didn't go out with "American Bandstand." "The Rain" has inspired a score of imitations since its release—some of them directed by Hype Williams himself. "I wanted the video to look avant-garde, so white people could get into it, too," Missy told me. "And if I lose cool points with other rappers 'cause I don't want my sound and look to be about one thing, then I lose cool points."

MELISSA ELLIOTT was born in Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1972, a year before "I Can't Stand the Rain" was first recorded and released. As an only child, Missy, as she was called by her



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As for the poem the Adorable One slipped into your pocket,
Which began, "I think continually about us, the superhuman, how
We fly around saying, 'Hi, I'm So-and-So, and who are you?,' "
It has been years since you bothered to read it. But now
In this lavender light under the shade of the pines the time
Seems right. The dust of a passion, the dark crumble of images
Down the page are all that remain. And she was beautiful,
And the poem, you thought at the time, was equally so.
The lavender turns to ash. The clouds disappear. Where
Is she now? And where is that boy who stood for hours
Outside her house, learning too late that something is always
About to happen just at the moment it serves no purpose at all?

—MARK STRAND

family, amused herself by lining up her dolls—"Baby Alive, G.I. Joe, whatever"—and singing to them. Her parents' marriage was an unhappy one, and when Missy was fourteen they separated. She and her mother have lived together in Portsmouth ever since.

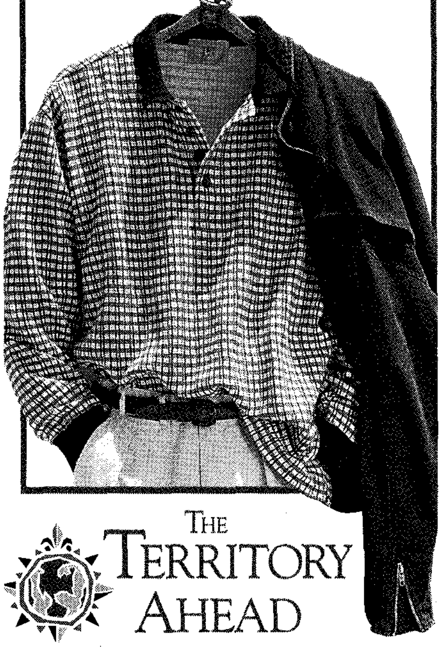
A solitary and industrious teen-ager, she helped form a singing group with three other neighborhood girls. The group's first name was Fay Z; then it became Sista. "Missy always wanted to be up there," her mother, who works as a dispatcher at an electric company, recalls. "As a little girl, she would ask me to bring home stamps, for all these letters she was writing. The letters would be returned, and I'd see that she'd written to Diana Ross, and whatnot."

Sista began performing at local talent shows and local colleges, and in 1992 attracted the attention of Devante, a member of the popular singing group Jodeci, by waylaying him at a concert. When Devante signed Sista ("We had long-ass weaves, we was a mess," Missy recalls), Missy was twenty. She and another neighborhood friend, Tim Mosley, who went by the name of Timbaland, had written many of the songs that the group performed. Sista eventually dissolved, but Timbaland and Missy are still partners.

Their songwriting process has been the same for years: first, they create the basic tracks (often incorporating samples from soul classics like "Pass the Dutchie"). "Then I'll sit down," Missy says. "He may go to the movies, the mall, or something. And I sing the whole song, background and all." The work grows out of a variety of musical genres—reggae, rap, R. & B. ballads—but its basis and primary influence is soul music, ranging from Rick James's "Super Freak" to black-exploitation-movie soundtracks like Curtis Mayfield's "Superfly." By 1995, Missy and Timbaland were writing songs for the hottest acts in R. & B., from Aaliyah to Ginuwine, and were on their way to becoming a latter-day Ashford and Simpson.

"WHEN people say the music business, they mean the producer business," Jac Benson told me. "Producers, not artists, are the ones who really get to control an artist's over-all sound and message." And Missy recognized that very early. Unlike most performers, who first struggle to succeed as solo artists before they turn to producing, Missy did the reverse. Her experience with Devante turned out to be a bad one—Sista had made a record and then waited for years, in vain, for it to be released—and she was determined not to repeat it. "I didn't want to just be an artist and let someone else have all that control over *me*," she said. "I knew I would have to produce."

In fact, Missy's potential as a solo artist and video presence didn't become evident until last year, when her now signature "hee haw" rap for Gina Thompson's remix of "The Things You Do" was showcased in the video. "Gina's song was the ice-cream sundae," the hip-hop impresario Fab Five Freddy told me. "Missy's rap was the cherry on top." In contrast to the funky bubblegum ballads she'd written for groups like SWV and 702, Missy's raps were sharp



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Insider's London...

& Britain Beyond the Thames

By David Butwin

London rules the waves. In fashion and design, in theater, art, architecture, and music, in the breadth of its restaurants, it has no peers these days. And to savvy travelers, there is no better time to experience London than in the alleged off-season from late fall to early spring. As always, Keats' "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness" promises lowered air fares and hotel rates. It's also an opportunity to enjoy London, released of summer's crush, in its true colors, a chance to get in step with the British as they relish the best of the in-season. Maybe it means hitting the midwinter circuit of art fairs, or catching a pre-Christmas Dickensian weekend in Rochester, and surely this year it will mean visiting and reflecting on the sights we last identified with Diana.

If you veer away from London, sparks and substance await you in Edinburgh and Glasgow, Oxford and Cambridge, Manchester and Birmingham, and the countryside between. Whatever turf you cover, you will feel the buzz even before your plane touches down on the scepter'd (and seldom wintry) isle.

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The Prime Minister

For almost a decade British Prime Ministers have contributed to a yearly special feature in *The New Yorker*. I am privileged to continue the tradition for this year's supplement emphasising London and the Best of Britain.

Every year Britain receives tourists from all over the world, but from America particularly. More than three million Americans visit the U.K. on vacation each year, many of them for the second or third time. Both first-time visitors and our faithful return visitors associate Britain and London with history, culture and unending opportunities for sightseeing. But we have a great future as well as a great history: Britain is modern, entrepreneurial, and increasingly successful in business, science, and entertainment of all kinds.

Close relationships and our shared language draw Americans to Britain, as do the U.K.'s traditions and famous shops. Our lively cities and tranquil countryside provide complementary attractions. The business world looks to Great Britain and the City of London as the financial capital of Europe. New York's Wall Street and the City of London share leadership in the world foreign exchange markets, the powerhouses of international finance. Both are great entities within their own right.

London and New York are also wonderful places for those who appreciate architecture, new and old. From Buckingham Palace to the New York Public Library, London's Canary Wharf to the World Trade Center, both cities are enriched by some of the finest buildings in the world.

Transatlantic travel has never been easier or more reasonable. For those familiar with Great Britain, I hope you return to refresh your memories of past vacations—revisit favourite haunts, take in the new scenes. For those visiting for the first time, the variety of the country and the people are sure to capture your hearts, and bring you back again. There is always so much to do and see.

We look forward to welcoming you all.

Tony Blair

Frippery and Fare

Part of the buzz has to do with the cuisine. From the days when dining didn't extend much beyond the roast beef trolley at Simpson's and steak and kidney pie at the corner pub, London now sends visitors home scribbling lists of the best and newest restaurants.

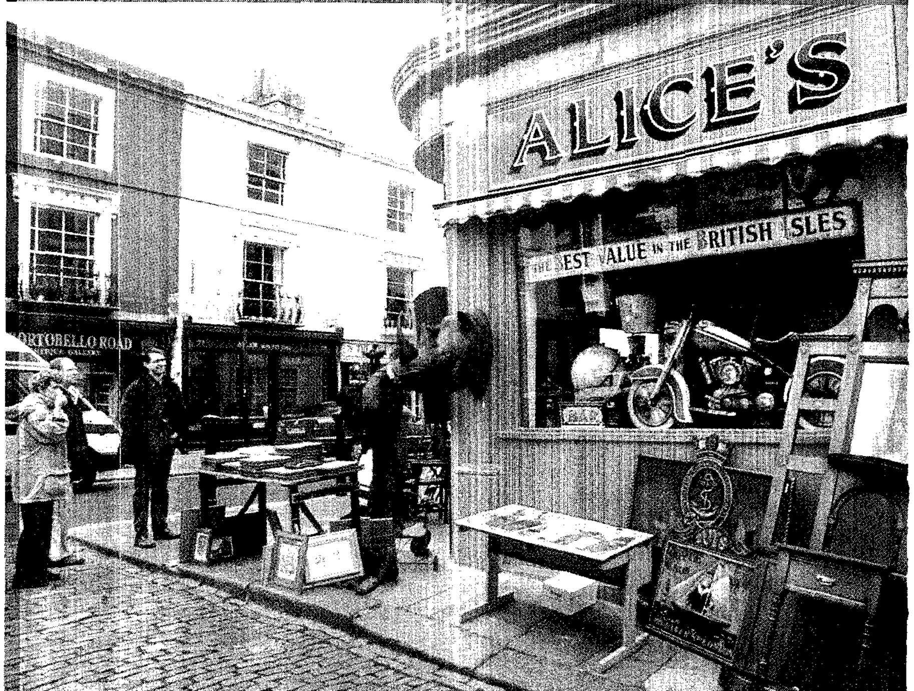
Like New York, London is a patchwork of distinct neighborhoods or villages and one sure way to get acquainted is to eat your way through these enclaves. Notting Hill is such a place. This colorful and trendy nabe, set off by Portobello Road, is rife with antique shops (and roiling Saturday market). And sprouting on its side streets are art galleries, cafés, music studios, and a gaggle of restaurants favored by creative London types. If there's a HQ for this crowd of writers, video directors, painters, photographers, and musicians it's "192," a restaurant and wine bar at 192 Kensington Park Road.

Notting Hill also appeals to the passionate shopper—Portobello Green for fashion and Westbourne Grove between Ledbury and Portobello Road for home furnishing emporiums such as Bill Amberg with all things leather including furniture, wallcoverings, and carpets any of which can be dyed to the color of your choice.

Pub food flourishes in youthful Camden Town. At the charged Engineer (65 Gloucester Avenue), Tamsin Olivier, daughter of Sir Lawrence, keeps her eclectic clientele happy with nineties pub grub like warm vegetable salad with Stilton and chestnuts and a devilish chocolate rum cake. Sir Terence Conran, who proved big could be beautiful at Mezzo and Quaglino's, has outdone himself with the Bluebird in Chelsea. This former landmark nineteen-twenties auto garage has been transformed into a multi-purpose establishment, which houses an open-air fruit and vegetable market, kitchenware shop, deli, and café.

Londoners who know their food think nothing of dashing up to Oxfordshire (an hour away by train) for lunch or dinner at Le Manoir aux Quat'Saisons, the stylish manor house inn and restaurant seven miles from Oxford's meandering Isis. The food is French with an Asian accent (surrounding gardens provide much of the produce) and a tour of the grounds is a lovely finish.

Portobello Road Market: One of the many reasons to hit roiling Notting Hill.



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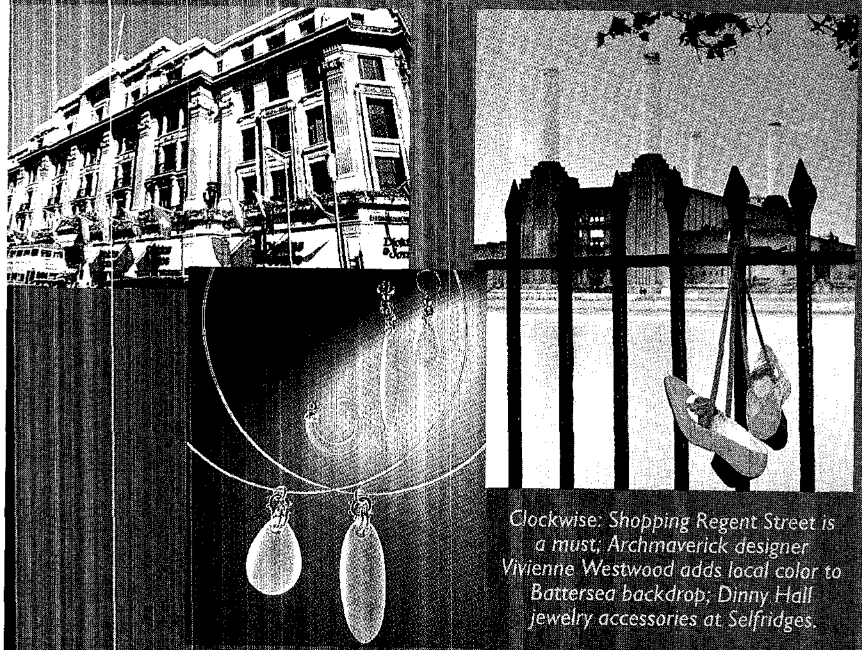

Clockwise: Shopping Regent Street is a must; Archmaverick designer Vivienne Westwood adds local color to Battersea backdrop; Dinny Hall jewelry accessories at Selfridges.

Fall and winter in London mean not having to elbow your way through some of the greatest museums and galleries on earth. From October 24th through February 1st, Edinburgh portraitist Sir Henry Raeburn's works (1756-1823) will be on display at the National Portrait Gallery. (In the museum's newly Piers Gough-designed early twentieth-century gallery, a revolutionary hanging technique enables art to be suspended under a sinuously curved ceiling—another clear example that British design ingenuity reigns.) Or follow Londoners to the Royal Academy of Arts in Piccadilly. Already one of the most beautiful galleries in Europe, the Academy has lately been invested with resplendent uses of glass and light designed by the esteemed architect Sir Norman Foster. Through December 28th, an exhibition entitled "Sensation" will celebrate the exuberantly humorous and forthright paintings, sculpture, video, photography, and ready-made objects of forty young internationally acclaimed British artists.

One of the beauties of autumn travel is the chance to participate in novel events and celebrations mostly known to Britons themselves. The pyrotechnic extravaganza in Battersea Park on November 9th is best viewed from Blackfriars or Waterloo Bridge. For the rural

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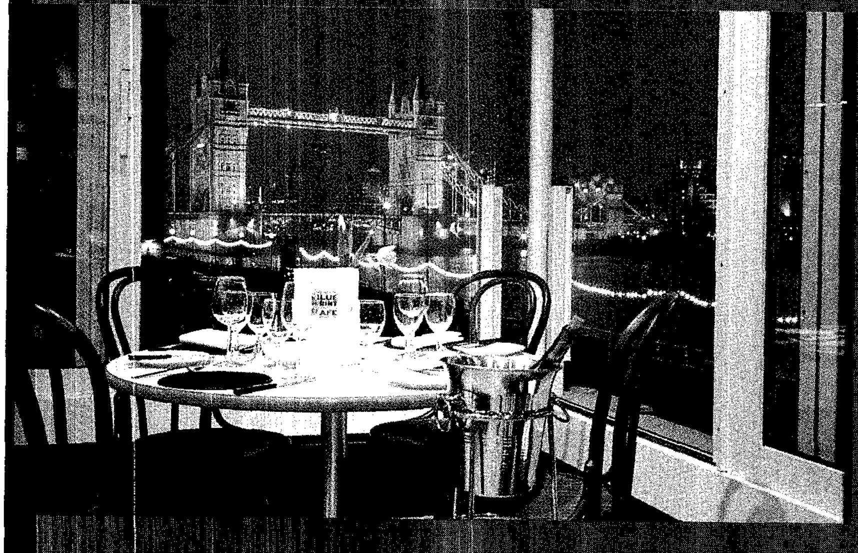

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Debenhams and Marks & Spencer selling interpretations of the latest designer fashions at affordable prices. On Oxford Street, Selfridges has introduced seventeen British designers to its jewelry department. Brompton Cross, where Chelsea runs into Kensington, is showing some of London's latest fashion flourishes at such shops as Tokio, which carries Stella McCartney's lacy slipdress designs, and Joseph, with its dark, well-cut business attire for men and women. Bond Street, which lost its luster in the eighties, has rebounded to become an avenue of smart international clothing outlets with such local designer showrooms as Nicole Farhi, noted for casual yet tailored women's wear.

Art on the Run

January also signals the midwinter art and antiques fair circuit. Drop in on the West London Antiques & Fine Arts Fair, January 8th through the 11th at Kensington Town Hall; the Fine Arts and Antiques Fair, February 24th through March 1st at Olympia National Hall on Hammersmith Road, or in Birmingham, the Antiques and Fine Arts Fair, which runs from January 14th through the 18th at the National Exhibition Centre.

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The Hon. Desmond Guinness, founder of the Irish Georgian Society, author, international lecturer and owner of the bluest eyes in Ireland, photographed with his granddaughter, London's most talked about new model, Jasmine Guinness, at Leixlip Castle, Co Kildare, on August 14, 1997. "We both love handmade English shirts," he says. "And Thomas Pink make the best."

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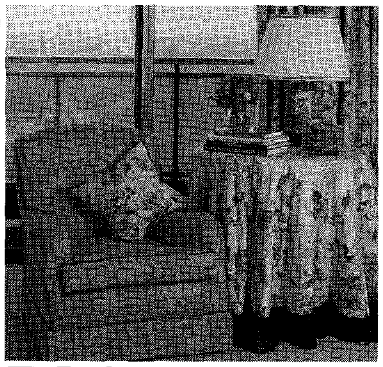

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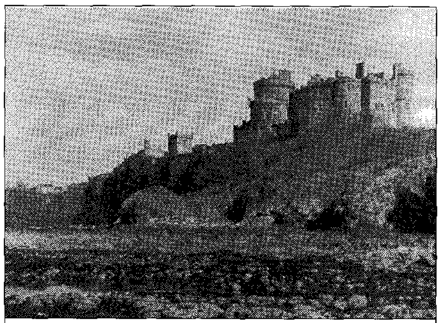

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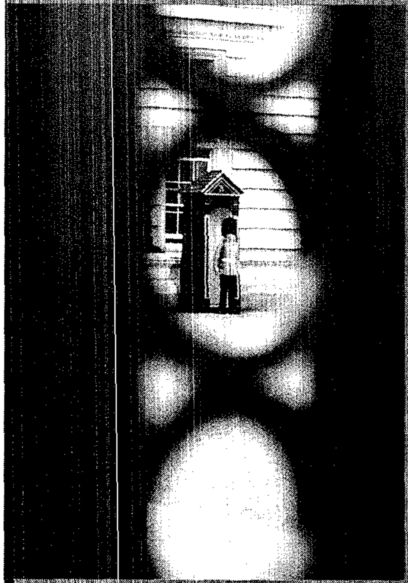


Changing point of view at Buckingham Palace?

All the City's a Stage

The play's still the thing in London. On October 21st, Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance" opens at the Theatre Royal Haymarket with Maggie Smith heading a vibrant cast that includes Eileen Atkins and John Standing.

"Maddie," a new British musical, arrives in the West End this fall with Summer Rognlie, Graham Bickley, Kevin Colson, and Lynda Baron. And Liam Neeson is slated to appear in a new David Hare play, "The Judas Kiss," after the first of the year at the Almeida Theatre in trendy Islington. At the Royal Court Theatre, loved by Londoners for its experimental productions, the always riveting playwright Caryl Churchill has opened a pair of one-act plays about separation and reunion called "Blue Heart," which is directed by the esteemed Max Stafford-Clark.

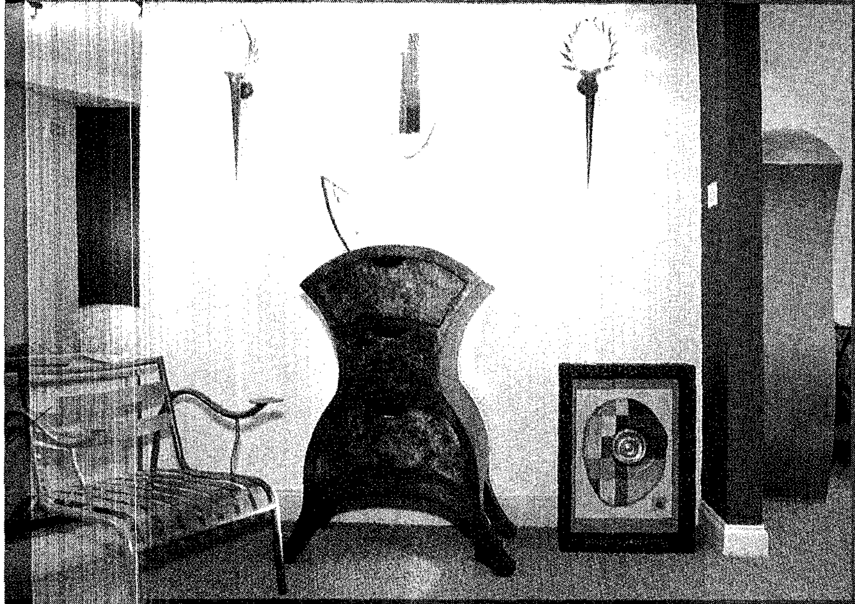
The discount ticket booth at Leicester Square is worth the queue, partly for the energy of the locale—jugglers, café life, pockets of cool Euroyouth. A smart ticket source on this side of the pond, in its tenth year of operation, also produces a useful newsletter—the London Theatre News (212-517-8608).

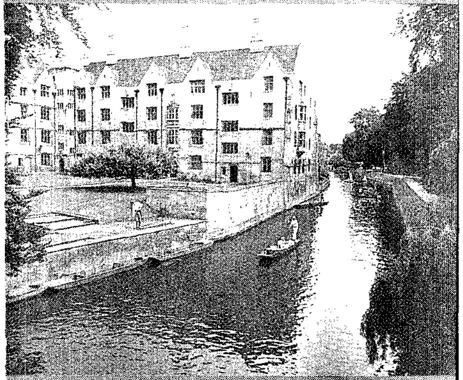
Jaunty Jaunts

Attention shoppers: If you time your trip right, you'll hit the January Sales when shops and specialty stores cut their prices by half or more. Londoners from all walks line up long before the doors open. You'll see liveried Rolls Royces idling along Oxford or Regent as master or mistress picks through the bargains at John Lewis, Liberty, or Austin Reed.

Tatty no more, the high street has come into its own throughout Britain, with old-reliable outlets like

Whether prowling the Design Co-operative. . .





Punting past King's College, Cambridge.

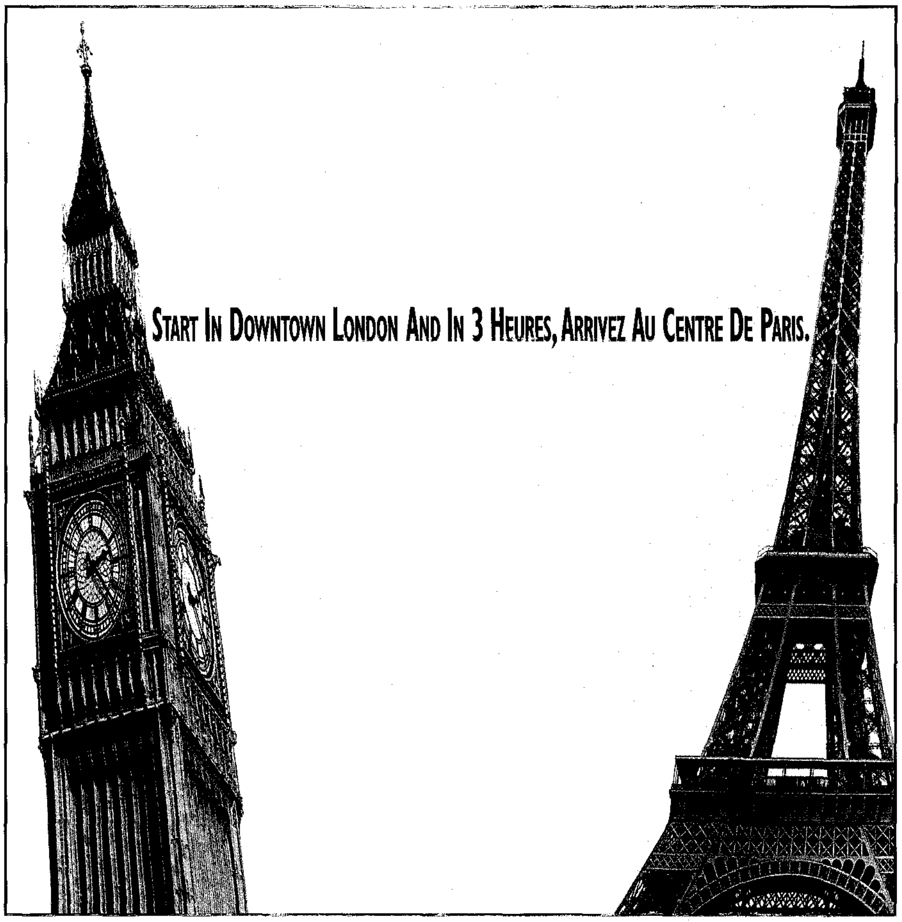
equivalent, a colorful carnival and procession will envelope the town of Bridgwater (November 6th) amongst the gentle hills and sandstone cottages of Somerset, a virtual northwest Connecticut for resettling actors and rock stars.

Beyond the Thames

Out in Cambridgeshire (an hour's train ride from Liverpool Street Station) no aeronautics aficionado or war buff should miss the American Air Museum at Duxford. The dazzling design of this enormous curved hangar with its glass façade provides idyllic environs for the American aircraft that flew countless missions out of England during WWII. Nearby Cambridge is absolutely on in the off-season: its college courtyards filled with undergraduates, market days held thrice weekly in a large square, and punts for hire on the Cam at Magdalene Bridge for a gentle journey past the sloping lawns called the Backs.

The northern metropolis of Manchester majors in music and art, from its famous Halle Orchestra, which performs in the eye-catching new Bridgewater Hall, to the Britpop groups that drive its burgeoning landscape of clubs and café bars often doubling as pubs and galleries.

Up in Scotland, you're guaranteed stateliness and charm in Edinburgh and revitalized vigor and glamour in Glasgow. Scottish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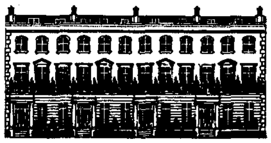

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culture is all the rage, and those melodic outpourings called ceilidihs (evenings of participatory music, singing, and dancing) are celebrated on the Renfrew Ferry, moored on the River Clyde in Glasgow. Your meanderings should also lead to the new Gallery of Modern Art, another triumph of British design. Formerly a Georgian banking hall, it is now devoted entirely to living artists. In this the 700th anniversary of the Battle of Stirling Bridge, there's more reason than ever to visit Stirling Castle, a scenic forty-minute train ride from Glasgow.

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through November 2 ■ (01753) 68173

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December 30-January 1 ■ (0131) 557 3990

Shakespeare Theatre Season
through January 1998 ■ (01789) 295623

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(England vs. Wales, part of five-nation series)
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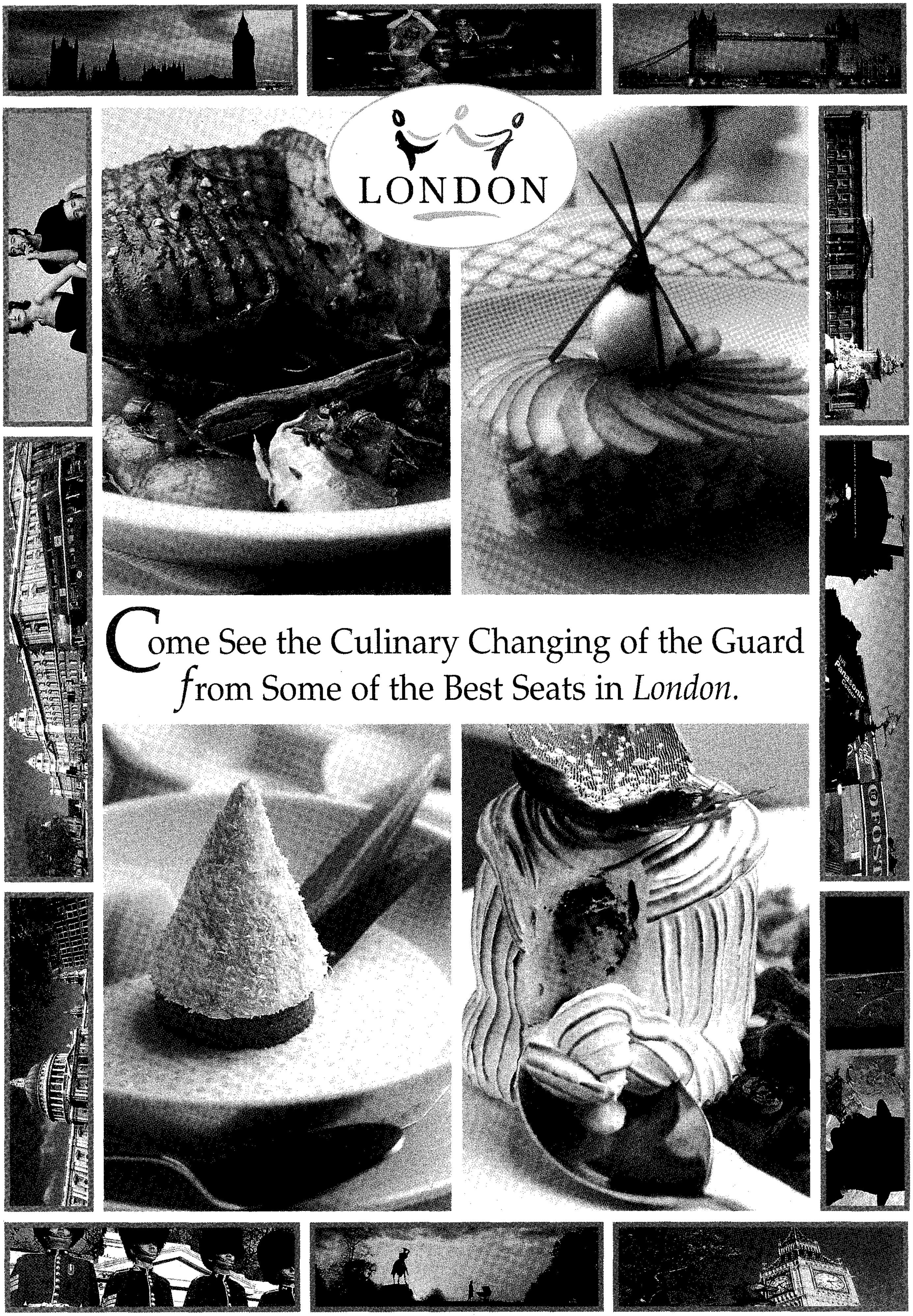
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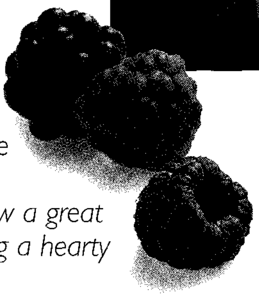

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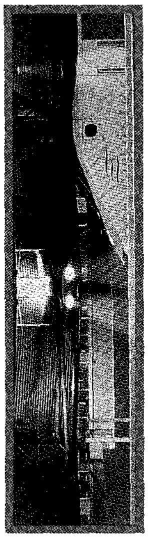
Michelin starred after only three months, Chef Jean Christophe Novelli, of Maison Novelli, was awarded "Newcomer of the Year" in 1997. He is French born and trained. "I wanted to go to New York, but friends suggested I come to London to learn English. That was 14 years ago. I still love the energy of London. It's why I now have three restaurants here, **Novelli W8** being the newest!" Many consider Mr. Novelli's Swan Meringue and Vanilla Ice Cream with Red Fruit on a Pond of Raspberry Coulis one of the "mu eats" of London.

Elegant and contemporary, **The Square**, co-owned by Philip Howard, one of Britain's leading chefs, abounds in culinary accolades. It is Michelin-starred. "Fro food to fashion, London is now o a world level. There's a real buz throughout the capital." The Square boasts one of London's b wine lists. Signature dishes incluc Herb Crusted Saddle of Lamb w Shallot Purée and Rosemary.

The Sugar Club is a name inspired by the soul anc jazz clubs of New Orleans. Head chef Peter Gordon's eclectic cooking style was inspired by his trav throughout Southeast Asia, th Mediterranean ai Europe. "Nowhe else in Europe there a city lik London that co offer cuisines



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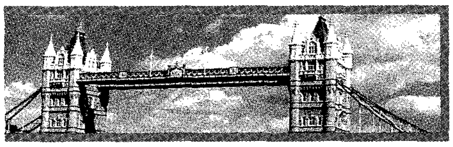
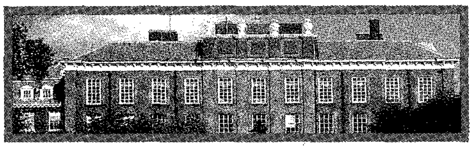
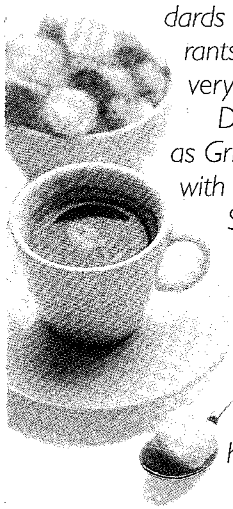




Peter Gordon
Philip Howard
Sugar Club
Coast
Aubergine
Gordon Ramsay

ᶠ dozens of ations, from urmese to Sardinian to Modern ritish. With so much competition om so many excellent restauınts, the public expects fine serce as well as innovative, high uality food. This keeps the standards of restaurants in London very high."



Dishes such as Grilled Scallops with Sweet Chili Sauce and Creme Fraîche, a particular favorite of Chef Gordon, have won The Sugar Club ıe "Best Modern British" Award om Time Out *Magazine*.

"Chefs in London have made od and restaurants more accesble and appealing to a broader ector of the public by combining ıagination, quality and value for e money," says Chef Gordon Ramsay of **Aubergine**, one of London's premier dining experiences. One reason for Aubergine's great appeal? Chef Ramsay's mouth-watering creation, Fillet of Sea Bass with Jus Vanille.

What Stephen Terry, Head Chef of **Coast**, can do with fresh ingredients is more than cooking. It's art. His Veal Loin Chop with Rosemary Sauté Potatoes, Green Beans, Garlic and Capers is evidence of that. "One reason the London restaurant scene is so extraordinarily vibrant, is the availability of new produce and an increasingly diverse range of ingredients. This allows us to offer splendid creations to the public at an affordable price."

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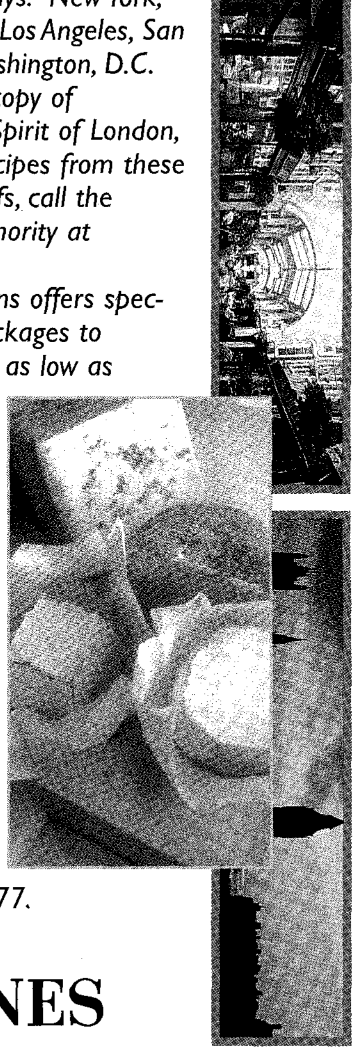

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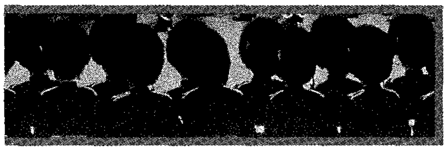
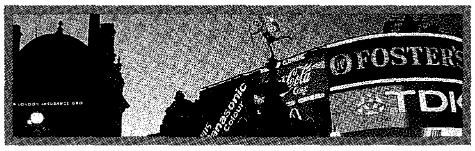

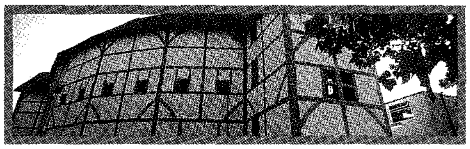

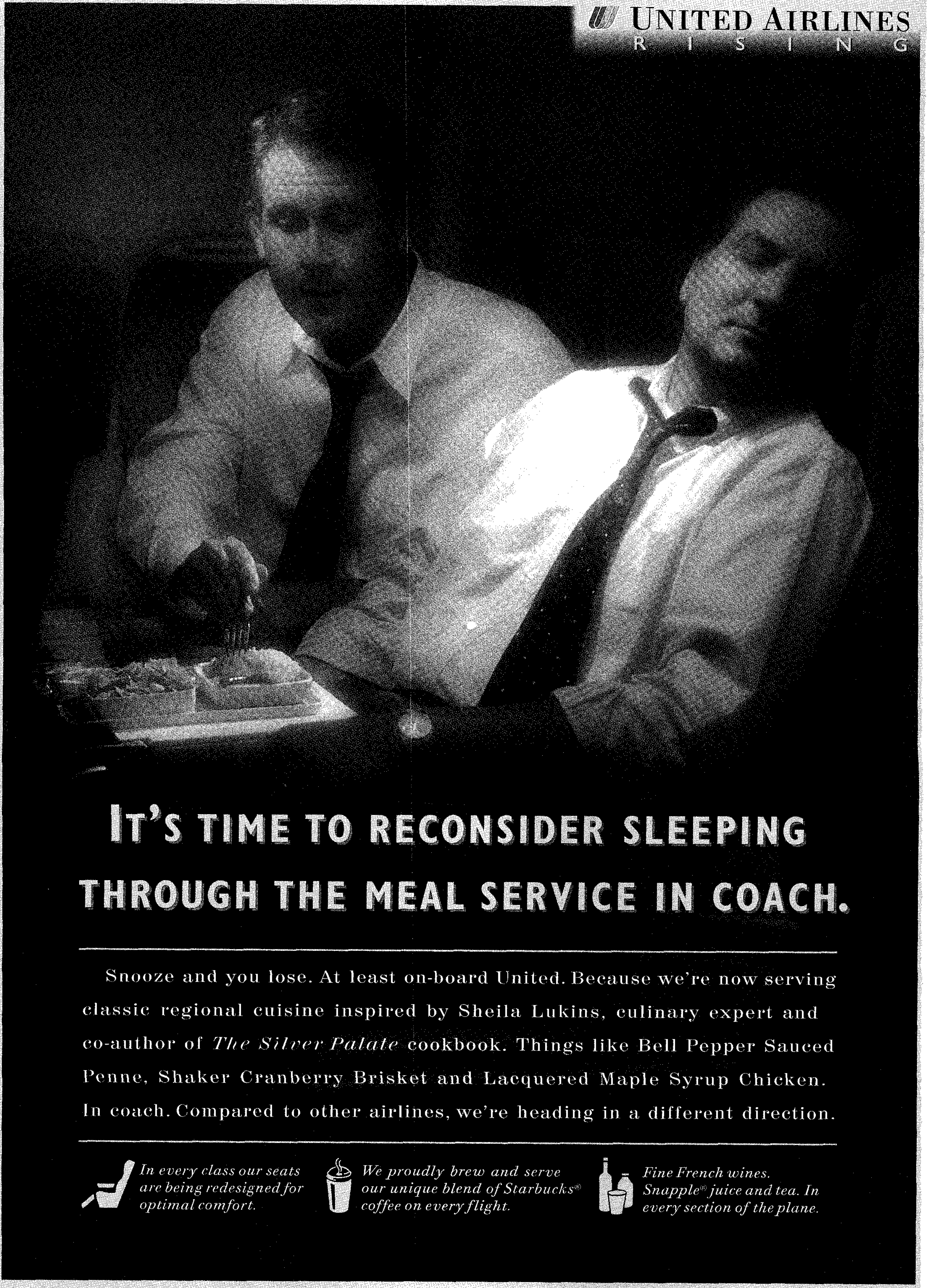

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and strong: the woman was always saying what she wanted, and when and where she wanted it. And Missy's visual impact proved to be as captivating as it was unexpected. "She's a full-figured black woman," Freddy continued, "and, let's face it—a lot of black women look like her. She has Southern sophistication, a country elegance." But there was also an iconic quality to Missy on video from the beginning; Freddy described her as "the twenty-first-century incarnation of Aunt Jemima; it feels like she's putting the whole house in order."

After the Thompson video came out, rap fans began asking for the "hee-hee haw-haw" girl. Missy says that she was approached by companies from Arista Records to Motown, but that they wanted to sign her only as an artist, and she refused. Merlin Bobb and Sylvia Rhone, two senior executives at Elektra, agreed to give her more. "We wanted to set her up in a small situation where she could develop her songwriting and producing abilities," Bobb explains, "whereas other companies wanted to sign her as an artist and make some fast money." He adds, "Missy was shocked when she understood that we were interested in her business sense." In the summer of 1996, Elektra agreed to subsidize a small label called Gold Mind Records, which Missy now oversees. Bobb says that when Missy first joined Elektra she was writing songs for other artists, but that she soon grew confident enough to begin writing songs for herself. In the spring of 1997, she and Timbaland recorded the music and Missy's vocals for "Supa Dupa Fly" in a week.

ON July 22nd, the video of "The Rain" was nominated for three MTV Video Music Awards: Best Rap Video, Best Direction in a Video, and Breakthrough Video. The next day, "Supa Dupa Fly" went gold—No. 3 on Billboard's pop chart, and No. 1 on its R. & B. chart—thereby reinforcing Elektra's belief in Missy as a strong, marketable artist. By mid-August, articles had appeared in the *Times*, the Washington *Post*, and the business section of the Los Angeles *Times*. By August 20th, Missy had begun working on a new video of her second single, "Sock It 2 Me," with Hype Williams.

When I saw Missy at the filming of the video, in a cavernous hangar in Long

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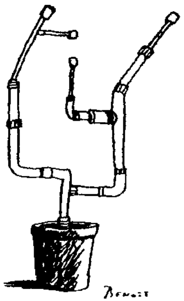
Island City, she was wearing red superhero boots, white tights, and red Pac-Man arms, and she had a big red "M" emblazoned on her chest: the inspiration for this video, which also featured Da Brat and Lil' Kim, was Japanese superhero animation. This time, Missy was not only the video's main attraction but also its co-producer. "Sock It 2 Me" had a nine-hundred-thousand-dollar budget, half of which Missy was personally responsible for—a budget that she hoped would make the video harder to rip off visually. ("If people gonna copy me this time, they gonna have to come out of their pockets," Missy says.) She is unlike many performers in that her wit and her sense of character go hand in hand with her marketing savvy: her rap on SWV's "Tonight" begins, "Me and Timbaland / We got the hits from here to overseas for SWV."

Throughout the day, Missy would look at the playbacks—alone, and then with whoever else wanted to watch. (At one point, the stylist for the shoot, June Ambrose, walked by. Glancing at Missy's image on the flickering screen, she remarked, "She has lost her mind, and that's a good thing.") Missy consulted with Timbaland several times about her performance. She was not concerned with how she looked; rather, she wanted to know whether "Sock It 2 Me" was a suitable follow-up to what she had done before; she wondered out loud if people could "really understand where this Missy thing is going."



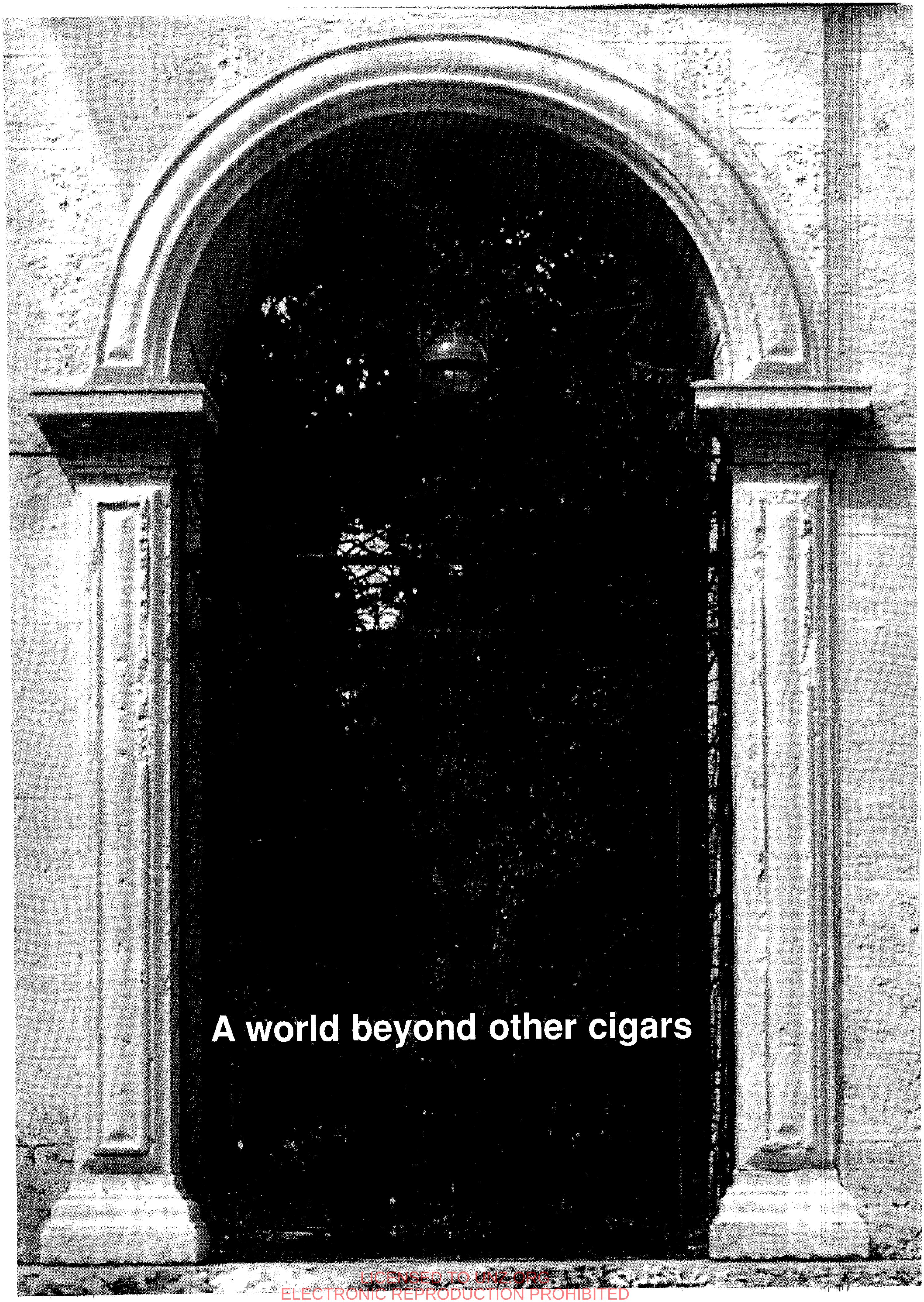
Sylvia Rhone, for one, sees the "Sock It 2 Me" video going in the direction of television: "No one's really used that Japanimation kind of thing, and I want to take this video and try to sell the concept of these characters—which are played by Missy, Lil' Kim, and Brat—and do a real special cartoon. Black folks haven't moved into that genre."

Rhone was particularly pleased about the coverage that Missy received in the L.A. *Times*. "I want white America, which is scared of hip-hop artists, to see that some of us are real businesspeople, who command major dollars and a major consumer base, and have more vision than just doing a rap record." Rhone thinks that Missy's easygoing manner can be misleading. "If you ran into Missy, you would say, 'This is a ghetto girl with ghetto curls,'" she told me. "Underneath the 'hee-hee haw-haw,' she's one of the sharpest businesswomen I've ever come up against."

And, if Missy wants greater longevity than is usually accorded a rap star, writing and producing under her own label, Gold Mind, may provide it. "I feel like, O.K., if I can make it as a singer, then let me try rapping," Missy told me. "If I can make it as a rapper, then let me try writing. All right? If I make it as a rap singer and writer, then why not try to produce? I don't feel limited in any way. There's that saying 'God gave you talent, and if you don't use it He'll take it away from you.' And I always said, 'I don't want God to come down and take my talents away.' So, by using all these talents and being successful in all of them, I've always got something to fall back on."

ON September 3rd, the night of the rehearsal for the MTV Video Music Awards, Missy Elliott arrived at Radio City Music Hall to perform her rap on Lil' Kim's single "Not Tonight," along with the radio personality Angie Martinez; Left Eye, from TLC; and Da Brat. As usual, she was dressed to thrill, and, as usual, she looked like no one else there. In an industry where, as Missy says, "you either gotta be light-skinned or have long hair" to satisfy a teen-age boy's video idea of a proper "video-ho," Missy Elliott has managed to be something else altogether. Before her "Supa Dupa Fly" success, she had the feeling that people "might not like me hopping around," she recalls. "You wouldn't see me in one of those model magazines unless it was, like, *Healthy Woman*. But I'm cool."

Lil' Kim's number was to have an Egyptian theme: Lil' Kim, Left Eye, and Angie would be dressed in Nefertiti-like costumes; Da Brat would be dressed as a Roman gladiator. They all assembled on the stage and, silhouetted against a big-screen projection of a pyramid, began working out various moves with the choreographer. Unlike the other participants, Missy would be entering the act from the audience, dressed as herself—as though her fellow-entertainers were her bitches. While the women gyrated and gestured onstage, Missy sat with her cousin Malik, drinking a large bottle of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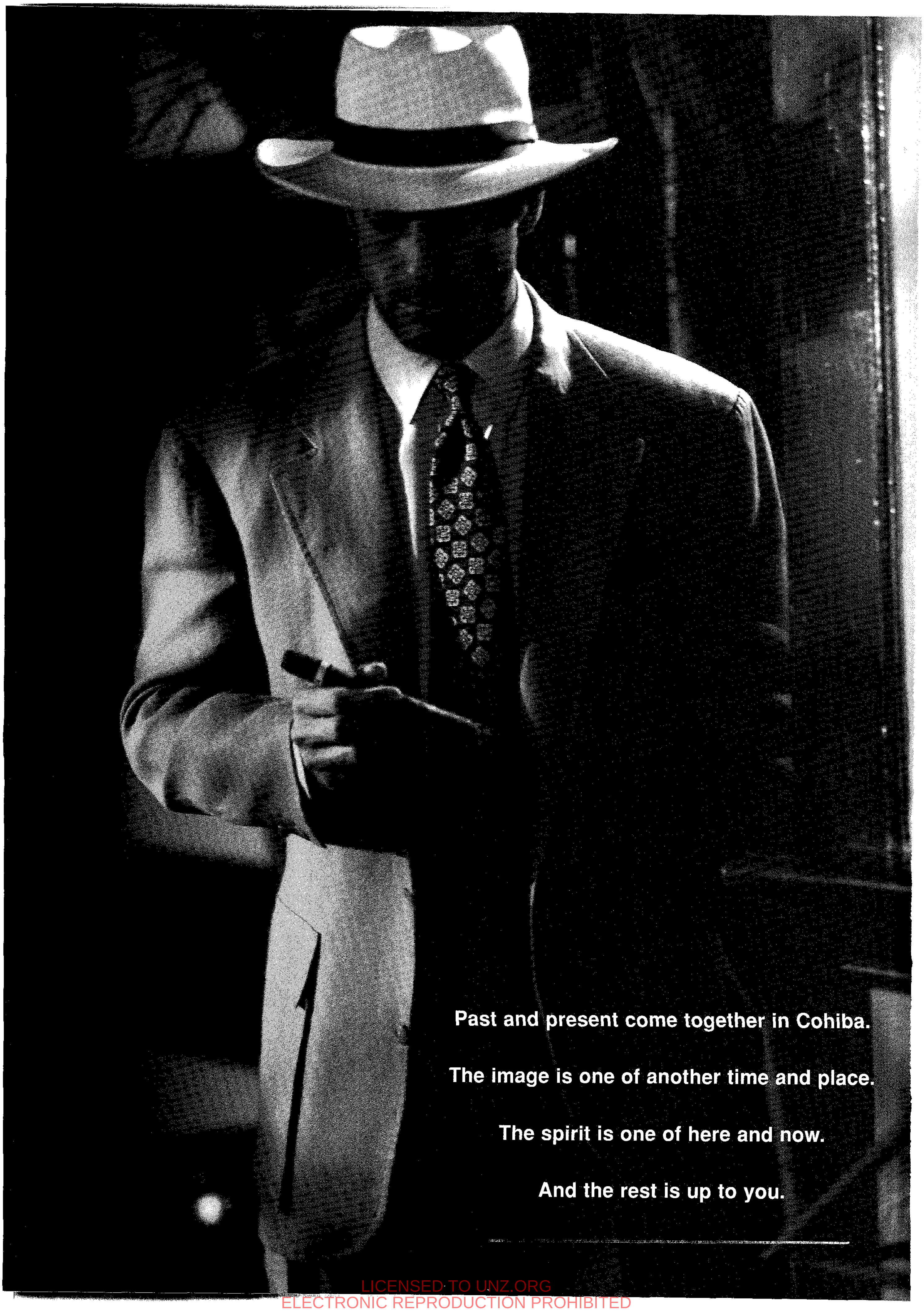
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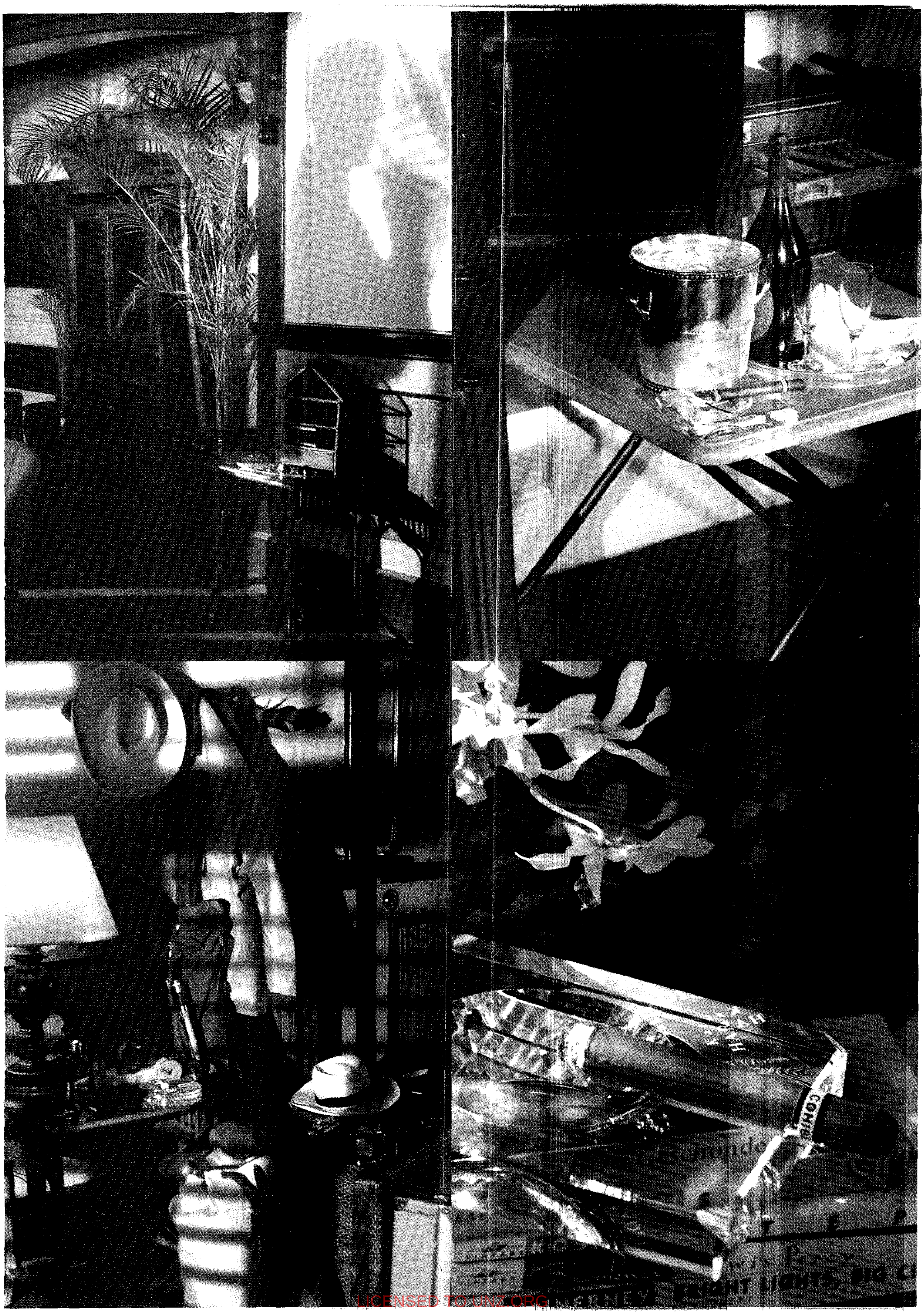
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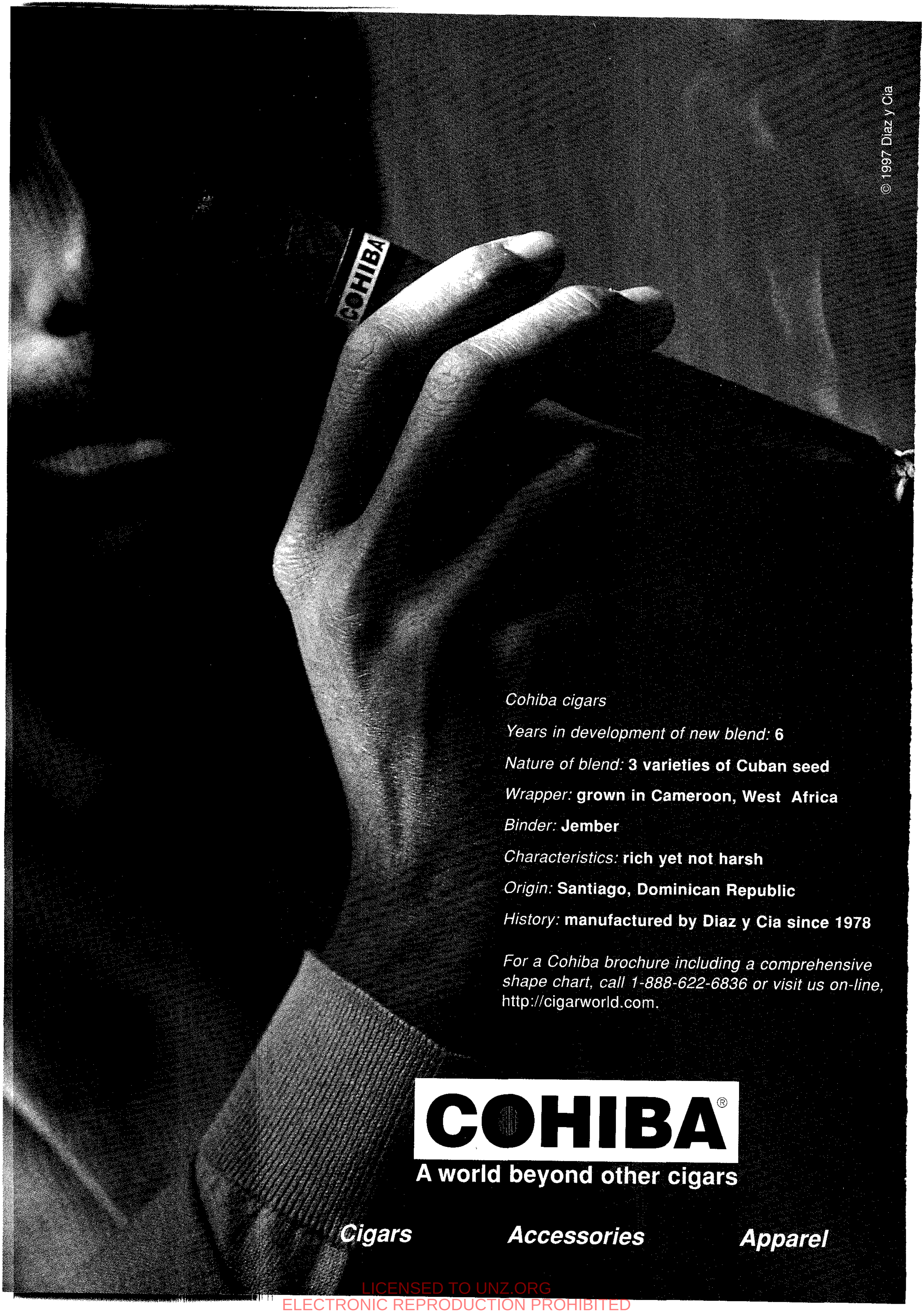

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soda pop and looking apprehensive. This would be her first live television performance. It was a far cry from singing in hair extensions and Jordache jeans at the local high school in Portsmouth. Billy B., Missy's makeup person, had been eavesdropping when her mother beeped her a few days earlier: "I could hear Missy say, 'Now, Ma, please don't come to the awards. I'll be too nervous to perform—it's the white people's awards, Ma. Very important.'"

But when it came time for Missy to walk the length of the aisle doing her little Walter Brennan dance, her nervousness seemed to vanish. A number of MTV staff members, publicists, and managers representing other artists moved to seats at the front of the stage in order to have a clear view. Hop-skipping down the aisle toward her sister rappers, Missy carried a mike in one hand and made flapping gestures with her other, saying, "Yo, yo, Kim, you not gonna get me on this song just singing hooks. What I look like—Patti LaBelle or something?" Then Lil' Kim giggled her peroxide giggle as Missy engulfed her in a tight embrace.

Each time they ran through Lil' Kim's number, Missy performed her part of the song differently. Sometimes she added an extra "yo," or she made a little "tiki tiki" sound between the "yo"s, like an urban voodoo priest bent over a cauldron. One time when she said, "Oh, what a night," at the song's conclusion, she conveyed a certain flirtatiousness; another time she conveyed boredom. Unlike the majority of rappers, who try to approximate in their live performances the exact sounds and movements they've used in their videos for easy audience identification, Missy approaches rapping the way jazz musicians approach jazz—as an improvisational musical form. It was only after the rehearsal was over—when the others had wandered off and she stood alone on that vast and unfamiliar stage, blowing kisses and mouthing "Thank you"s to a nonexistent audience—that one remembered how astonishing it was that such a newcomer had performed there in the first place.

A WEEK later, on September 10th, Missy was in a dressing room on the sixth floor of the Ed Sullivan Theatre, at Broadway and Fifty-third Street, getting ready to perform "The Rain" on the "Late Show with David Letter-

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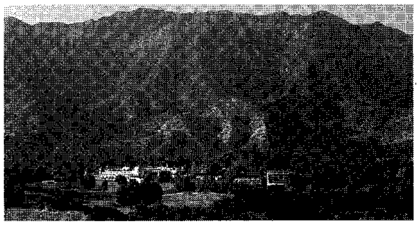

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man." Missy had never been on a late-night show before, and, while the invitation was a welcome indication of her recent crossover success, she did not have a clear idea of who, precisely, Letterman was. "I never catch the show," she said. "What does he do up there?"

That afternoon, during Missy's pretaping rehearsal, Letterman's technical staff had been plagued by a similar question: What, exactly, were Missy and her entourage planning to do up there? She was singing with a seven-piece band, but there were also two dancers, two more rappers, and two backup singers in attendance. In addition, Ann Peebles, the woman who first made "I Can't Stand the Rain" famous, was making a guest appearance with Missy. "They didn't know where to put the camera," Missy's manager, Louise C. West, recalled later.

Fifteen minutes before Missy was to appear in front of a live studio audience, Anne Kristoff, her publicist, and Billy B. were waiting outside the performer's dressing room. There was consternation over the fact that Missy hadn't announced a final plan for her performance, and Billy B. was upset with his client for not giving him the time he needed to make her up. ("I was promised an hour to do her face," he complained, to no one in particular. "Missy's face is my face. I want to be proud of it.")

Then Sylvia Rhone stepped off the elevator with Merlyn Bobb, and Rhone asked how Missy was and what time she was going on. "Now," replied a young woman who was passing by in the narrow hall. Right behind her was Missy herself, wearing outsized red leather trousers, a large white T-shirt, and a gold pendant depicting an Afro'd woman in silhouette. A sleeveless red leather basketball jersey had the word "Supa" written on the front and a big purple leather fly stitched on the back. She was trailed by Malik, two dancers in purple trousers and tops, and the singers Magoo and Timbaland. Everyone else stepped into line behind them, followed Missy into the elevator, and disappeared, like circus performers pouring into a tiny joke car.

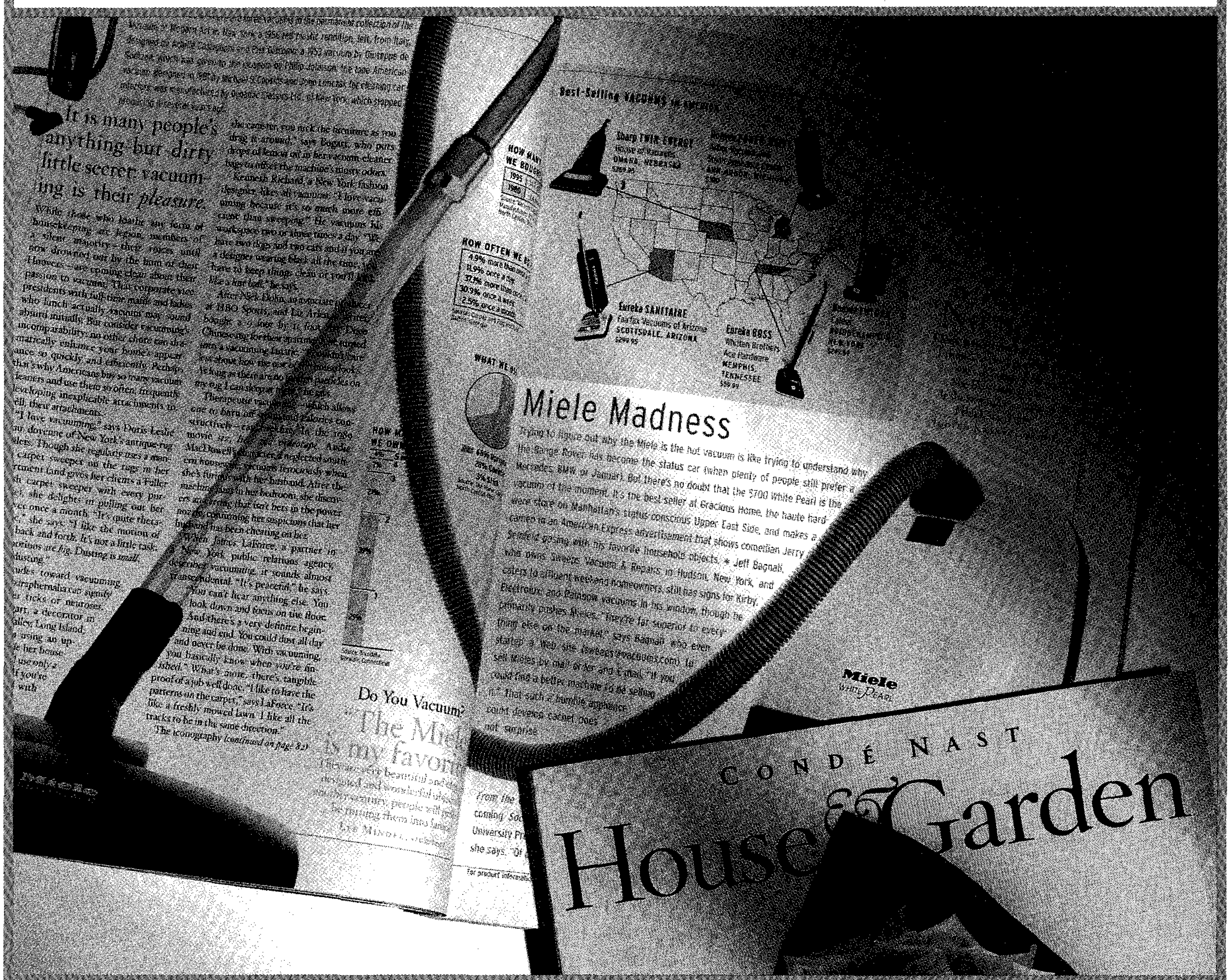
Downstairs, the non-performing members of Missy's entourage sat in the greenroom watching as Letterman introduced the number while holding Missy's CD upside down. The camera closed in on the face of Ann Peebles singing, "Missy, you can't stand the rain," while Missy performed her distinctive shimmy and belted out the lyrics "Beep, beep, who got the keys to the jeep, *vroom!*" Rhone was watching the monitor in the greenroom, and her eyes filled with tears. "She's got it, she's got it!" she chanted.

At the end of the song, David Letterman kissed Missy's hand. Suddenly, the woman who only moments before had been skating from one side of the stage to the other and making cat's eyes at the audience became modest and subdued. "You Missy people come back!" Letterman called after her as she and her fellow-performers left the stage. Minutes later, Missy was climbing into a black stretch limousine—with Magoo, Malik, and Louise in tow—that had been waiting outside the theatre. Clutching her cell phone, she called her mother: "Yo, Ma, watch me tonight on David Letterman. What channel is it on, y'all? Yeah, Ma, Channel 4."

In the coming months, Missy will be a presenter at the 1997 MTV Europe Music Awards. She will tour England, France, Holland, and Germany to promote "Supa Dupa Fly." But she will also be launching Nicole Ray, a young singer from her home town, on Gold Mind, and producing four songs on the Total album. At twenty-five, after less than two years as a producer with Elektra, she's already sounding like an old hand ("I like young people—not to say that I block old people out. It's just that you can develop young people"). It also may be time, Missy thinks, to break into the movies. "I don't want big scenes at first," she explained to me recently. "I want to work my way up. Sometimes, when you get a heavy role, you can't deliver, and people are so jealous, they'd be like, 'Yo, Missy can't act.' But if it's something small people will say, 'Yo, Missy is tight.' "

After the Letterman taping, as the limousine moved through the blue twilight, the driver asked Missy how the show had gone. When he heard that Letterman had kissed her hand, he observed that that was a sign of great respect—or props, as he called it. "That means Letterman's a European," he explained. "Those Europeans, they can give it up to a Negro; Missy, one day soon they gonna give you all your props." ♦

Thank you: we couldn't have said it better ourselves.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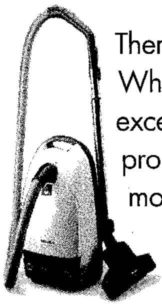

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THE NEXT CRIMEBUSTER

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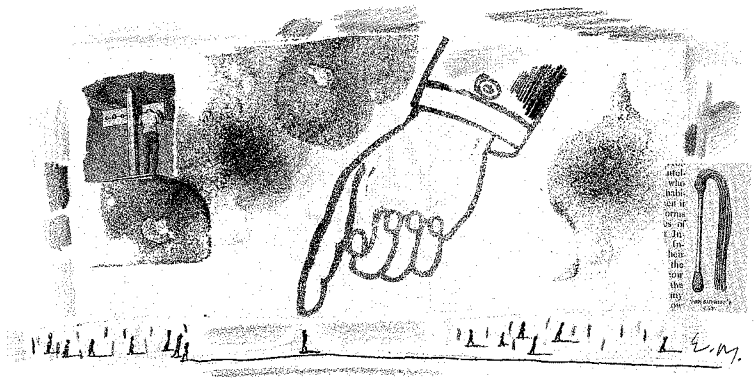
BY JEFFREY ROSEN

Tracey Meares is driving in circles. She has promised to show me a church that was, until a few months ago, the site of an open-air drug market in West Garfield Park, one of the poorest neighborhoods of Chicago, but now we're caught in a tangle of barricades and one-way streets set up by the community to discourage suburban drug buyers from driving off the Eisenhower Expressway. Meares, a thirty-year-old assistant professor at the University of Chicago Law School, is studying drug-law enforcement in the inner city. And her research has focussed on some of the more indirect methods of fighting crime. "Drugs used to be sold right on the steps of the church," Meares tells me when we are finally standing in front of the Presentation B.V.M. Catholic Church, on South Springfield Avenue, which has bullet holes in the façade. A priest told her that once, when he was calling his dad from here, the people across the street assumed he was calling the police, and started throwing rocks.

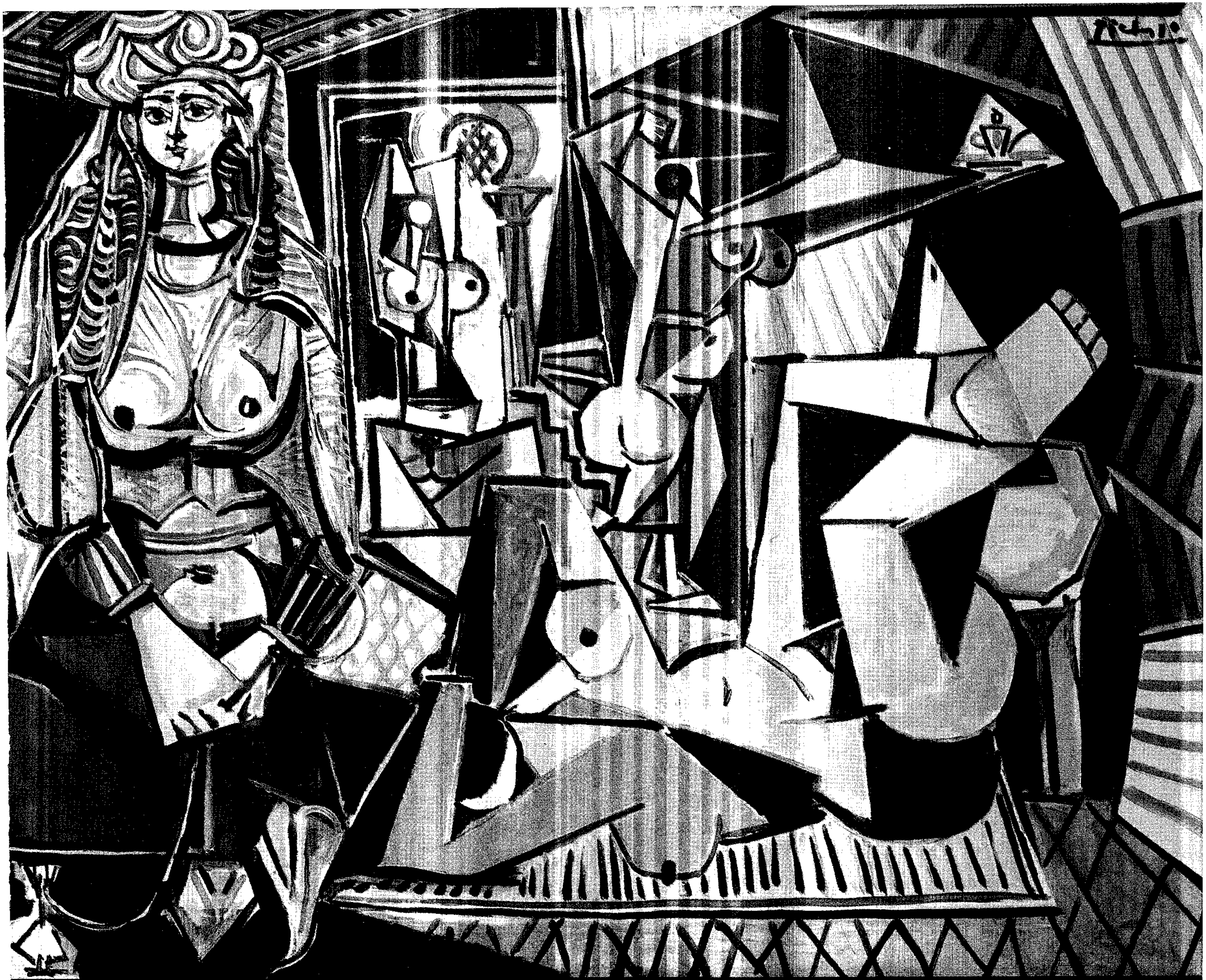


Now the drug dealers have been cleared out, and Meares, in trying to understand how that happened, discovered something surprising: Draconian drug laws not only fail to deter individual lawbreakers but also disrupt the social attitudes that encourage a majority of the residents to be law-abiding. "If you rely on the application of very heavy sentences, you're going to be removing lots of people from the community, and you'll have predictable problems—an increase in family disruption, a lower standard of living—because law-abiders rely on drug offenders to provide them with money, support for their families, and protection," Meares says. Consequently, drug crackdowns can affect the way the community perceives the legitimacy of the police.

At the same time, Meares argues, the incarceration rate among young black men is so high—nearly a third of them are in jail or on probation—that "there's a higher likelihood that if you're black you'll be perceived as an offender; and this is what generates the stories about black people whom taxi-drivers refuse to pick up." When law-abiders are stigmatized, Meares, who is herself African-American, says, "they're less committed to passing on the norms of law-abiding behavior." In other words, Meares argues, people obey the law not just because they fear punishment but because they believe that government has the right to tell them how to behave.

Frustrated by the growing distrust of the police in the inner city, some black legal scholars have endorsed radical forms of racial payback, such as jury nullification. Meares has a far more politically and legally defensible proposal, based on her study of "so-

EUGÈNE MIHAESCO



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cial norms"—the informal standards of behavior that people obey rather than risk ostracism or humiliation. Meares advocates tailoring law-enforcement strategies to change the way law-abiding African-Americans perceive the police. Consider, she says, the reverse-sting operation. "The standard law-enforcement approach says, 'Let's focus on people who sell drugs: there are fewer of them, they're more visible, and they harm more people,'" she explains. In traditional sting operations, called "buy busts," an undercover officer poses as someone wanting to buy drugs and then arrests the seller. The result is that those arrested are disproportionately poor and black.

In a reverse-sting operation, the police pose as drug dealers and arrest the buyers, who tend to be a more demographically diverse group. In Chicago, for example, as many as eighty per cent of drug buyers are from surrounding suburbs, which are disproportionately white. By arresting them rather than the sellers, reverse-sting operations in Chicago have cleared out a number of open-air drug markets, among them the one at Presentation Church: the reverse stings scare away suburban buyers and, at the same time, according to Meares, create an appearance of fairness that works to undercut the mistrust of police in black neighborhoods. "If the face of the drug offender becomes much more like America, that encourages coöperation with the police among people of color," Meares says. She cites this change as an example of how government can control criminal behavior by manipulating social norms rather than by meting out legal punishments.

Meares is part of a group of young scholars at the University of Chicago Law School who have made the study of "social norms" the most provocative new movement in the legal academy. Laws threaten you with criminal and civil punishment; norms threaten you with being shunned and ostracized by friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens. Meares and her colleagues are studying ways that norms can influence behavior more effectively than law; ways that norms and law together can influence behavior; and ways that norms and law can influence each other. And they are pursuing this line of inquiry across a variety of public-policy areas, ranging from inner-city crime to pornography in cyberspace. One faction of social-norms theorists even favors enlisting government in an ambitious program of creating new norms. Although the movement is still defining itself, it might change the way we think about law and regulation in the twenty-first century.

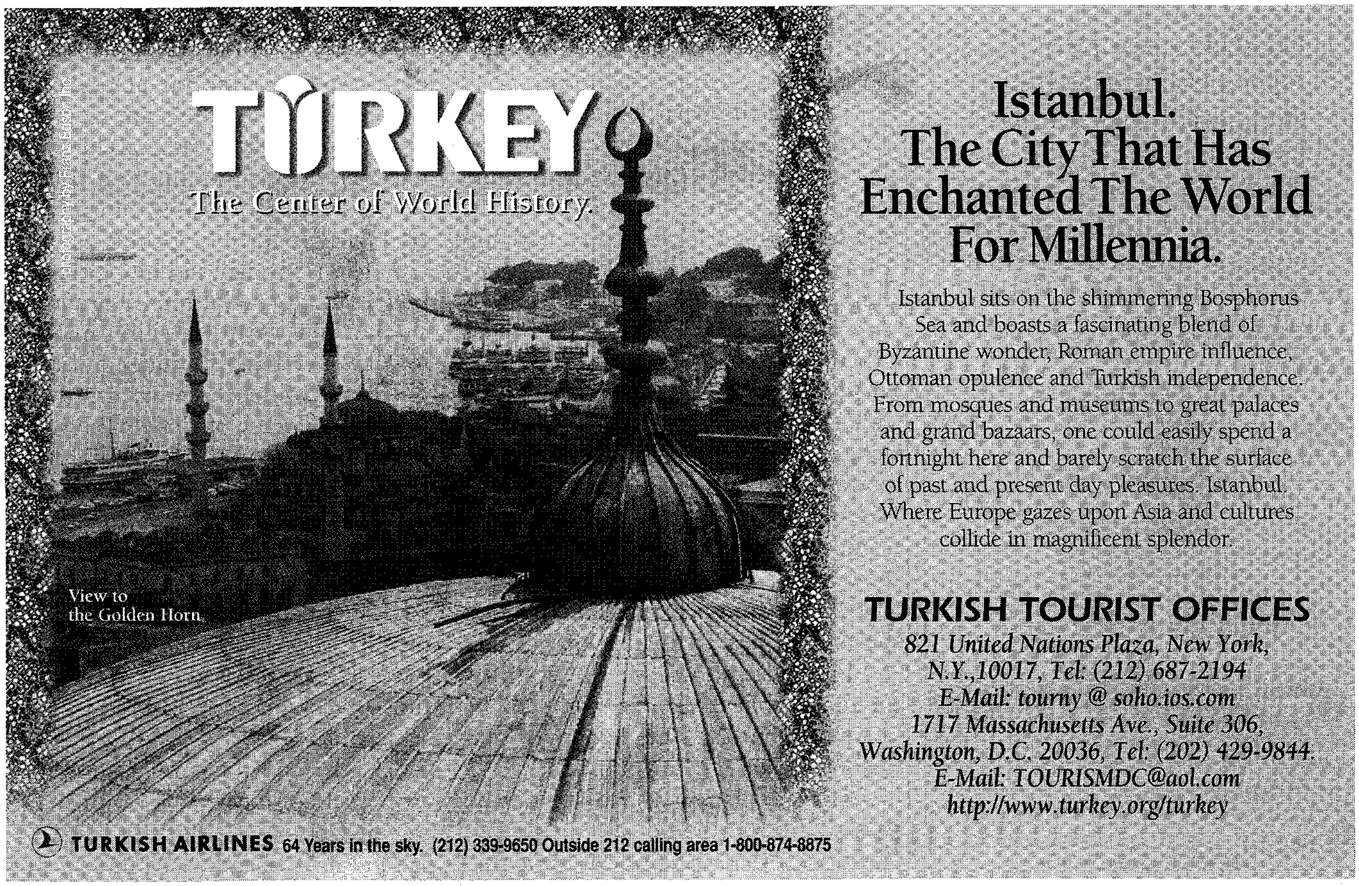
For most of the nineteenth century, the dominant view of law was confident and formal. Law was a science, Christopher Columbus Langdell, who became dean of Harvard Law School in 1875, declared. Legal formalists believed that, because people were rational, their behavior would conform to law in precisely the way that lawmakers intended. By the beginning of the twentieth century, however, legal realists began to assail this belief as outdated and naïve, pointing to gaps between laws' intended effects and their actual consequences. The laissez-faire doctrine of freedom of contract, for example, assumed an equality of bargaining power between employers and workers; but this faith was shaken by the Depression. Legal realism has given birth to all sorts of lively skepticism about law in the twentieth century, and some of the most influential skepticism has come out of the law-and-economics movement, which emerged at the University of Chicago.

That movement was defined in 1960 by "The Problem of Social Cost," the most frequently cited article about law ever written. In it Ronald Coase, a professor of economics at Chicago, imagined a conflict between a rancher raising cattle and a neighboring farmer raising crops. Coase said that if the rancher's cattle trespassed on the farmer's crops, it didn't matter what the law said about who should pay for the damage. If the rancher was liable for the damage, he would take all economically justifiable steps to control his cattle, but if the farmer was liable for the damage he would pay the rancher to take exactly the same steps. Assuming that bargaining cost nothing, Coase argued, the market would efficiently allocate resources, regardless of what the law said.

Embracing Coase's analysis, the law-and-economics movement changed the way that judges applied the law and the way that scholars taught it. Legal thinkers such as Robert Bork, the failed Supreme Court nominee, argued that antitrust laws, for example, often had perverse effects, because they interfered with the ability of the market to satisfy consumer preferences. Robert Ellickson, a professor at Yale Law School, was one of those who absorbed the lessons of the Chicago school. But in the eighties Ellickson decided to do something that law professors rarely do: interview people. He set out for the cowboy ranches of Shasta County, California, to test Coase's famous hypothesis about the behavior of farmers and ranchers. In 1991, Ellickson published a book based on his research, “Order Without Law,” that's now hailed as the harbinger of the new interest in law and social norms.

“I went out to Shasta County because more than anywhere else in California there was a patchwork of ordinances on the ranches out there,” Ellickson told me. On “closed range,” ranchers are liable for damage caused by their trespassing cattle, he explained, while on the “open range” even a rancher who has been negligent in managing his herd isn't liable for damage to a neighbor's land. Interviewing ranchers, Ellickson found that most of them had a vague idea about which lands were open and which were closed. However, most of them didn't care. “That's just the law, but out here we think people should take care of their own animals,” they told him. The farmers and ranchers were committed to resolving their disputes through a social norm of coöperation and respect for the neighbor's property. Ranchers who didn't coöperate were ostracized, not sued. Ellickson's subversive conclusion: “People frequently resolve their disputes in a coöperative fashion without paying any attention to the laws.”

I was a student in Ellickson's property-law class in 1990, and I still recall his excitement as he argued that, in continuing relationships involving small amounts of money, law matters less than social norms. Ellickson addressed the class with blustery zeal. Consider, Ellickson told us, the dramatic change in the laws involving landlords and tenants in many states during the nineteen-seventies. Before the law changed, if water started dripping from your ceiling you had to pay for the repairs yourself. After the law changed, you could force the landlord to fix the ceiling, and if he didn't fix it you could withhold the rent. But the change in the law, Ellickson said, had little impact on the way landlords and tenants actually interacted. Before the law changed, most landlords would fix a leaky ceiling anyway, because they had an incentive to keep their tenants happy and their apartments in good shape. After the law changed, tenants still didn't have the nerve to withhold the rent when the ceiling leaked, be-



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Sparked by Ellickson's book, the study of social norms began to catch on in law schools across the country, but the shape of the new movement didn't become clear until last spring, when the leading scholars in the field converged at the University of Chicago Law School for a conference about social norms and social meaning. There was a whiff of rebellion in the air as the mandarins of the Chicago school of law and economics gathered skeptically to observe what their younger colleagues were up to. "Many of us who have been around the block a few times feel that this is a really big deal," Ellickson announced. "This study of the importance of norms," he stressed, "does, in fact, challenge traditional paradigms for analysis of law."

The leader of the upstarts, a thirty-six-year-old Chicago law professor named Lawrence Lessig, issued a revolutionary manifesto more activist than even Ellickson had envisioned. "My aim," Lessig announced, "is to outline a research program for what I will playfully refer to as the New Chicago School." This new program, he promised, would study the ways that law can influence behavior indirectly, by changing social norms.

To illustrate what he had in mind, Lessig described how American states in the nineteenth century tried to stamp out duelling. First, "state governments made it illegal and threatened big punishments for engaging in duelling," Lessig said. "The problem was that the people who engaged in duels thought of themselves as members of an élite; and if a gentleman said 'I can't duel because I'll go to jail' his challenger would accuse him of being a coward." So the states tried a more indirect approach. "They disqualified someone from holding public office if he duelled," Lessig explained. "Now if the person wanted to decline the duel he could appeal to the idea that he had a higher duty to serve the state by holding public office. He might still be a coward, but the state had given him a good reason to back out."

After declaring the birth of the New Chicago School in the spring, Lessig left Chicago this fall for a professorship at Harvard Law School, but some of Lessig's young colleagues at Chicago are adapting his insights to the regulation of crime in the inner cities. Dan Kahan, a thirty-four-year-old law professor at Chicago, points to gun-snitch laws as a modern example of an indirect law-enforcement strategy. "In North Carolina," Kahan says, "there was a community where they had a pretty serious problem with guns in the schools, and when they tried to crack down on the gun possession it didn't do much good. The harder the authorities tried to get rid of the guns, the more they reinforced the signal that possessing a gun makes you somebody who is willing to defy authority." Instead, says Kahan, the local police chief started to pay students who turned in their classmates. "And that worked really well," Kahan says. "It changed the meaning of having a gun. Once the onlookers were willing to sell out the possessors, it was harder to be under the illusion that the possessors had high status."

Kahan also defends a far more controversial method of regulating crime by manipulating social norms: shaming punishments. In an age when prison is expensive and degrading, and, according to many criminologists, ineffective in deterring crime, Kahan maintains that it's far cheaper and more efficient for the state to punish or deter nonviolent criminals by shaming them. Kahan points to a colorful variety of recent shaming punishments that judges have imposed on low-level felons instead of sending them to jail: a judge in California ordered a shoplifter to wear a T-shirt announcing "I Am a Thief"; a judge in Seattle ordered a woman to wear a sign declaring "I Am a Convicted Child Molester"; in New York, a slumlord was sentenced to house arrest in one of his rat-infested tenements. Other judges are experimenting with apology rituals: in Maryland, some underage defendants convicted of misdemeanors have to apologize on their knees and are released only if their victims are convinced that the remorse is sincere.

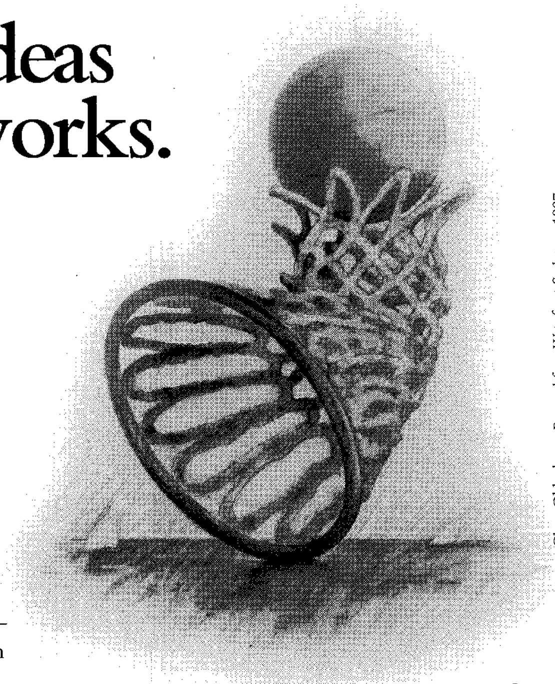
"There's no question that there's an element of moralizing about shaming punishments that goes against the grain of liberal sensibilities," says

Kahan, who cast a write-in vote for the Vermont socialist Bernie Sanders during the last Presidential election, and displays a bumper sticker in his cluttered Hyde Park office which says "SUBVERT THE DOMINANT PARADIGM." "That doesn't bother me. It's crazy to make a condition of anything's being accepted in the law that it doesn't moralize, when the immorality of the status quo is so obvious." After graduating from Middlebury College and Harvard Law School, Kahan clerked for Justice Thurgood Marshall, and he imagines that Marshall would have been appalled by shaming penalties. "He had a kind of instinctive individualism that's in tension with this kind of thinking," Kahan confesses.

But, Kahan maintains, even if shaming punishments are undignified and vulgar, they're less degrading than sending someone to jail. "Some people tell outlandish horror stories—they say that shaming punishments will unleash this appetite to hound people," he says. "There'll be lynchings. We'll be launching ourselves into the puritan age. That's possible. But what's the likelihood that that will happen versus the certainty that people will be imprisoned if you don't use shaming penalties? Nothing destroys your life nearly so completely as having spent time in jail."

Not all of Kahan's colleagues in the norms movement share his enthusiasm for shaming. Eric Posner, a thirty-one-year-old assistant professor at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, is spending the term as a visiting assistant professor at Chicago. "What happens if for some of these crimes, like selling drugs, only black people are shamed?" he asks. "Is that what we want? Where there's a group of people who are hostile to the dominant majority, with good reason, because they've been discriminated against and brutalized by the police, then the punishments that are imposed on these people will sometimes be *status-enhancing*."

Kahan stresses that he endorses the use of shaming only for relatively low-level, nonviolent crimes, as an alternative to prison. Like Tracey Meares, he believes that containing minor crimes and promoting law-abiding norms will help to contain more serious crime—an approach that is credited with a substantial drop in crime in cities such as New York. Nevertheless, Kahan's enthusiasm for shaming penalties suggests a connection between the Chicago school of social norms and an older, more conservative, and arguably creepier tradition of legal thought, embodied by Lord Devlin, a British legal theorist. In the nineteen-fifties, Devlin opposed proposals to decriminalize homosexuality, because, he argued, the central purpose of law isn't to deter crime or to prevent harm but to express society's moral condemnation of conduct that it finds hateful and disgusting. But Kahan insists that the social meaning of laws can just as often be liberal as conservative: laws criminalizing homosexual conduct may convey moral condemnation of gays, he argues, but hate-crime laws that punish crimes against gays or



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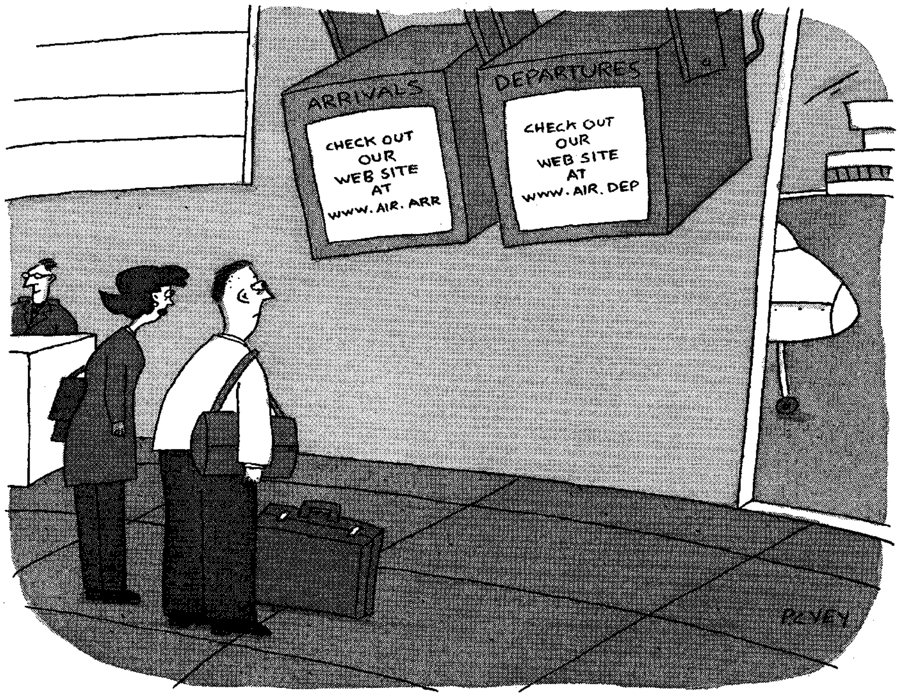
minorities more severely than those against heterosexuals or whites can educate the public to view bigotry as morally unacceptable. Other social-norms scholars go even further, and advocate banning hate speech and pornography, too, claiming that they reduce minorities and women to inferior social status.

In its flirtation with special punishments for hate crimes and hate speech, the social-norms movement shows its least attractive face. "You wouldn't want a rule that says your punishment depends on the status of your victim," says Richard Posner, the Chief Judge of the United States Court of Appeals in Chicago. Posner, a founder of the law-and-economics movement at the University of Chicago, is the author of twenty-eight books, on subjects ranging from sex to aging, and is the father of the norms theoretician Eric Posner. "I think one wants the government to be as neutral among contending social groups as possible." Judge Posner doesn't believe that the state should be in the business of manipulating taste. "Government has a role in encouraging people to be law-abiding, but when it gets down to trying to get people to like each other, to change people's values and make them more tolerant—this whole notion of shaping people's preferences through government—I don't like it particularly," he says. "I think it's both paternalistic and likely to be ineffective, but to the extent that it is effective, it's likely to be totalitarian."

THE question of whether the state should try to manipulate social norms in areas beyond the range of criminal law has emerged as a dramatic fault line among social-norms scholars. The libertarian camp, which includes Eric Posner and Randal Picker, a thirty-eight-year-old law professor at Chicago, is skeptical whether government can do very much to transform people's tastes, no matter how hard it tries. "Who's been most successful at manipulating norms?" Posner asks. "Leni Riefenstahl, not the American government." Picker points to new research in a field called behavioral economics, which suggests that people like to imitate other people's behavior when choosing anything from haircuts to political candidates and thus often act more like sheep than like rational individuals. Picker is now constructing elaborate computer models of what his colleague Cass Sunstein calls "norm cascades," in which society shifts very rapidly from one norm to another.

As an example of a norm cascade, Picker cites the disappearance of foot-binding in China. "It turns out that foot-binding, a thousand-year practice, basically ended in a single generation,"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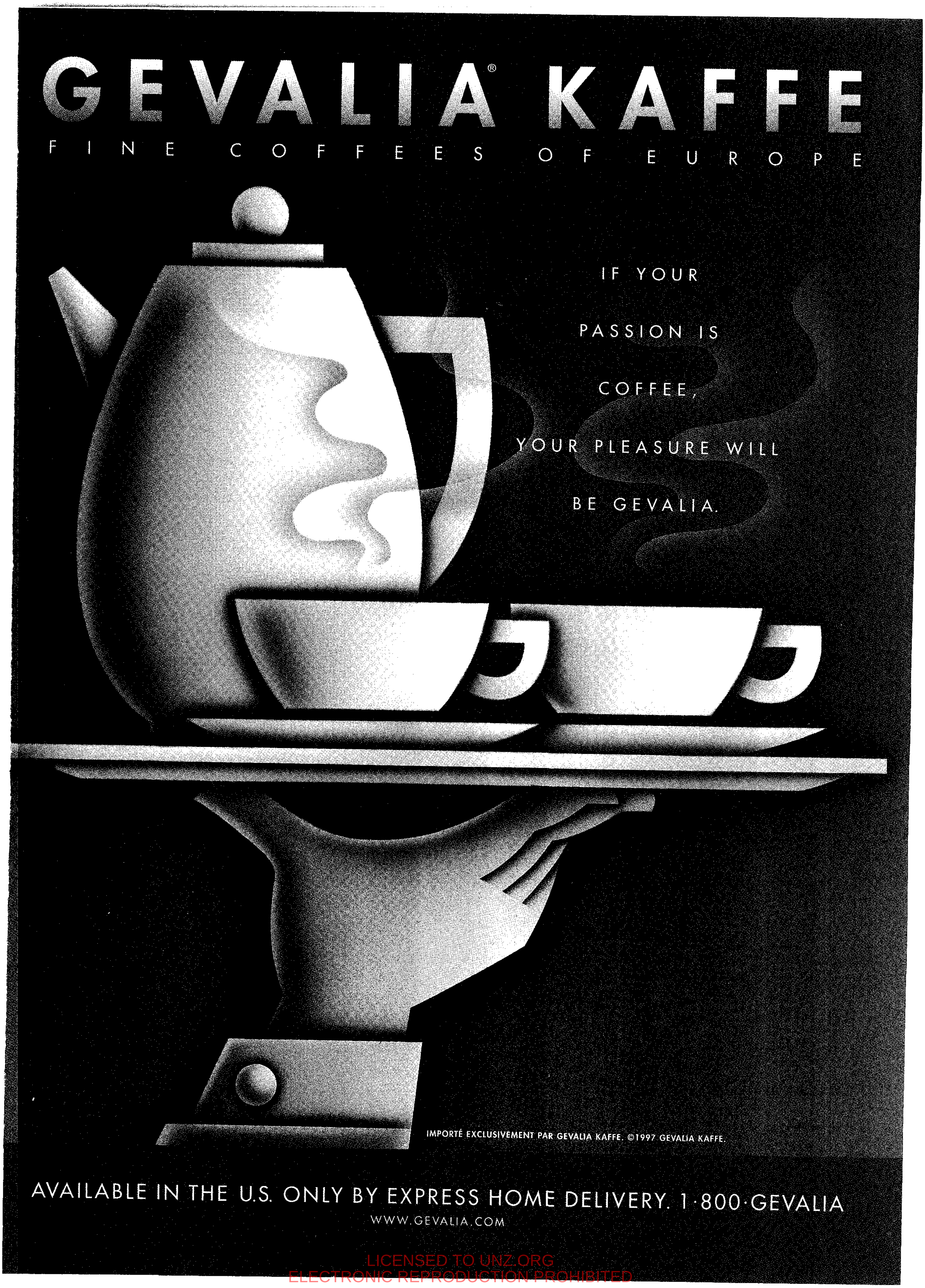

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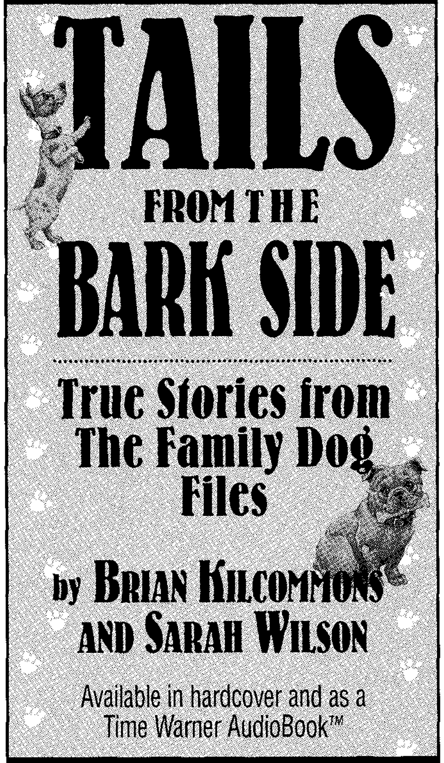

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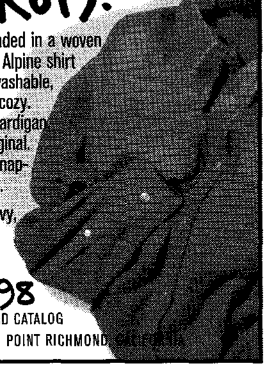

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he says. "Think of foot-binding as a kind of norm, or convention. Why do I bind my daughter's feet? I want her to be marriageable, and I think that everyone else will think she's not marriageable if her feet aren't bound." In 1874, Christian missionaries in China established an anti-foot-binding society, Picker says. A few Chinese families agreed that they wouldn't bind their daughters' feet and wouldn't allow their sons to marry foot-bound women. Quickly, this rebellious group attracted enough people to become self-sustaining—Picker calls the event a "norm cluster"—and the cluster grew rapidly until the old, less desirable custom was overrun. In Dingzhou, for example, ninety-nine per cent of the women were foot-bound in 1889, ninety-four per cent in 1899, and virtually none in 1919.

Picker has seven computers running full time to model the effects of norm cascades. He sets up elaborate coördination games in which all the players look to their immediate neighbors to see who's following the most successful norms. Those norms get imitated, and Picker shows that in the competition among norms, as in the Darwinian competition among genes, the stronger can very suddenly overwhelm the weaker. With five clicks of the mouse, a tiny red square on a blue screen swells into a giant red hexagon. "This is exactly what happened with foot-binding in China," Picker notes with delight.

On the basis of his computer models, Picker believes that government can't do very much to change people's tastes, because in the struggle among norms only the fittest will survive. The most powerful norms aren't always the most desirable, as the foot-binding example shows, but in the period leading up to a norm cascade there may be no democratic consensus about what, precisely, a good norm should look like. Instead of trying to impose new norms from above, according to the Great Society model, Picker says, "the government should seed lots of little pilot programs." He calls this process "norm perturbation." Sometimes it will cause a cascade, or, "if the government is wrong, the new norm will die off very quickly," he says. "No harm done."

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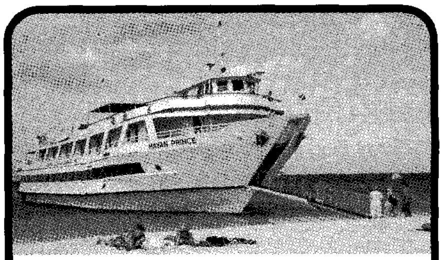

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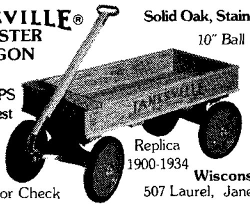

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Picker admits that this approach is “very Clintonesque.” He points to federally subsidized midnight basketball as a successful example of norm perturbation. The President’s small-scale approach to “getting kids off the street at night, providing positive role models, and hoping that it will have spillover effects is,” Picker says, “about enhancing opportunity for values transmission.” Though midnight basketball was widely ridiculed by conservatives in Congress, Picker’s model suggests that it may have been a good idea.

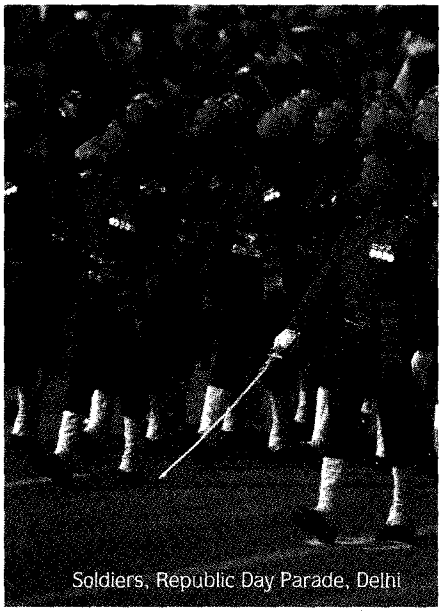
But Picker doesn’t go nearly as far as the more leftist liberal norm scholars—among them Lawrence Lessig, Dan Kahan, and Cass Sunstein—who believe that an activist government can transform social norms on a national scale. Sunstein points to changing attitudes toward smoking in the eighties and early nineties, and argues that the changes had more to do with social norms than with health concerns. In 1964, when the Surgeon General announced that smoking was dangerous, antismoking regulations were slow to follow. It wasn’t until 1986, when the Surgeon General issued another report, on the effects of secondhand smoke, that smokers began to be viewed as moral pariahs, harming not only themselves but others.

Sunstein also cites a puzzling racial discrepancy in smoking statistics to illustrate the way that “norm entrepreneurs” can change behavior. He notes that 22.9 per cent of white teen-agers smoked in 1993, while only 4.4 per cent of African-American teen-agers did. Moreover, the numbers of white teen-age smokers had been basically unchanged between 1984 and 1993, while the number of black teen-age smokers had fallen by fifty per cent. Sunstein points to a private advertising campaign in the African-American community, which showed a skeleton dressed as the Marlboro man lighting a cigarette for a black child. “They used to make us pick it,” it read. “Now they want us to smoke it.” The ads sent a strong message that nicotine was just another way in which the white establishment enslaved blacks. Similarly, Sunstein suggests, if state and federal governments were to ban all cigarette advertisements that show young, attractive people smoking, they might reinforce the message that teen-age smokers should be shunned rather than glamorized.

Eric Posner, however, worries about the danger of norm backlashes. “In a heterogeneous society,” he says, “you have to worry that, every time the government says that something is bad, people who don’t trust the government will think that it’s good.” In Posner’s view, people signal their loyalty to particular groups by engaging in inconvenient conduct, like nose piercing. “The *Times* had an article recently about how teen-agers are smoking more than they were in the early nineteen-nineties,” Posner says. “Why? Because, once the government says don’t do it, smoking becomes a better signal to your friends, if you’re a teen-ager, that you’re opting out of society.”

THE next frontier for the debate between the norm libertarians and the norm interventionists is the Internet. “When cyberspace first began, people said ‘This is anarchy, it can’t be controlled,’ ” Lawrence Lessig explains. “But that’s wrong. Cyberspace is regulated, and initially it was regulated by norms. One norm was the norm against advertising, and if you violated it, you would get flamed and bombed.” In those early days, cyberspace was populated exclusively by computer nerds who shared the same values and objectives, so regulation by norms was sufficient, but, Lessig argues, as the virtual world began to look more like the real world the citizens of cyberspace, like the inhabitants of Locke’s state of nature, began to demand more formal rules. Lessig believes that, for better or for worse, government can best achieve its regulatory goals by changing the architecture of cyberspace than by imposing a new set of legal sanctions. “The issue again is indirect regulation,” he says. “This time not through norms but instead through altering the code of cyberspace itself.”

In June, the Supreme Court struck



Soldiers, Republic Day Parade, Delhi

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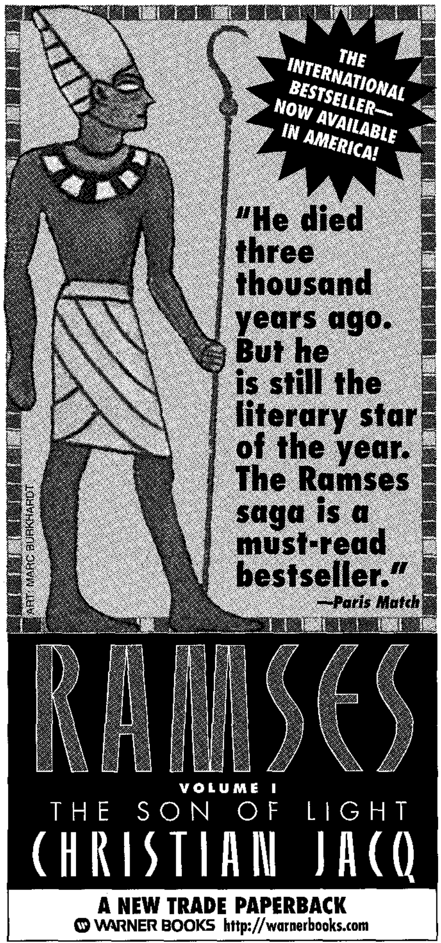

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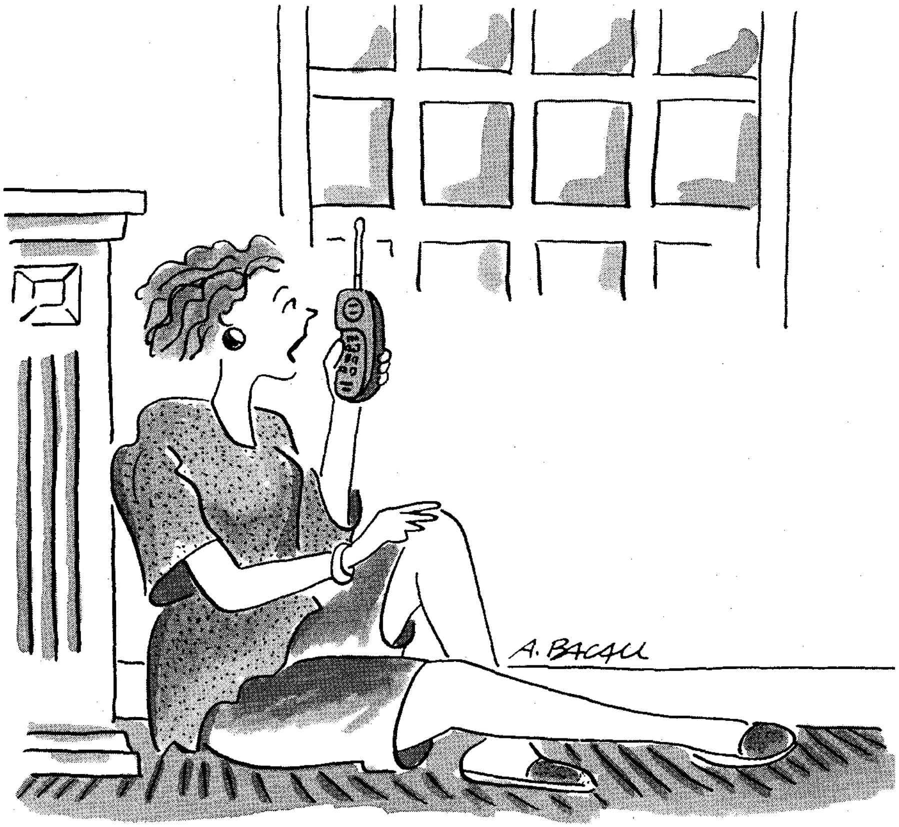

"Richard, we need to talk. I'll E-mail you."

down the Communications Decency Act. The court ruled that banning the transmission of "indecent" material on-line violated the First Amendment. But those provisions of the act might also have proved ineffective, since forbidding American citizens to post dirty pictures on their computers in Des Moines is much easier than forbidding Frenchmen to post dirty pictures in Versailles.

As an alternative to direct regulation, some techno-libertarians have urged Congress to endorse a filtering technology called the Platform for Internet Content Selection, or PICS. PICS would establish a standard for filtering content on the Internet, and enable third-party organizations to rate Web sites according to a flexible scale. Users could then select the filter they want (whether written by the Catholic Church or the A.C.L.U.) and see just what the filter permits. Microsoft has incorporated the PICS system into its browser, so that any document posted on the Internet without a PICS-compatible label can be blocked automatically. And supporters of PICS praise it for allowing individual users to decide what comes into their homes, by choosing the rating system that best reflects their own values.

Lawrence Lessig disagrees. "PICS is the devil," he says, because it would also allow centralized authorities, like the Chinese government or a skittish American employer, to impose filters from above. Instead of requiring all Internet providers to embrace PICS, as some legislators propose to do, Lessig says, the American government should prohibit PICS technology that allows censorship from above, or should at least require truth in filtering. "Your Web browser should say, 'Filtered for you by General Motors,'" Lessig says. "Government should be intervening to change the technology in a way that expresses our liberal values about cyberspace."

In a heterogeneous liberal democracy, there's often too much disagreement about social norms at the national level for the federal government to try to manipulate values without taking sides in the culture wars. This means that the norm cascades of the

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future may come from partnerships between local governments and the traditional sources of moral values: local community groups, schools, and churches. And they may involve activities that bear little resemblance to traditional law enforcement.

Tracey Meares, for example, has just begun to study the effectiveness of a prayer vigil for the West Side of Chicago, cosponsored by local ministers and the police. Last May, in a vigil organized by Claudell Ervin, the police commander for Chicago's Eleventh District, which includes West Garfield Park, eight thousand neighborhood residents, joined by ministers from more than two hundred churches, prayed for the salvation of their community.

Like the welfare-reform act of 1996, which allows states to contract with religious organizations to distribute federal welfare benefits, police-sponsored prayer vigils raise difficult constitutional questions about the separation of church and state. But in Meares' view the police, the church, and the community all benefitted from their collaborative effort to transform the social meaning of law enforcement in West Garfield Park. In the weeks after the vigil, she says, "ministers reported a decrease in drug traffic," because suburban buyers and local dealers had been embarrassed and chastened by neighborhood residents who approached them to pray for their souls. The prayer vigil changed the community's view of the police, Meares says, "but it also changed the police's view of the community." During the prayer vigil, "the ministers and the law-abiders in the community were willing to pray with somebody who was a very well known street-corner drug dealer," Meares recalls, and she says this showed the police that "the people in the community think that there's some hope for integrating the drug dealer into their neighborhood, as someone who accepts law-abiding norms." Meares' eyes sparkle at the religious imagery. "They believe that this person can be redeemed." By asserting a faith in their community's norms of good behavior, West Garfield Park residents give the police a different kind of ammunition. Like the Lord, the law can work indirectly, in mysterious ways. ♦

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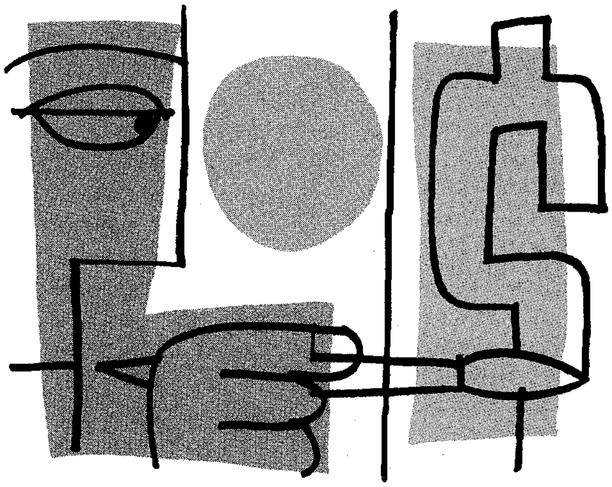
ANDERS WENNGREN

BACK in the dawn of the age of content, six or seven years ago, the future of the content creator looked bright. The proliferation of channels for creativity, from upband cable-TV stations to the Internet to CD-ROMs to zines, would give writers, artists, filmmakers, and musicians new leverage in the struggle with their old adversaries the suits. In his 1990 book "Life After Television" the futurist George Gilder forecast a golden age of artistic expression, to be ushered in by the telecommunications explosion: "The medium will change from a mass-produced and mass-consumed commodity to an endless feast of niches and specialties. . . . A new age of individualism is coming, and it will bring an eruption of culture unprecedented in human history. Every film will be able to reach cheaply a potential audience of hundreds of millions."

But is the age of content a good time to be a content provider after all? Or is Gilder's scenario one of those gotchas that the future likes to pull on futurists? Yes, the old culture monopolies have toppled. As the channels of distribution have multiplied, what economists call "the barriers to entry" have fallen in the culture industry. Steven Bochco, the creator of "Hill Street Blues" and "NYPD Blue," thinks that the artist-suit balance of power in his business has definitely shifted toward the artist. "Twenty-five years ago the networks were incredibly powerful, because there were just three of them," he said recently. "Boy, you couldn't afford to run afoul of too many of these characters, or you'd be out of the business. There just weren't enough places to go. Today, there's always someone who's hurting badly enough to take more of a risk—Fox, Warner Brothers, UPN, HBO, Lifetime. . . . There are tremendous opportunities out there for a kind of creative adventurism."

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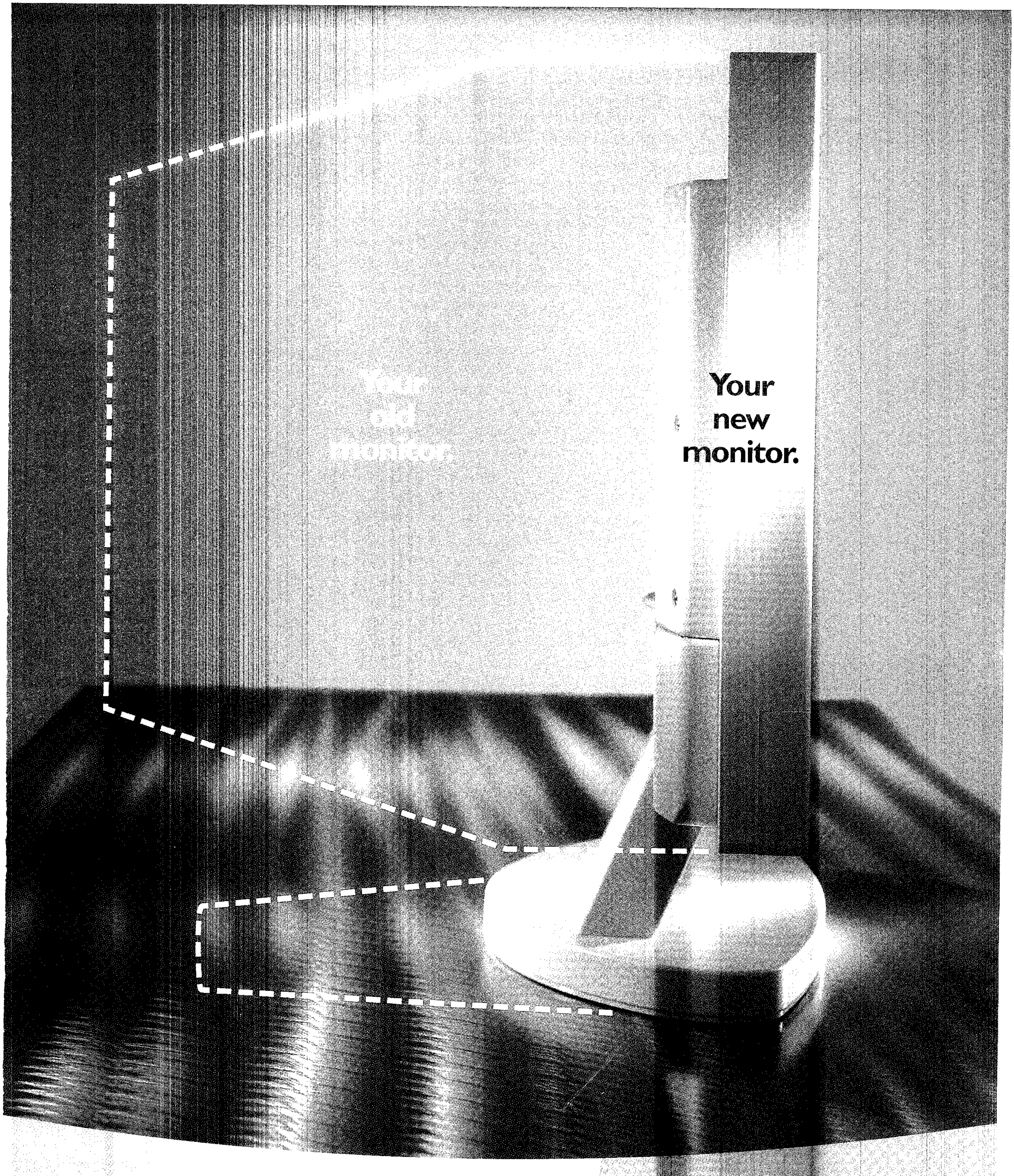

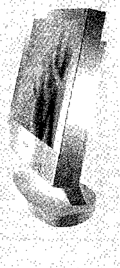

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to you digitally. It used to be you'd say, 'Can I have a violin player?' and the label would say, 'No, you can't have a violin player—it's too expensive.' 'Can I do another vocal?' 'No, there's no time to do another vocal.' Those constraints don't exist anymore."

But, because more people *can* make content, more do. The market is flooded with content. There are too many film festivals, too many books, too many new bands, too many "new voices" and "stunning débuts." As a result, the old culture mediators, the people who owned the means of production, have been replaced by new mediators—the marketers, whose role is to make scrumptious little idea packages to wrap around the content ("It's Jonathan Swift on acid") and to tweak each package to make it fit a particular demographic niche. Where there once was a producer with a "golden gut," there is now a guy from market research—"some weird cross between a psychiatrist and a cheerleader," as the science-fiction writer William Gibson put it to me after seeing his film "Johnny Mnemonic" go through test-marketing—who gets up in front of a focus group and asks, "How did that character make you *feel*?"

It's not just in Hollywood that marketing and the bottom line are bullying the content providers. In the publishing world, editors act much more like marketers than they used to. Cathleen Black, the president of Hearst Magazines, said in a speech last spring, "Time was when it was enough for an editor to have a Rolodex full of writers' names . . . but today it's also necessary for them to steward their brands into other media, and outside the realm of media." And advertisers have become more a part of the editorial process than they used to be. I.B.M. recently pulled all its advertising—six million dollars a year—from *Fortune* and placed all its employees off limits to *Fortune* reporters, as a result of a piece that the company thought was unfavorable to Louis V. Gerstner, Jr., its C.E.O. *Esquire's* literary editor, Will Blythe, resigned when a David Leavitt short story involving homosexuality was pulled on the eve of its scheduled publication; the magazine's editors maintained that the story was pulled for "editorial reasons," but Blythe believed otherwise, having

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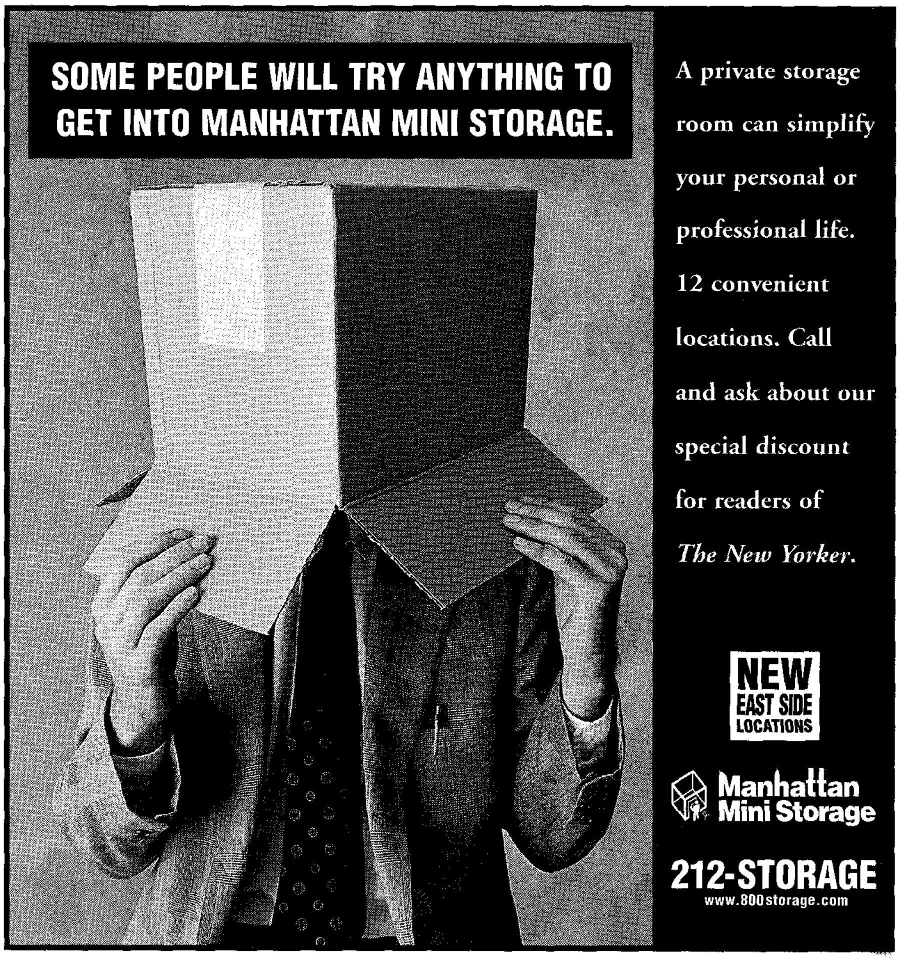
learned that the magazine was expected to notify Chrysler, an advertising client, of any "provocative" content that the conservative car manufacturer might not want appearing alongside its ads. He wrote in his resignation letter, "The balance is out of whack now. . . . We're taking marching orders (albeit, indirectly) from advertisers." Magazines are fighting the erosion of their editorial independence, but the age of content is working against them as well. There are too many magazines—hundreds of startups in 1997 alone—chasing too few ad dollars, and as a result advertisers can demand concessions that they never got before.

Paul LeClerc, the president of the New York Public Library, asked rhetorically if it would be possible for a single work of any kind to have the cultural impact today that Goethe's "Faust" had in Europe in the early nineteenth century. "If not, then what we've seen is a huge shift in the relationship between consumption and cultural output," he reflected. "In our day, with so much information coming through the line, and with the constant necessity to shift between the trivial and the important, it's hard to imagine a single text having that kind of impact. In the late twentieth century, we are a society that values output, speed, and productivity, whereas art requires time, reflection, tranquillity, and space—all commodities that are in limited supply these days."

In short, content creators have gained ample means to produce the product, but in the resulting cultural deluge they've lost the means of getting people to notice it. And while the marketers are always getting better—gathering more research, refining the demographic niches—the old methods of creative inspiration remain unimproved. The Information Highway is an immensely useful research tool: every home with a computer becomes a potential focus group. Market research seems to be creating a kind of neo-Darwinian sociology, a hybrid of science and business, that is on its way to replacing class, race, gender, and cultural identity with patterns of consumption behavior. If things keep going this way, there will soon be no difference between what the market wants to hear and what the individual is allowed to say. The only morality will be the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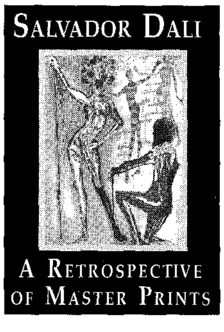
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morality of the demo, the first commandment of which is *The market is always right.*

II—THE NEW ARTISTS

For most of history, artists have worked for the suits, usually those worn by the Crown or the Church. Michelangelo did what the Pope told him to do. Mozart composed his music for the Holy Roman Emperor Joseph II. Only since Byron has the artist as rock star, as pure individualist, been a popular icon. Oscar Wilde updated the Byronic ideal for the modernists, in his 1891 essay "The Soul of Man Under Socialism":

> A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is. It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want. Indeed, the moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a dull or an amusing craftsman, an honest or dishonest tradesman.

Out of this statement flows the concept of artistic integrity—of remaining true to your vision regardless of the market—and of "selling out," which is still very much with us. In the technical arts, the notion that the best inventions come from independent inventors has been exploded in the twentieth century, but the romantic doctrine of individualism is still the rule in the culture industry. Individuals are supposed to be better at creating "heart" and "vision" than groups are; groups take on the values of the group, which are less pure. As the saying in show business goes, "A building can't make a movie." But in fact buildings help make movies all the time. Penny Marshall was insistent on casting Robert De Niro in the lead role of "Big," even though marketing said they couldn't sell that; in the end Tom Hanks got the part and was brilliant. Executives at Paramount worried that the prolonged kiss between Kevin Kline and Tom Selleck in "In & Out" would turn off some viewers, but when preview audiences howled with delight at the kiss, the scene stayed. In the new James L. Brooks movie, "As Good As It Gets," scheduled for release at Christmas and now in previews, test audiences actually insisted on a non-formulaic, non-Hollywood ending, which gave Brooks himself more power to do something unconventional.

Sometimes limits imposed by the suits can sharpen and focus an artist's vision: it has been said that Richard Avedon's fashion photographs, done under contract and in a climate of commercial pressure, are as good as his "art" pictures of the West. Or take Ani DiFranco, a twenty-seven-year-old singer-songwriter with a devoted cult following, who has put out nine albums in seven years, all on her own label, Righteous Babe Records. For DiFranco, independence has been artistically and commercially rewarding: she gets four dollars and twenty-five cents per record, as opposed to the two dollars that a major label pays its artists. But for the consumer is it such a good deal? You go to the record store to get an Ani DiFranco record, and there are nine of them! Which one should you choose? A major label would have forced her to limit her output to one album every two years, in order not to flood her own market. You have to spend twice as much money, and devote twice as much time plowing through the less than great stuff, to hear her best songs.

Thomas Schatz, the author of "The Genius of the System," a study of the Hollywood studio system, argues that movies made in the thirties and forties, when the artists were controlled by the suits, were just as good as the movies made in the later auteur period. "The quality and artistry of all these films were the product not simply of individual human expression, but of a melding of institutional forces," he writes. "In each case the 'style' of a writer, director, star—or even a cinematographer, art director, or costume designer—fused with the studio's production operations and management structure, its resources and talent pool, its narrative traditions and market strategy." Schatz says of Hitchcock, who was the model for later auteurs, "[When] Hitchcock could write his own ticket in an industry that seemed to be patterning itself after his career, both the quality and the quantity of Hitchcock's work fell sharply." Many have said that George Lucas made his best movies, "American Graffiti" and "Star Wars," while he was under the control of the hated studios.

Some would argue that the culture industry as a whole is entering a period like the days of the studio system—a period when art and commerce will be more rationally integrated, and the church-state divide between the artist and the suit will gradually become obsolete. The rise of modern marketing seems to be dismantling that old

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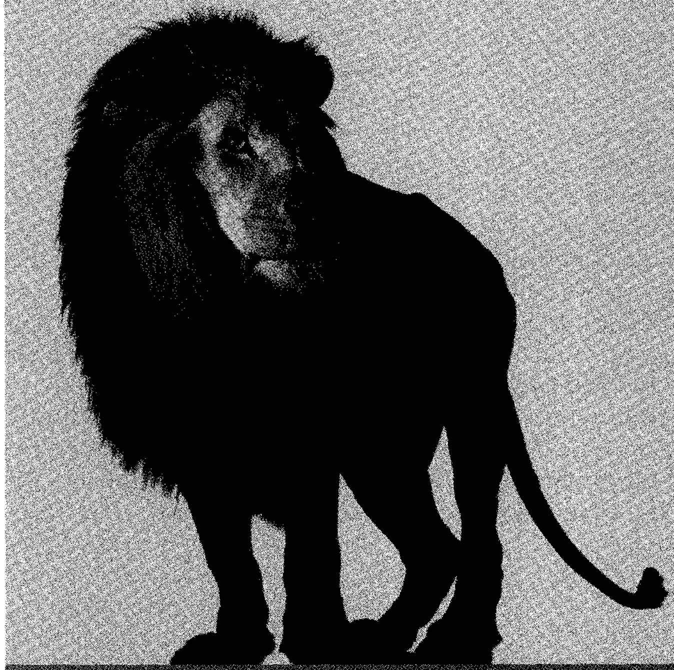

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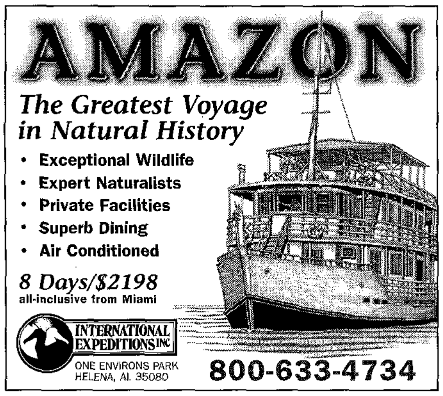

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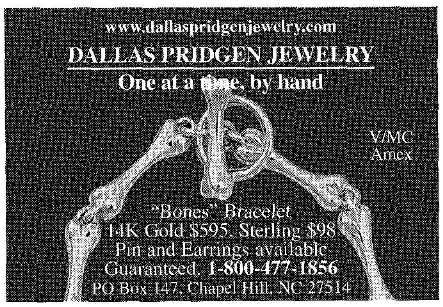

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dualism. Though marketing emerged out of the black lagoon of advertising—it was always about selling content—as time goes on it has an ever greater role in the *creation* of content. In an increasingly cluttered marketplace, the content, which the creator supplies, and the idea about the content, which the marketer confects, become harder to distinguish from each other.

At the same time, technology is changing traditional notions of authorship. The ability we have to rapidly access many different ideas on a subject with ever more refined searches increases the chance that an author is using someone else's ideas, or rather blending original and borrowed thoughts. On the Web, where hypertext links to many other authors may be embedded in a single text, the decline of the physical separateness of texts is challenging traditional notions of authorship. In the music world, "sampling," the mingling of one person's sounds with appropriated or "quoted" bits of other people's music, has become as legitimate a way of composing pop tunes as the old method of making them up yourself. James Schamus, a screenwriter and independent-film producer, thinks that what's happening is not so much the rise of corporate control over artistic freedom but a rethinking of who the artist is. There seems to be a new kind of creator emerging, whose job is to execute the wishes of the marketers and the executives in a creative way—to synthesize various ribbons of creative input—rather than to be a solitary auteur. "Notions of authorship have been blown wide open," Schamus says. "The author is really the person who owns the activity, who is paying the artists for their time while they are doing that work—that's the author."

III—THE TWO GRIDS

George W. S. Trow, who saw the future so long before it happened that he wrote about it in the past tense, perceived the fate of artistic independence in his "Within the Context of No Context," published in this magazine in 1980. According to Trow, there are two grids of pop culture: the big grid, the America of two hundred and sixty million, and the small grid, the grid of you and your intimate feelings. The age of content has progressed along Trovian lines. The big grid has become far more massive, while the intimate grid has grown smaller, tighter, augering in on itself. Occasionally, the grid of two hundred and sixty million and the grid of one lurch into alignment. The death of a princess or the terrible last hours of an Everest victim suddenly makes intimacy and massiveness feel like the same thing.

On the big grid are the stadium concerts, the latest Tom Clancy novel, the huge Broadway spectacular, and the "event movies." One of the basic truths of the big grid is that a culture project that relies on artistic execution is riskier than a market-tested project that will make money even if it's bad, because it's aimed at the all-important under-twenty-five-year-old-male demographic quadrant and because Stallone is huge in India. The content of the big-grid events is as shape-changeable as the cyborg in "Terminator 2," and it keeps coming back, in the form of books, videos, computer games, merchandise, and Happy Meals, so that even if, say, a movie bombs at the box office the studio has a shot at making money. And the global marketplace is so new, so vast, the money involved in these ventures so big, that no one—not even people who work at the studios—really knows if these movies are making money or not. Profits are less important than the attention the events generate in the culture; the perception of profitability is the main thing. Here, too, marketing is all.

The big grid has been a disaster for the arts: the homogenization that plagued mass culture is worse than ever now that culture is global. In the case of the worst movies, in fact—the blockbuster sequels to blockbusters that have reached their endlife as content—the American public can smell death and stays away. Kids seem to have an especially acute nose for carrion. "How do they know?" Tom Sherak, a longtime executive at Twentieth Century Fox, asked me recently. "How do they know they want to see 'The Fifth Element' and they don't want to see 'Fathers' Day'? They know something we don't know. All our research, and we don't know. We think it's the look. They

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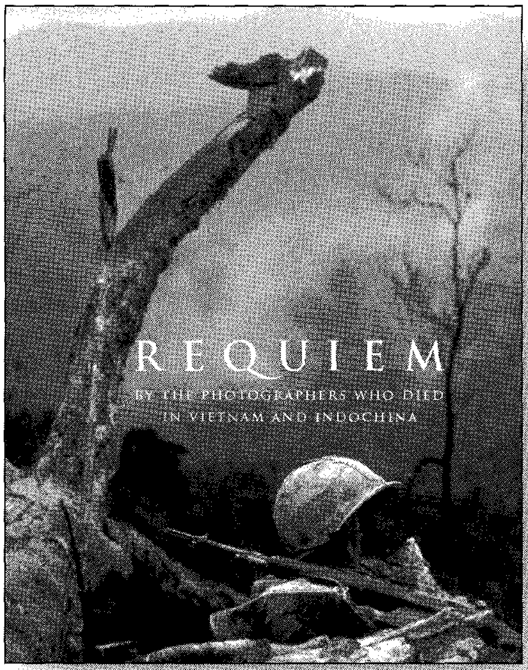

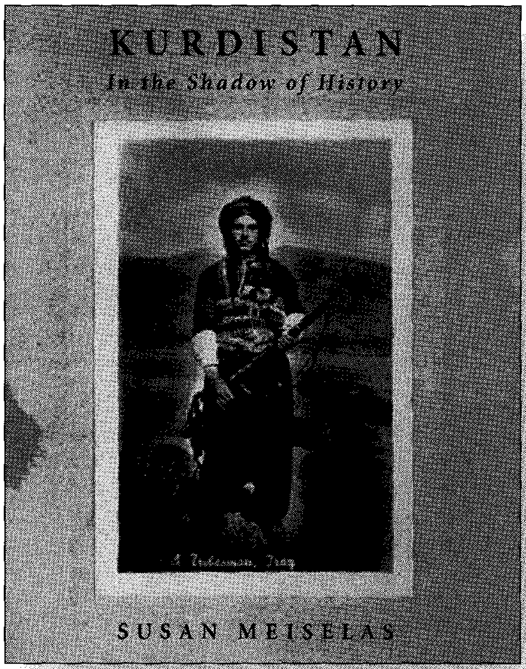
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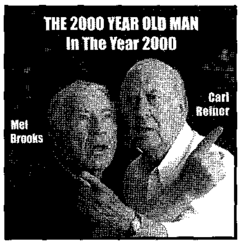

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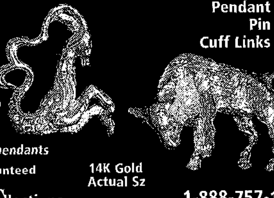

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perceive 'Fifth Element' to be about something that's hip, fresh, and different, while 'Fathers' Day' looks old and tired."

The intimate grid, lying at the opposite end of the mediascape, is the repository of all that's hip and different. It's the world of the Off-Off-Broadway one-act, the cutting-edge zine, the genre-busting band, and the "tweener"—the small film that falls between genres and cuts across demographic quadrants (male, female, under twenty-five, over twenty-five). The intimate grid is Jarvis Cocker, of the glam-rock Brit band Pulp, in song No. 4 on the CD "Different Class," telling the big grid to "take your year in Provence and shove it up your ass." The more alienated people feel by the merchandising-driven, corporately compromised state of the big grid, the more comfort they take in the small one, where the artists are "independent" and the art is "real." On the small grid, the message "It's cool to be different" has replaced the big-grid message "It's cool to be the same."

An optimistic view of the mediascape is that the small grid acts as a dialectical force on the big grid and, over time, improves the general level of culture. Because the public now has a choice, the good art will triumph, the bad art will be driven out, and the market will be right in the moral sense as well as the economic. This is the view currently held by the filmmaker Lawrence Kasdan. "What we saw this summer," he explained, "was certain executives' misunderstanding the lessons of their elders, who always, finally, trusted the filmmakers in the end, because they knew suits could not create an actual movie. The younger guys came in and thought, Oh well, we're supposed to be the boss of all bosses, we'll make this movie. So we saw some actual movies made by executives, and they were utterly soulless and chaotic, without any connection to storytelling or any of the values people used to go to movies for—they were suit movies. But the wheel always turns. Things will always come around. There will always be this enormous need for the fresh idea. That's what all success and money is generated from."

The small grid *is* a lot better than it was ten years ago. Look at all the styles of hip-hop music available from D.J. Lenny M., who sells his tapes on the corner of St. Marks Place and Third Avenue: everything from trance to jungle to underground house to smooth reggae. The moviegoer who likes "art house" films no longer has to go to art houses (which by and large don't exist anymore) to see them. "Sling Blade" and "Shine" and "Cinema Paradiso" play next to "Air Force One" at the multiplex. Independent films received four of the five Oscar nominations for best picture last year. But in the process the word "independent" has undergone an Orwellian inversion and now means almost the opposite of what it used to mean. Words like "independent," "alternative," and "extreme" have become slick and empty containers into which marketers can pack tons of content. That's why Geffen, Time Warner, and Microsoft were so eager to buy into Sub Pop Records, the Seattle-based indie label (Time Warner won), and why big beer brands have started adorably homey microbreweries (which in turn have inspired Miller Genuine Draft's recent ad campaign, "It's Time for a Good Old Macrobrew"), and why all the major studios have acquired stakes in "independents" like Miramax and Fine Line and October Films. Now the eighties' corporate raider Carl Icahn is getting into the independent-film business, too. "'Independent film' was an oxymoron to begin with, and is probably a misnomer to finish with," James Schamus says. "Who cares if you're independent? You want to be independent, sharpen your pencil and write a poem. You want to spend twenty million—well, you know, get real."

As true independence becomes a nostalgic memory, the idea of independence becomes more marketable still. Nicholas Barker, a young British filmmaker who took his first film to Telluride this year, says, "A festival like Sundance has become an institution in which the studios use a dubious title like 'independent' to confer sexy status on films which are in fact not independent at all. I met a whole load of guys who were simply donning the independent cap because it was the fastest route to Hollywood." (When I said, "O.K., thanks, I won't quote you," Barker said, "Oh, by all means, quote me.")

Oliver Stone told me, "Real independence is independent thinking, and we don't see much of that. Yeah, these films are raw, and sometimes they're not finished. The thought process isn't completed. They can often be an interesting little slice of life, but whether they can have any interest to anyone outside a sectarian portion of the population is debatable. And look at the second pictures—too many people are selling out the moment they have success."

The second-picture virus has attacked all the art forms. Many artists who are great as small independents can't survive the leap to the big grid, but because the big-grid marketers are always on the lookout for independent talent they can introduce, the young talents get pushed along too fast. "We're in a period where the new artist is expected to be the new messiah," says George C. Wolfe, the producer of New York's Public Theatre. "The whole concept of the journeyman artist has disappeared. You are not allowed to go on a journey. There is no journey. You're either extraordinarily brilliant or you're dead." Lindsay Law, the president of Fox Searchlight, recalls a small-grid project he snapped up: "The provocative new film by nineteen-year-old Matty Rich. That was the selling point. He was nineteen. And he was this young black kid—I was like the third or fourth white person he had ever met. He finally got a second movie, and it was dreadful."

This strip-mining of talent is producing an age of one-hit wonders, an age more favorable to art than to artists; but the system is addicted to the hype generated by the changes in scale. Instead of the small grid exerting salutary force on the big grid, the big grid is sucking the life out of the small. In the theatre world, Wolfe says, "a corporate thought process is beginning to dictate what has always been a small, individual- or community-driven art form." The reason, he explained, is that in response to rising costs Broadway producers have made alliances with corporations, and this has brought about a relentlessly box-office-driven approach to Broadway theatre. "As the commercial landscape gets more and more bland in an attempt to appeal to everyone," he said, "the pressure's put on the

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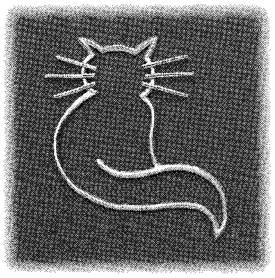

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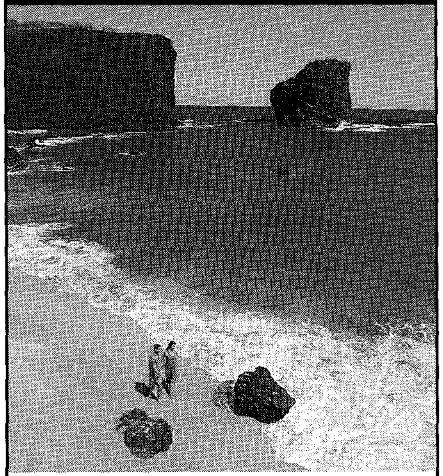

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BIRTHDAY POEM TO MY WIFE

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anything getting closer to now—deaths, births,
marriages, murders—grows the consequence

till if you kissed me that would be a matter
of great consequence: large spaces also include

us into anonymity, but you beside me, as the
proximity heightens, declares myself, and you, to

the stars: not a galaxy refuses its part in
spelling our names: thus you understand if you

go out in the back yard or downtown to the
grocery store—or take a plane to Paris—

time pours in around me and space
devours me and like inconsequence I'm little and lost.

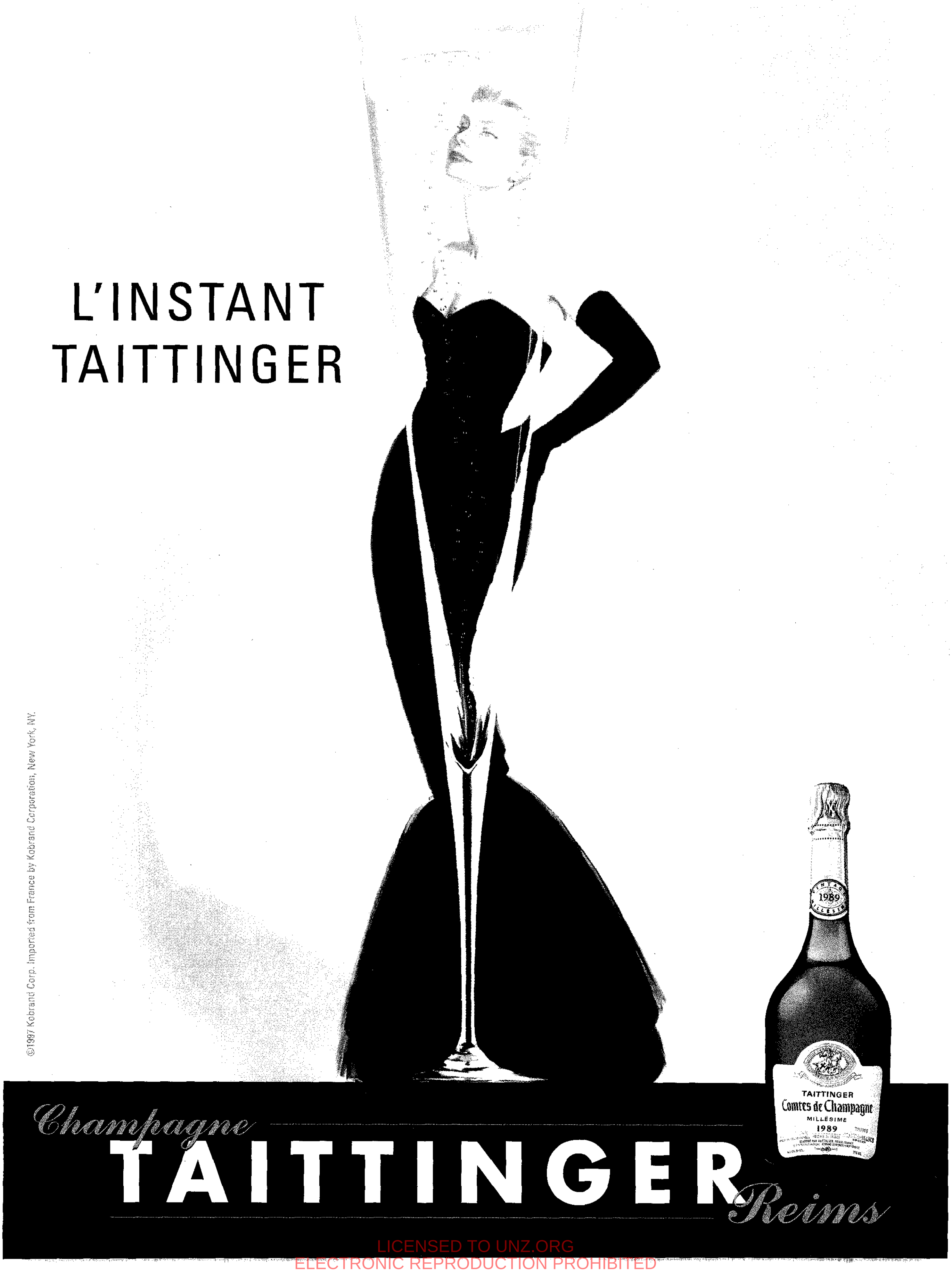
—A. R. AMMONS

not-for-profits to be what Broadway used to be once upon a time—to provide exciting and challenging theatre for the commercial landscape. As opposed to being what the not-for-profit originally was, which was a breeding ground for maturing talent, and an alternative to the commercial landscape. We're instead expected to pick up the slack. So in the nonprofit world you have to be smarter about every single thing that you do. There are plays that I did two or three years ago at the Public which I would be very cautious about doing now, because I now understand that I'm not just letting a new artist be discovered, I'm introducing a new 'product,' which is a daunting task."

The midspace between the grids has become an apocalyptic heath, which the mid-list authors, the good but not brilliant filmmakers, and the solid but not spectacular bands, who once were the de-facto standard-bearers of the culture, haunt like ghosts. It's like Las Vegas at night: a tantalizing, amoral world, lit by the sparks of artists, actors, musicians, and writers who are in transit between success and failure—the prodigies arcing upward from the small grid and feeling that wallop as their identities are zapped by money and fame; the thirty-year-old instant has-beens spinning back into the small grid, spent and forgotten. There's Jean-Pierre Jeunet, the talented co-director of "Delicatessen," who has just finished making "Alien Resurrection" for Twentieth Century Fox. There's James Mangold, whose first film was the low-budget "Heavy," and whose second film was "Cop Land." Have a most excellent adventure, dudes! There's Fiona Apple, the fresh-faced, too skinny new pop star, whose video for "Criminal" borrows from heroin chic. There's Charles Frazier, the author of "Cold Mountain," one of the best-selling first novels in history; he recently sold it to U.A./M.G.M. for one and a quarter million dollars, to be directed by Anthony Minghella of "The English Patient." Hey, Charles, are you still the same old guy you used to be? Do you still clean the bugs off the windshield of that junky old ride?

IV—THE MARKETER WITHIN

THE proliferation of new media may or may not bring more artistic freedom to the next generation of content creators, but it seems certain to inculcate in them a better sense of the



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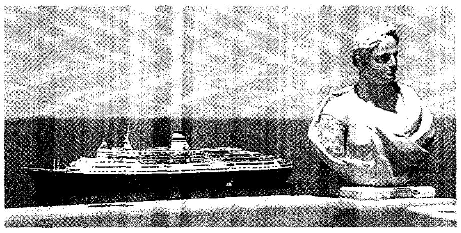

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For free brochure, see any travel agent or call (800) 333-7300 awesome reality of the market. There is no sign that advertising, the traditional source of support for popular art, on which our church-state system of art and commerce has been erected, will work on the Web, where the audience has the technological advantage of being able to choose what it wants to see. The music video, a seamless synthesis of content and advertising, is a model for the content creators of the future. Some of the most original morsels on network television these days are the brief avant-garde stories that form the "content" of the Levi's ads, or the Nike series featuring the picaresque adventures of Li'l Penny.

The writer and director Michael Tolkin told me a story about a lecture he gave recently to aspiring filmmakers. He mentioned Jimmy Cagney, and was shocked to discover that virtually none of them knew who Cagney was. "People in their twenties have for the most part no memory of history or art or anything else that's older than fifteen years," he said. "This generation, which grew up on cable TV, and on more recent movies, has been spoon-fed culture that was much more market-oriented than the culture of an earlier generation. Today the marketer is within." In other words, the artists of the next generation will make their art with an internal marketing barometer already in place. The auteur as marketer, the artist in a suit of his own: the ultimate in vertical integration.

So what's the future of selling out? Of what value are artistic principles in an age when the moral logic of remaining true to your vision or your heart has been overrun by the economic logic of the market? The starving artist, the visionary who can't make money from his art, has lost his resonance as a cultural archetype. He has been replaced by the charismatic grifter—the nineteen-year-old kid who makes a movie on his parents' credit card. He won't starve if the movie flops. He'll roll his debt over onto a new credit card that offers a six-month, six-per-cent grace period and try again. ◆

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

[*Headline in the Sarasota (Fla.) Herald-Tribune*]

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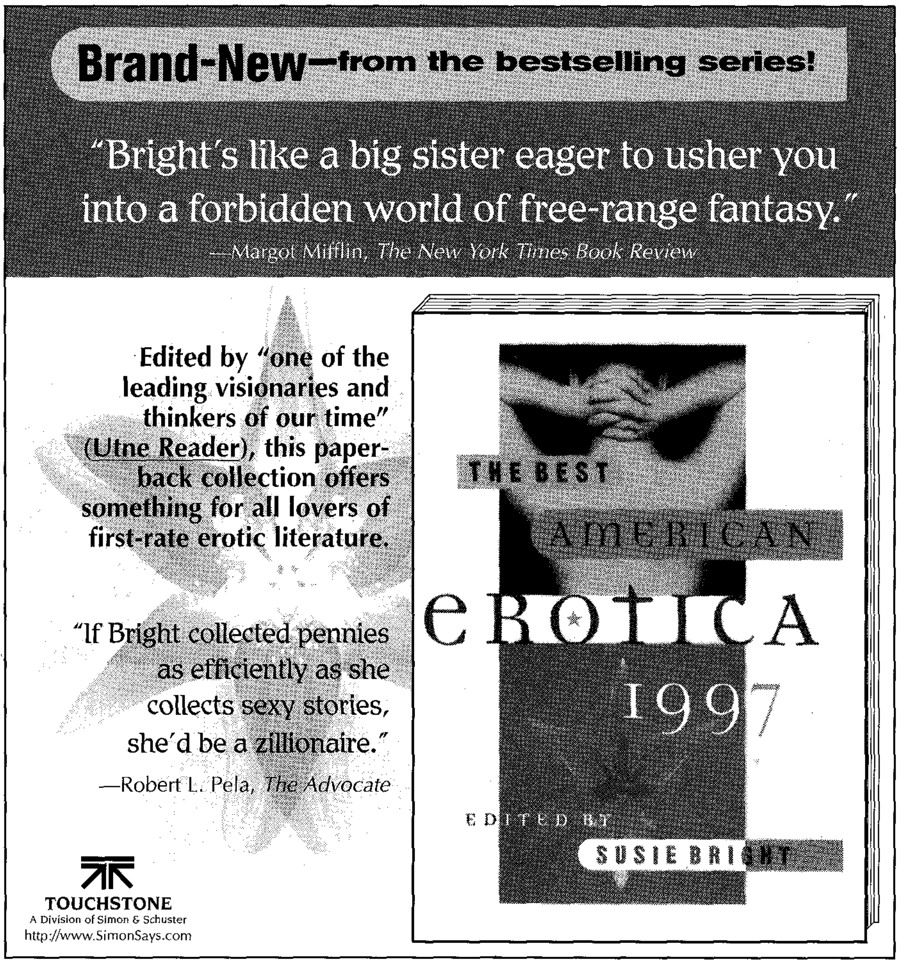
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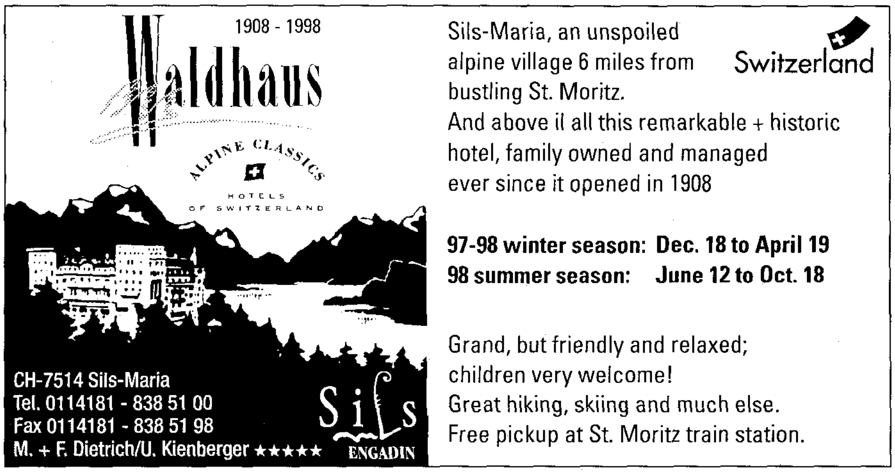
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In a world where there are no longer any June Cleavers, why shouldn't you be able to hire one?

BY MARGARET TALBOT

“SOMETIMES I think I'm the most underpaid wife in L.A.,” Beth Berg says. Then she laughs, because she's not really a wife at all, though—for a fee of twenty-five dollars an hour—she does perform the kinds of tasks that wives used to do before so many of them went to work, tasks that few husbands have ever done regularly at all. If you call her from your office and announce that you want to have some colleagues over for dinner that night, Berg will plan the menu, invite the guests, and cook the meal. If the drain is clogged on a weekday, she will wait for the plumber. She will talk to the electrician and remember where the fuse box is. On some frantic morning when she is there—calm, as always—she will find your misplaced keys, your long-gone socks.

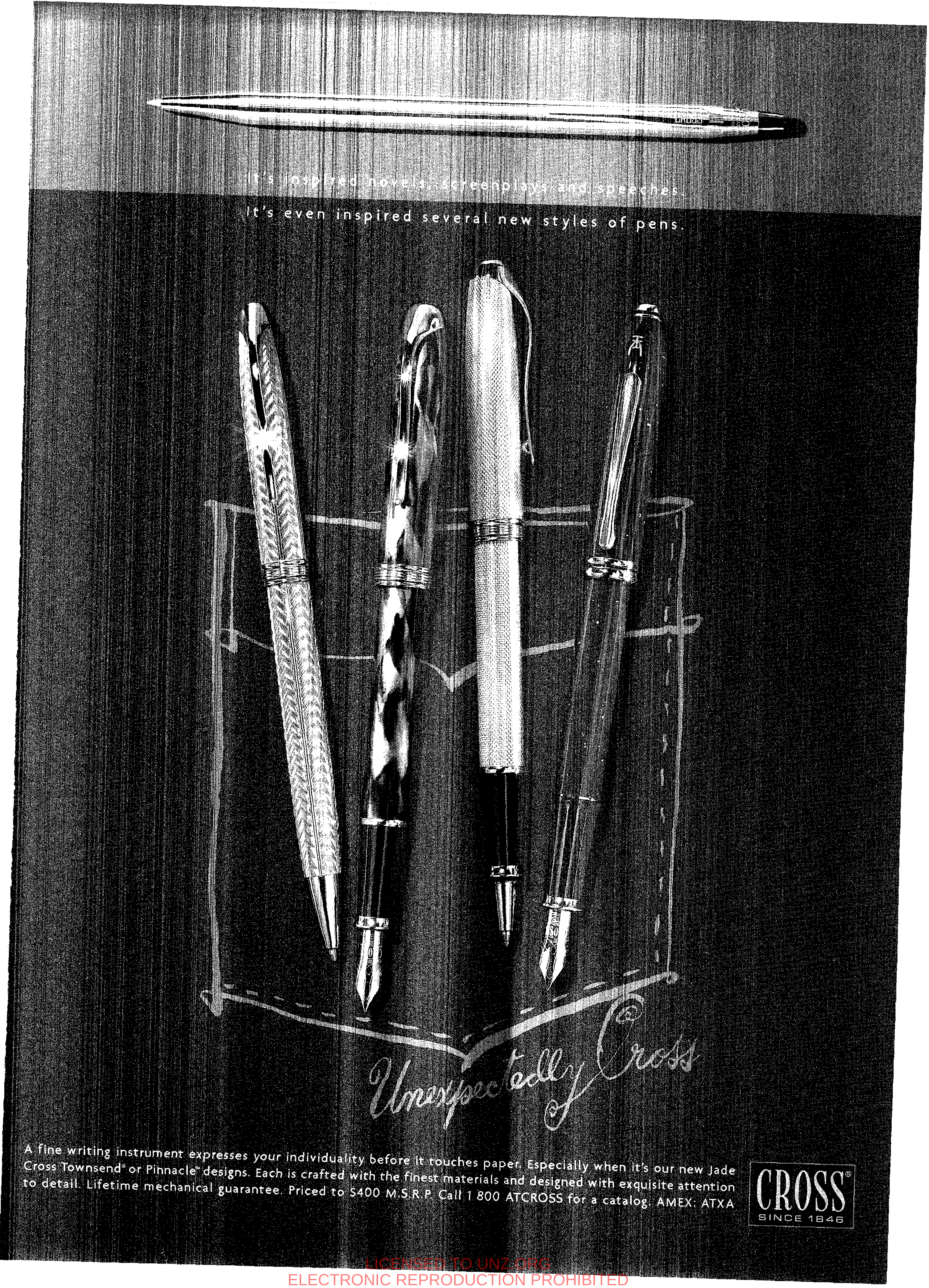
She will advise you where to put your books from college, your linen tablecloths, your outsize utensils. She will program the phones in the house—yours and the kids'—with their most frequently called numbers. She will know their most frequently called numbers. She will take your thirteen-year-old daughter to the mall to pick out new bedspreads. She will drive all over town in search of a particular shade of green paint that you hope will give the back gate a comforting patina of age. She will phone your city-council member to demand that a “Children Playing” sign be posted in front of your house, because you have been worrying about that blind corner for months. She will look at prospective new houses and tell you the ones you might want, because by this time she will know you pretty well. And she will do all this more cheerfully and more promptly than a spouse might, because, after all, it's her job.

MARK ZINGARELLI

In a culture that has professionalized every imaginable form of know-how, commodified every conceivable relationship, and made a fetish of the two-career time crunch, the advent of a Beth Berg was inevitable. At the moment, Berg herself has only a handful of clients—and, indeed, it would be hard for her to have many more, given the level of service that she provides—and they're richer than you and I are. There is an eighty-one-year-old businessman and sailing enthusiast named Stanley Dashew. There is the actor Richard Dreyfuss, who has three young children. There is a family for whom Berg recently “organized and rationalized” a move from Los Angeles to Napa.

Were she to expand her business, as she hopes to do, Berg is sure that she could line up others: newly divorced men who might be strangers to their own kitchens, working mothers who, Berg says, “don't have a clue where to put things in their house.” They are the target market for a flourishing new industry that might best be described as “domestic out-sourcing.” It caters to the vast number of people too enervated by work or too estranged from household tasks to make their homes run as they think homes should. A search through the yellow pages of any major metropolitan area (especially Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, and Washington, D.C.) will turn up dozens of domestic experts, each offering to assume the burden of another aspect of family life. These offerings go far beyond nannies or cleaning services, deep into the rarefied realms of personal organizers, professional family-meal planners, freelance educational advisers, children's birthday consultants, play-group coördinators.

Because many such services are now available for an hourly fee, they are no longer out of the reach of the middle class. (In fact, big corporations, like Xerox, Hewlett-Packard, and Marriott, offer on-site versions of some of these services—personal shopping, for example, or dry cleaning—to all their employees at company headquarters.) Nor are the providers likely to incur the noblesse oblige that wealthy families may have once bestowed on live-in domestic servants. These transactions may be intimate, but they are also more obviously commercial. And the domestic out-sourcers are just as likely to dispense instructions to clients as to follow instructions from them. Indeed, the whole system pivots on the assumption of a certain obtuseness on the part of the clients: either they are too busy to take care of some of the niceties of domestic life or they distrust their own ability to finesse them. (This is the sort of self-doubt that a domes-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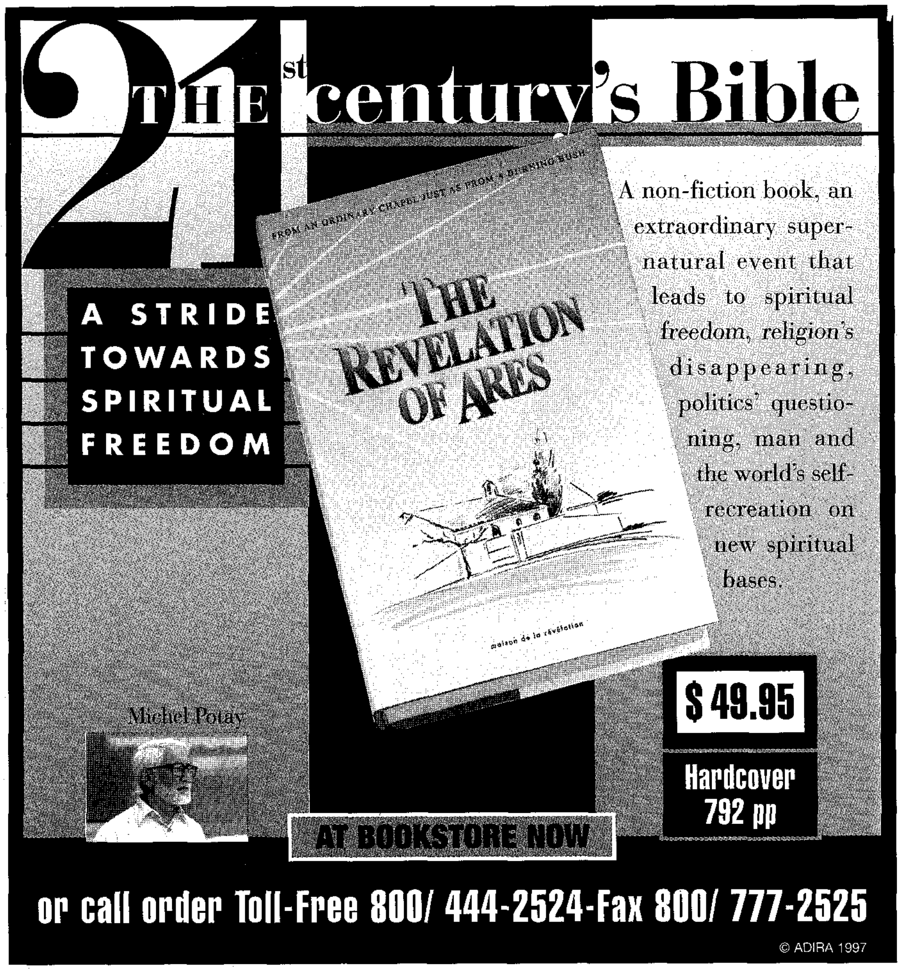
tic pedant like Martha Stewart also plays to.)

"Let's say that one of my clients wants her house decorated for Christmas," Beth Berg explains to me. "Well, maybe she doesn't feel that she's a very creative person. Maybe she's more of a businesswoman, or an academic type. That's where I come in. Or let's say Richard Dreyfuss needs a new lamp. Well, that's not the kind of thing he pays attention to. But I care, and that's part of the challenge. So maybe I'll design a lamp and put it together out of different parts that I find, and every time I look at it I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I did that."

ON a sunny autumn afternoon, Beth and I are driving to Dreyfuss's house, on a pretty little winding street in the San Fernando Valley. It's one of those neighborhoods which are distinguished—during the week, at least—by the absence of all those who ostensibly live there. Instead, it is populated by a small army of domestic helpers.

Beth hops out of her silver Ford Explorer and hauls down two Glad bags full of sheets and towels that had been left at the nanny's after the Dreyfuss kids slept over. She greets the mailman by name and bounds up the walkway—past Marina, the housekeeper, who is planting impatiens in the garden, and into Richard's kitchen, a big, open, well-lit room, where Audrey, the personal assistant, is taking phone calls.

Audrey wants Beth's counsel about a picnic she's hosting. "See, I want to do poached salmon, but what do I poach it in?" she asks. Beth goes into advice mode. She opens a drawer beneath the stove, pulls out a roasting pan, and says, "Here, we're going to make you a poacher. You're going to use this, and you're going to make a little roof out of foil—not very high. Like this, O.K.?" Is there such a thing, Audrey wants to know, as a recipe for cucumber-and-dill salad? "Well, what you want to do there," Beth says briskly, "is buy English cucumbers, cut them on a slant, mix them with a little yogurt—not too much, you don't want it to be soupy. The yogurt will draw out the liquid, and that's your dressing." We're almost out the door—Beth has plenty of other errands on her three main to-do lists—when Audrey calls after us. "Hey, what should I do for hors



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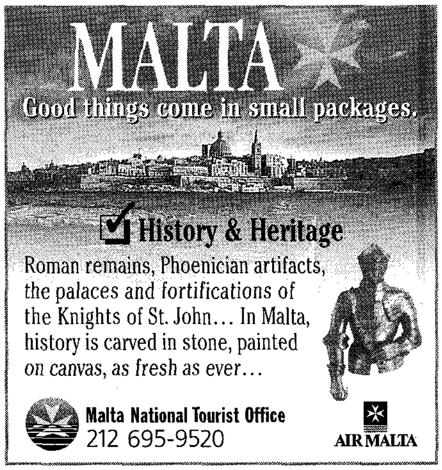

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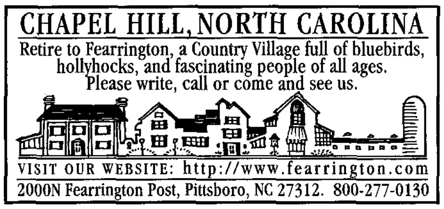

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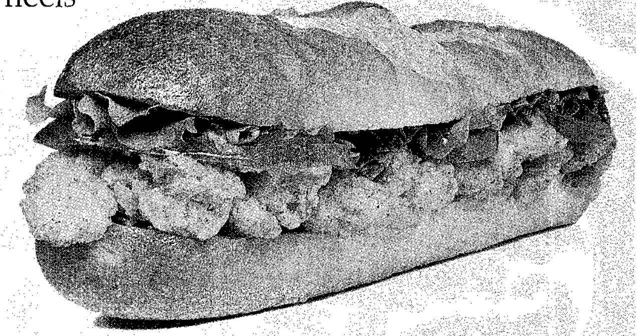

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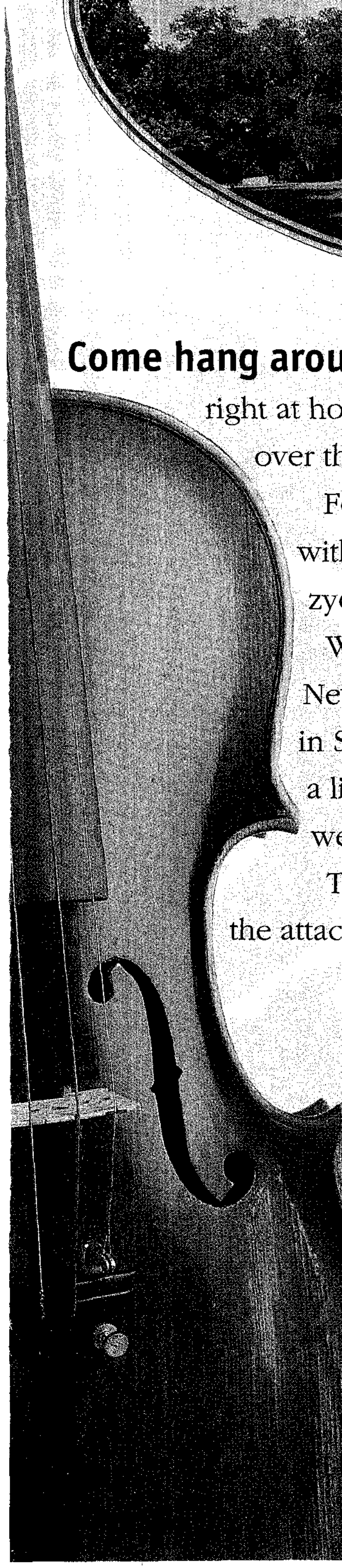

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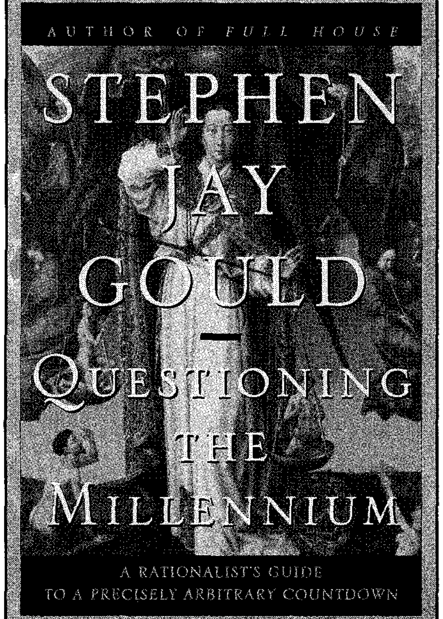

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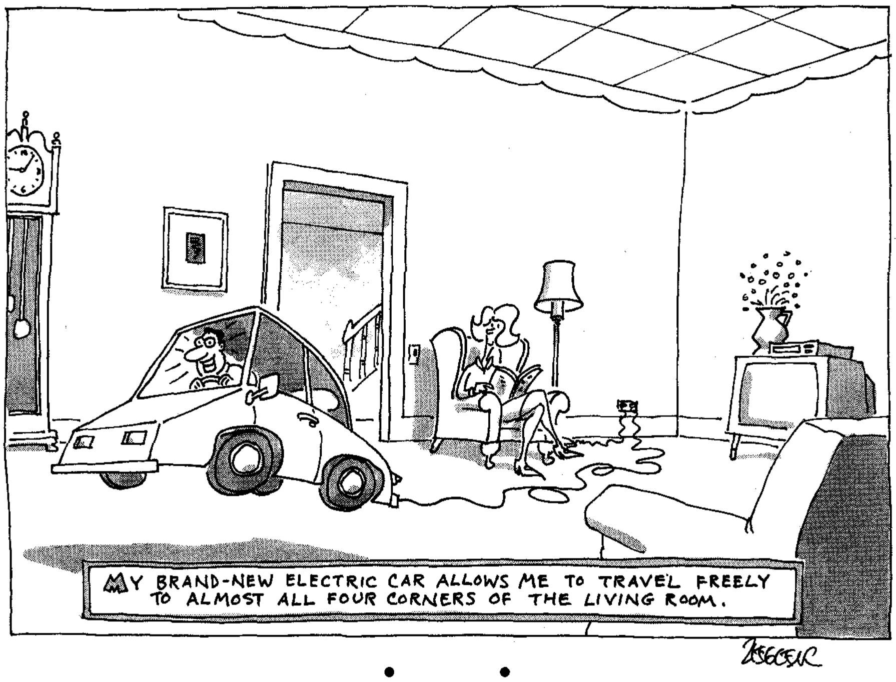
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d'œuvres? I was thinking of a fruit plate." Beth whirls around. She is forty-five but looks much younger. Her hair is long and auburn, her bare legs are tanned, and she's wearing flat leather sandals and a russet-colored dress of ribbed cotton, so that the over-all effect is of a soothing monochrome. "No," she calls over her shoulder. "I'd do a baguette, sliced thin, with some spreadable cheeses and maybe some baba ghanouj."

Before Beth Berg got into the rent-a-wife business, she had cut hair at Vidal Sassoon in San Francisco; managed a pub in McLean, Virginia; worked in a dentist's office in Virginia Beach; helped refurbish a yacht in San Diego. Unlike many members of the new élite—the symbolic analysts, as Robert Reich calls them—she is the kind of person for whom everyday, hands-on labor has not become a mystery. And at a certain point Berg was smart enough to realize that a generalist's knowledge of how things work could be sold back to the very class of people who had sloughed it off. Berg could look at an expensive new house a client wanted to buy and know where the trouble was likely to come from—cracks in the pool, funky wiring. She had in her head recipes, measurements, building specs.

Besides, she had no children of her own. Wayne Bailey, her otherwise genial "significant other," was "wedding-phobic" (they had to cancel two scheduled ceremonies when "his chest got tight and he couldn't breathe"), and the couple lived in a tiny rented duplex in Hermosa Beach. That didn't leave much scope for Berg's domestic talents. Where a client might sit in the living room of her new house, stare at the unpacked boxes, and say "Now what?," Berg would think, I know what to do. Where a client such as Dreyfuss might not always remember what sort of food to serve to what sort of person, Beth knew that "for the political people there has to be meat, for entertainment-industry people something pretty and healthy, for literary people nothing too pretty or they won't eat it." Where a client might dread the time it takes to master a new neighborhood, Beth, a former Navy brat, sets out to find the cheese store, the florist, the shoe-repair shop with a thrill of anticipation worthy of Clarissa Dalloway.

The first ad Berg ever placed was headed simply "BUY TIME." To sell time, however, requires a willingness to be on constant call. "This is a twenty-four-hour-a-day commitment," she says. "My pager is always on." Yet that can blur the boundary between the sort of chores that are done for money and the ones that, ideally, ought to be done for love. "You become so dedicated to taking care of their lives that you neglect aspects of your own," Berg says. "There were mornings when Wayne couldn't find his wallet, and I'd walk out the door, because I had to get to work. I'd go over to Richard's, and Richard would be looking for *his* wallet. I'd start to wonder: Why does it

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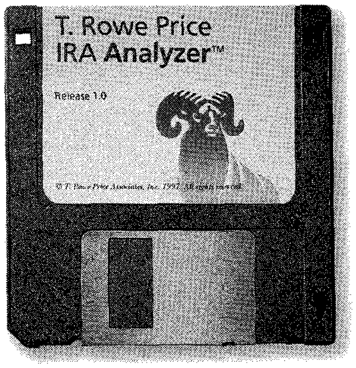

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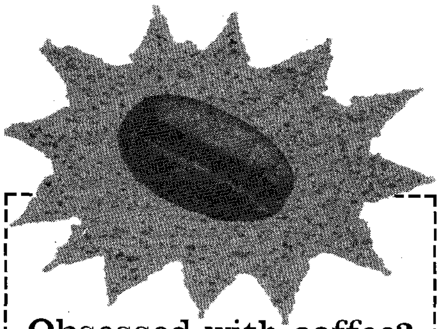

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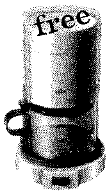

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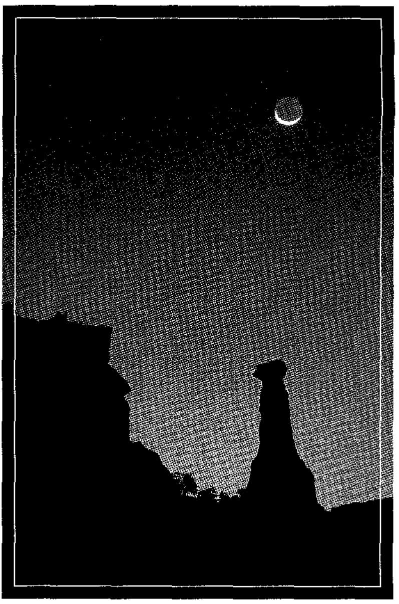
irritate me when Wayne can't find his wallet but not when Richard can't? Well, probably because Richard pays me to find his wallet."

When the sociologist Arlie Hochschild looked into the impact of "family-friendly" policies at one Fortune 500 company for her recent book, "The Time Bind," she found that only a tiny percentage of the employees with young children exercised their options to work part time or job-share or take paternity leave. Nationwide, the figures follow a similar trend. Not only are more women working but they are working more hours than they did twenty years ago, and, according to a study recently reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* parents of both sexes are spending less time with their kids than they did in 1960—an average of ten or twelve hours less per week. Whether it is because they fear downsizing, need the overtime income, or have simply come to prefer the social matrix of office life, the effect on home life is the same: chores pile up, repairs go undone.

Hence the appeal of new services that promise to get your home life under control. Even if you can't afford a Beth Berg full time, you can purchase any number of time-saving domestic services. If you need to hire a nanny but are too busy to look for one, you can pay a company like the Nanny Link, in the Washington area, to place the ad, field calls, and screen applicants. Or you can sign up for a popular two-hour seminar run by Gloria Ritter, a professional organizer in Washington, called Organize Your Child; Organize Yourself. "If little Susie has soccer at four on Monday, and Bobby has his music lesson at four, how will that be coördinated?" Ritter asks. "It's important that children are in on the decisions and aware of the challenges involved. We help parents understand that their children's disorganization is similar to their own."

Time constraints, though, are not the only reason that families turn to domestic out-sourcing. There are, after all, easier and cheaper ways to buy time. Many parents who are too tired to cook dinner simply call out for pizza or Chinese food. But the domestic out-sourcing business counts on its ability to pique



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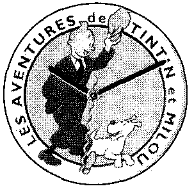
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their guilt, playing to the baby-boomer élite's conviction that at home, just as at work, there is excellence to be maintained. If you're worried about the nutritional shortcomings of most convenience foods, for example, you can trade up to a "home-meal replacement" service, such as Washington's Let's Eat Already! The chef, Julie Holland, will come to your house to cook up to two weeks' worth of meals and pack them in your freezer.

In some ways, home is harder to handle simply because baby boomers have defined it as harder to handle. Children of Spock, they are sure that everything they do matters to their kids, even if they don't have the time to do it themselves. They want their children to be academically successful, psychologically fulfilled, politically tolerant, physically fit, upwardly bound. Consider the business of educational consulting. Parents who feel that neither they nor the counsellors employed by their child's school are quite up to the task of steering their child to the right college (or preschool or elementary school, for that matter) can hire someone who will think strategically for a dreamy kid, and even edit her personal essay. If you start early enough, the consultant will go as far as to map out the coursework and extracurricular activities that will entice the right schools.

Other innovators in the domestic-out-sourcing business have taken what might be thought of as sentimental tasks, and have offered to do them better than parents could, even if they had the time. Script 'n Scribble, in the Washington suburbs, will send care packages to a child at camp which look as if they came from you but are in fact more skillfully targeted to current kid tastes. "You know, at camp everybody is looking to see who gets the most care packages, and the best," the company's owner, Shana Collidge, says. "It's very competitive." This year, she sent out about two hundred parcels full of hair scrunchies, mini-flashlights, stuffed animals ("not Beanie Babies, My Beans—they're much softer and cuddlier"), and candy. Collidge's gifts may not be personal but they are personalized: she'll put the child's name on stickers, notepads, stationery, photo albums.

It would be tempting to divide the world of domestic out-sourcing into sentimental tasks (sending care packages) and practical ones (grocery shopping), and to shudder a bit at the former, while more or less endorsing the latter. In family life, though, the division is never so neat; the intimate and the mundane are intertwined. What Virginia Woolf called "moments of being"—a heightened awareness of one's past coupled with a flash of recognition about one's relations in the present—come just as often (Woolf thought more often) when we are in the midst of our daily routines as they do when we have contrived some dramatic break from our daily rounds.

But domestic out-sourcing co-opts these mundane moments. The car pool

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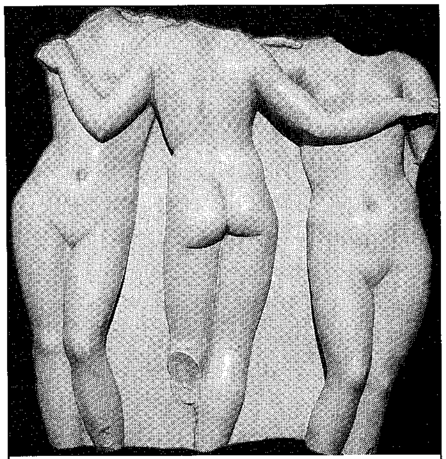

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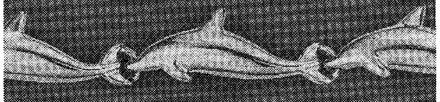

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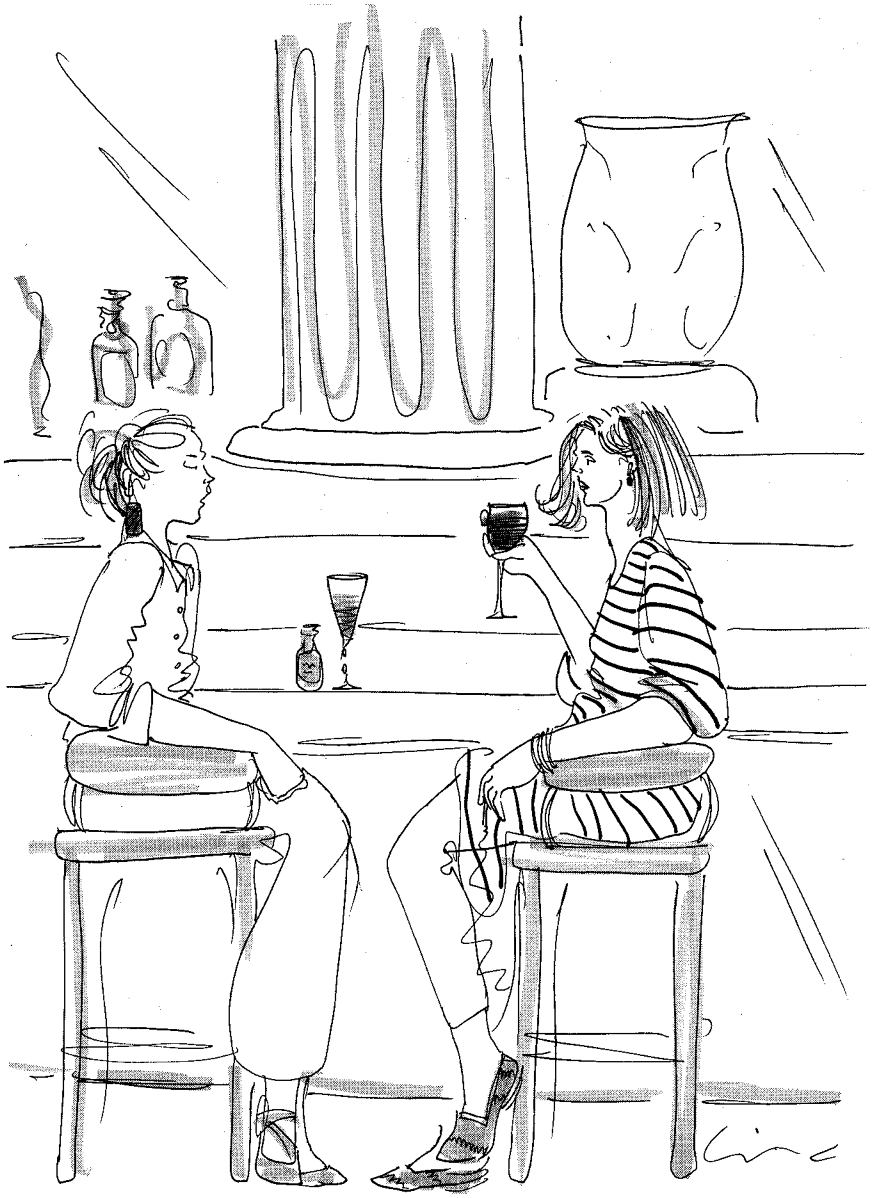
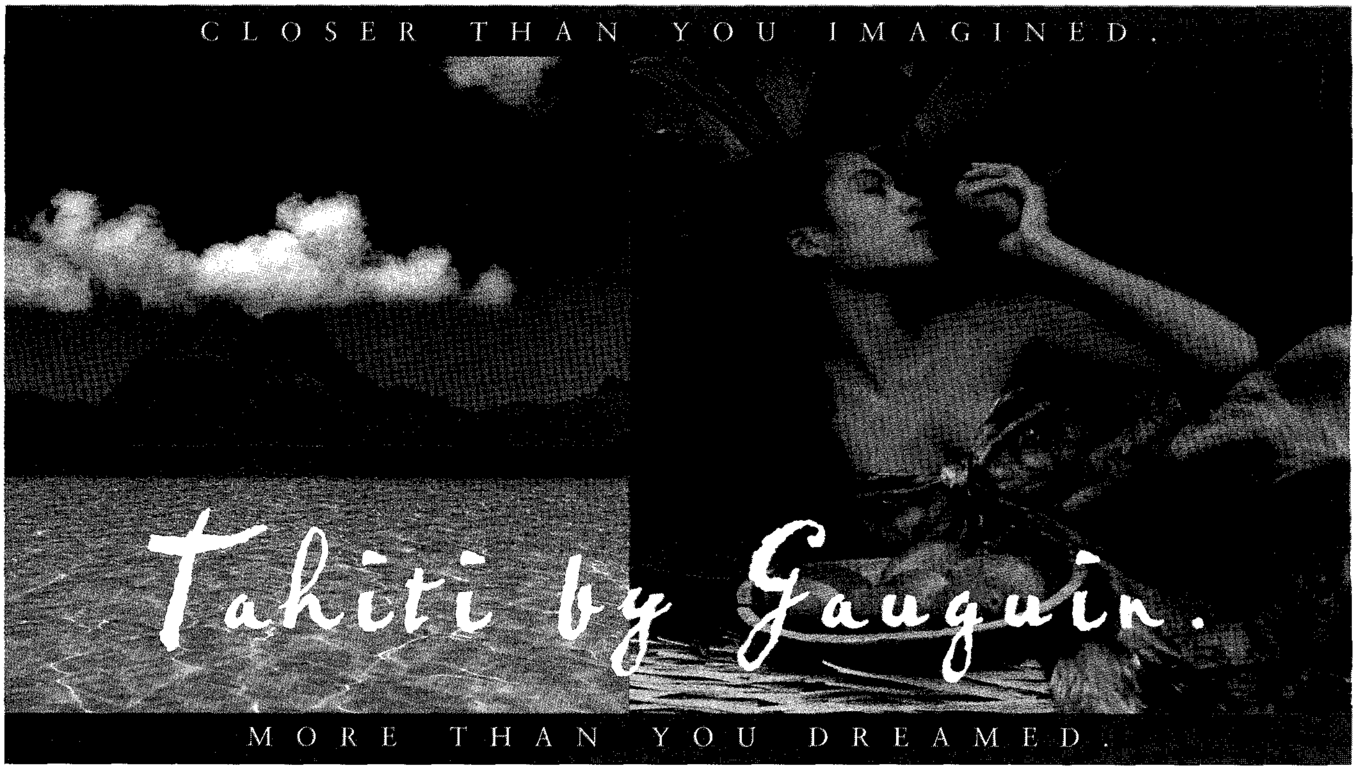
is a chore, but it can also be a rich source of information about a pre-teen's social life, her ambitions and preoccupations. "Drive your daughter and her friends to soccer practice or wherever and you become a fly on the wall," one working mother says. These days, though, the family car pool is giving way to professional chauffeur services in many communities. In Centreville, Virginia, a company called Kids in Motion provides what the owner, Tina Laroche, describes as "door-to-door transportation to and from school, preschool, karate, gymnastics, ballet, therapy" for a roster of about three hundred clients. Denise Borders, whose twelve-year-old daughter goes to gymnastics six days a week, uses the service to pick her daughter up from school at one-thirty in the afternoon and take her to the gym, where she stays till eight-thirty in the evening. "It is very expensive—about five hundred dollars a month—but I don't know what we'd do without them," says Borders, who is the C.E.O. of an educational-consulting firm in Washington and is married to an assistant bureau chief at the Associated Press. "You always worry. It's so hard to give your children up to anyone. You worry about people driving on the interstate. But the drivers have always been so responsible. They talk a lot to the kids. If a child is hungry, they have snacks—apples or pretzels."

Not long ago, I rode along on a Kids in Motion pickup and saw why parents



"I would marry, but I can't let go of the moment."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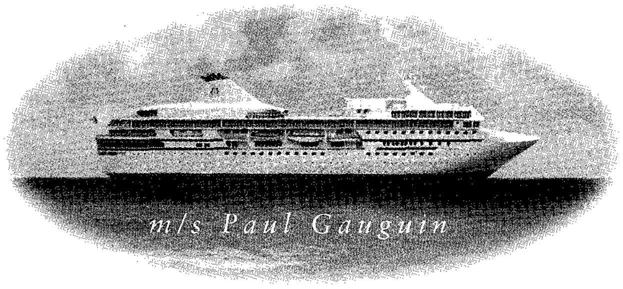

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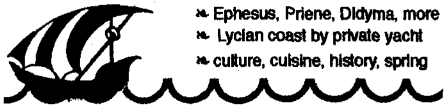

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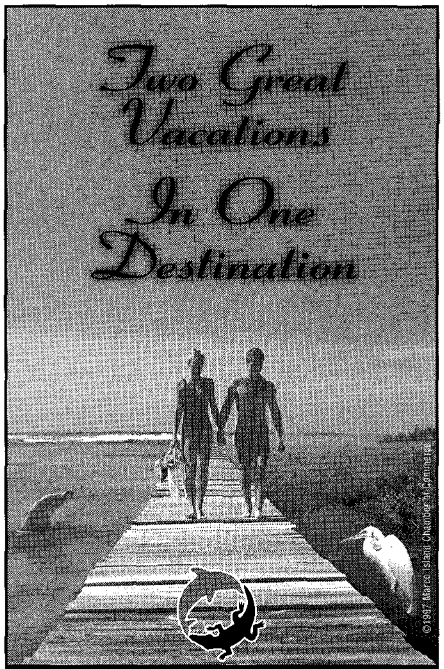
like Borders seem so satisfied with the company. The driver, a woman named Marsha Kilgore, who wore wraparound sunglasses and a bright-red “Kids in Motion” T-shirt, was both easygoing and crisply conscientious—that delicate combination which working mothers love in their surrogates.

Even so, there was a certain sadness in the whole enterprise. We were picking up a four-year-old boy—I'll call him Alex—at his preschool, and as we headed down the interstate, past the upscale strip malls and the chrome-and-glass office parks of suburban Fairfax County, I thought about something that Tina Laroche had said: “Some of the preschool-aged kids were scared at first. It took them about a week to get used to the idea that Mommy and Daddy weren't going to be the ones picking them up from school.” Alex knows Marsha by now, and when we find him at his preschool he seems happy enough to clamber into the back of the air-conditioned Kids in Motion van. He wants to show Marsha the paper Teddy bear that he cut out that day, and the goodie bag he got. “Some of them don't talk much,” Marsha says. “But a lot of them just talk your ear off.”

Still, looking back at Alex, who is perched on a car seat in the middle of the airport-shuttle-type van, I wonder what he thinks about all the different people who take over for his parents in a single day—the preschool teachers, the Kids in Motion drivers, the nanny who is waiting for him at home. Marsha explains that on rare occasions when she drops a kid off nobody is home yet, and then she calls headquarters to try to find out what happened, and if no responsible adult shows up she just has to take the stranded kid along with her.

As we get closer to Alex's house, he says he wants to show Marsha and me how to get there. “Once, my daddy drove me to school and he didn't know how to get there, and I showed him,” he says. But as we drive into the handsome new subdivision where he lives, Alex seems a little confused. The houses have the blank, bald look of recent construction; each lawn is about as stubbly as the next, and each driveway seems to have a tricycle in it. “Is it this one?” Alex asks Marsha. “I don't think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so, honey," she says, pulling into the next driveway.

"You know, it's a funny thing," Marsha tells me as we drive away, waving to Alex and his nanny. "None of these big houses seem to have much in the way of furniture. I don't know—maybe they buy the house and then they just get too busy to put anything in it."

IT is hard to say, in the end, whether the new domestic services will enhance or further erode family life in the post-wife era. Certainly when corporations offer so many benefits—a nurse dispatched to your house to take care of a sick child, takeout meals "home-cooked" at the employee cafeteria—the subtle effect is to undermine legitimate, family-oriented excuses for limiting your hours at work.

Yet Jean Kalicki, a lawyer whose husband works in the Clinton Administration, says that Let's Eat Already! allows her "to spend a few hours of quality time with my children"—two boys, ages four and one and a half—"instead of fussing in the kitchen." On vacations, she likes to cook and sit down to meals with the family. But during the workweek she prefers to play with the boys in the early evening and eat after they've gone to bed, at nine-thirty or so. "You get home at seven," she says, "and the kids are so excited—maybe even a little disturbed about seeing you again. They want to tell you about their day. They want to climb all over you. I used to come home, spend fifteen minutes with them, then go into the kitchen to cook. It was as if I were offering myself up to them and then withdrawing. It's so much better when I can just stick something in the microwave and concentrate on them."

Still, an industry as inventive as this is likely to colonize ever more intimate aspects of home life. Even now you can hire a consultant to assist in what might seem to be the happiest and least taxing of parental decisions: selecting a name for your unborn child. (A psychology professor at U.C.L.A., Albert Mehrabian, will work with fretful prospective parents to choose a name that will "maximize" a child's "impression profile.") We may soon see professional readers who arrive at bedtime to ease those difficult evenings when little Brittany or Joshua wants to hear "Are You My Mother?" for the fifth time and it's already nine-thirty and you have a big presentation in the morning.

In "The Revolt of the Élites," Christopher Lasch wrote, "Money, even more than other good things like beauty, eloquence, and charm, has a tendency to 'seep across boundaries' and to buy things that should not be for sale: exemption from military service; love and friendship; political office." Lavished on the trappings of family life, it may send a signal to children that any act of kindness can be bought or sold, that there is no such thing as a labor of love.

There is a danger, too, that the most privileged among us will become so distanced from the stuff of daily life that they will no longer remember how to handle it at all. The inevitable result is

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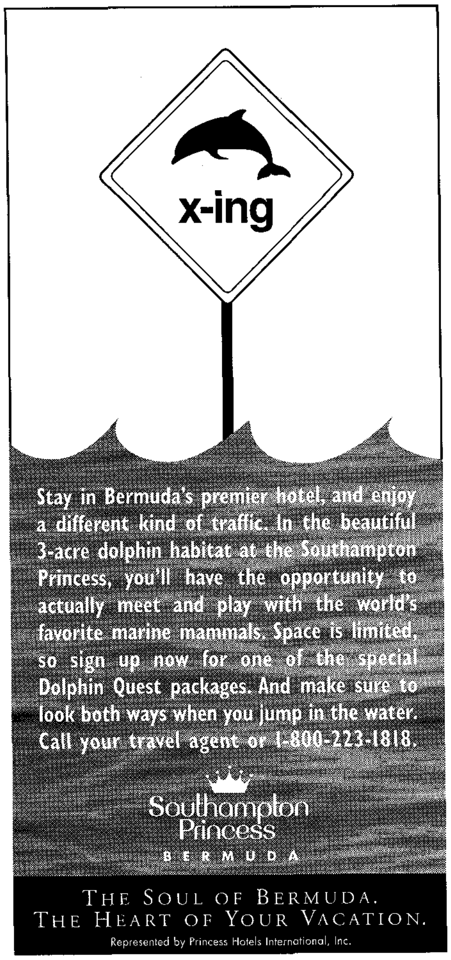

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THE REPETITIONS

When he kneels in the gravel
to wire the wayward ocotillo to the post,
he twists his head sideways, as through
a proffered torque, then lets his torso follow
a beat or two behind, in the same, curious way
Father clips a corner hedge
or inspects a juniper, hammer hanging
from the same loop, right, oblique,
on the same brand of tool belt.

Vision corrected to something like
perfect, she still swerves the car to the right
when we gossip heatedly, as we tend to do,
about Aunt K.'s latest disaster or Cousin L.'s
disastrous marriage, just as Mother,
when she could drive, used to lurch
the old Bonneville toward the telephone poles
till we cried, "Telephone pole!"—and she,
serenely, shruggingly, averted disaster.

The three of us wait among pots of prickly pear
opposite the low partition of the nurses'
station. My sister plops in her seat,
muttering about the doctor, Slavic-surnamed,
who's "definitely not in the Chekhov mode."
My brother, the quiet one, sits with his arms
held tight within the armrests of his chair,
skimming a magazine with a trout on its cover.
Jet-lagged, I pace before a round window
like a porthole, glancing at a mirage I see
on the desert streets below, the same unreal water
I used to chase as a child. "Three children
from three different lanes of the gene pool,"
our mother once described us, affectionately,
but when the P.A. plays a Muzak version
of "King of the Road," one of her favorites,
we turn to each other and smile the same smile:
helpless, self-conscious, slightly lopsided,
like our father's.

—DAVID WOO

not just a widening gulf between rich and poor but what Lasch describes as an erosion of competence among the "thinking classes."

Late in the day I spent with Beth Berg, I asked her if she would ever hire somebody like herself. We were out on Santa Monica Bay, in a boat that belongs to her client Stanley Dashew; he had generously lent it for my visit, although he himself was detained on a business trip to New York. Beth stared out at the expanse of the bay, which gleamed like blue foil in the sun. "I don't think so," she said, at last. "I think I would always want to take care of those basic things in my life. Because, if you don't put the work into something, you don't know the worth of it, either. And there's something else, too. Once I said to Richard, 'We plant these flowers in your garden and most of the time you just walk by them. It's sad, really. You don't get the good feelings from your life that I get from your life.' " ♦

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THE NEXT MAGIC KINGDOM

FUTURE PERFECT

After decades of eager futurism, the world's largest entertainment company is travelling to the past in hopes of something better.

BY DAVID REMNICK

NOT long ago, I met a curious man in his early forties named Bran Ferren. By curious, I mean that his fleet of automobiles has at one time included a Pinzgauer armored personnel carrier. By curious, I mean that he has spent no small part of his fortune on such home-decorating touches as a dining-room table mounted on a hydraulic lift (the better to adjust to the height of his guests) and a shower made from the same variety of metal used for the decks of nuclear submarines. Before we met, I had no clear idea of what Ferren did for a living except that he had been described to me "as the big elf guy who thinks about the future for Walt Disney."

Ferren heads up the research-and-development wing of an enormous "think tank" of almost two thousand robot mechanics, theme-park designers, aerospace engineers, Goofy sculptors, and other craftsmen who work in a string of unmarked offices and warehouses in the town of Glendale, north of Los Angeles. On the Disney flow chart, the workers are called Imagineers, and they have been known to call their place of work both the Idea Lab and the Dream Factory. Ferren has also hired four "fellows," top-rated specialists in computer science and artificial intelligence, and their job is to make sure that the Walt Disney Company, the reigning Gorgon of mass entertainment, skirts the threat of obsolescence and thrives in the new age to come.

The Disney company is obsessively secretive about what the Imagineers are up to, because it fears that their ideas for new theme parks, movies, cartoons, and other amusement products will leak to the ruthless competitors who surely abound; as a result, the Imagineering buildings are about as open to the public as the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command. And yet when I finally called Ferren's secretary to arrange for a preliminary dinner meeting in New York, the response was friendly and efficient. "How will I be able to recognize Mr. Ferren?" I asked.

There was a long pause at the other end of the line. I could practically *hear* the secretary smiling three thousand miles away. "Don't worry," she said, at last. "You'll figure it out. Bran's got a real unique look."

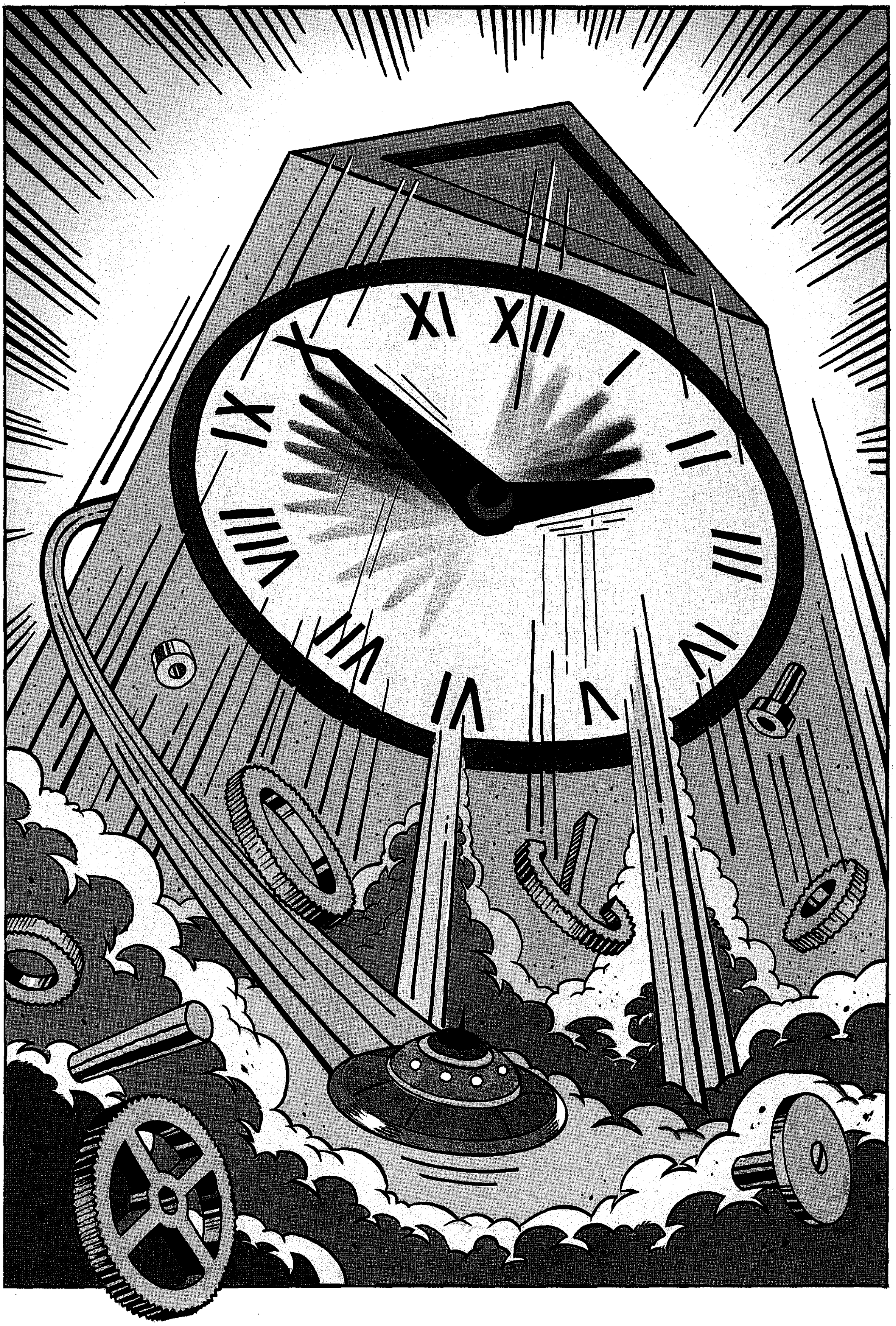
She got that right. Ferren's chin sprays a flame-red beard, and there is in his eye (and I really mean this) a glint, a shining, the sort of mischievous look normally associated with a little boy who has just discovered a new way to hot-wire the family cat. He is six feet two, but seems much bigger. I don't know why. His uniform is an immense and rumpled safari jacket (the sleeves of which come down to his fingernails) and a slouchy pair of wrinkled khakis. In his pocket, he carries a low-tech wallet stuffed as thick as the pastrami sandwich at the Carnegie Deli. He always wears running shoes. I don't think he runs much. Ferren looks rather like one of those burly Scots whose sport is the tossing of stumps. This is all a way of saying that I had no problem finding him in the dining room of the Four Seasons Hotel.

In fact, Ferren is a man of soft hands and an antic personal warmth, a grownup whiz kid with a gift for gadgetry. What he does is make clever things—not important things but clever things, delightful things. Ferren grew up in New York City and on eastern Long Island, where his parents were artists. He was the sort of child who took things apart, put them back together, and then blew them up. "I had a very keen interest in explosives," he explained. School bored him. His grades were wildly uneven, but he had no problem acing a test when it counted. He was accepted for matriculation at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He quit after a year. Making things—complicated things, which required knowledge of a dozen scientific fields, from optics to electronics—was what he wanted to do, and he wanted to do it right away. When Ferren was still a teen-ager, he was building sets and designing the lights for various theatre companies. By the time he was twenty, he had been hired to design special effects for Emerson, Lake & Palmer. He was the tech geek, the ultimate A.V. guy you'd call on to ask how to pull off things like blasting flames out of the Moog synthesizer without toasting Emerson or Lake or Palmer.

Eventually, Ferren set up his own company, Associates & Ferren, in East Hampton. The idea was to make a fortune at what he calls the "crossroads of design and science and entertainment." He created visual effects for "Little Shop of Horrors" (which, come to think of it, might have been a better name for his own eccentric little company). He built a wall of eight-thousand-pound video monitors for a New York night club, the Palladium. For the short-lived Broadway show "Frankenstein," he developed a technique to prevent artificial fog from floating out beyond the proscenium and choking the audience. He constructed a perfect artificial thunderstorm. The United States Navy hired him to design a long-range-vision system so that robots could see in three dimensions rather than two. Revo hired him to build the ultimate pair of two-hundred-dollar sunglasses. In short, Associates & Ferren became the place to go for cool stuff. Eventually, in 1993, Disney took notice. Michael Eisner paid a reported twenty million dollars for Associates & Ferren and invited Ferren

Danny Hillis, one of the Disney "fellows," imagines a cathedral-size clock that "ticks once a year and bongs every millennium."

MARK ZINGARELLI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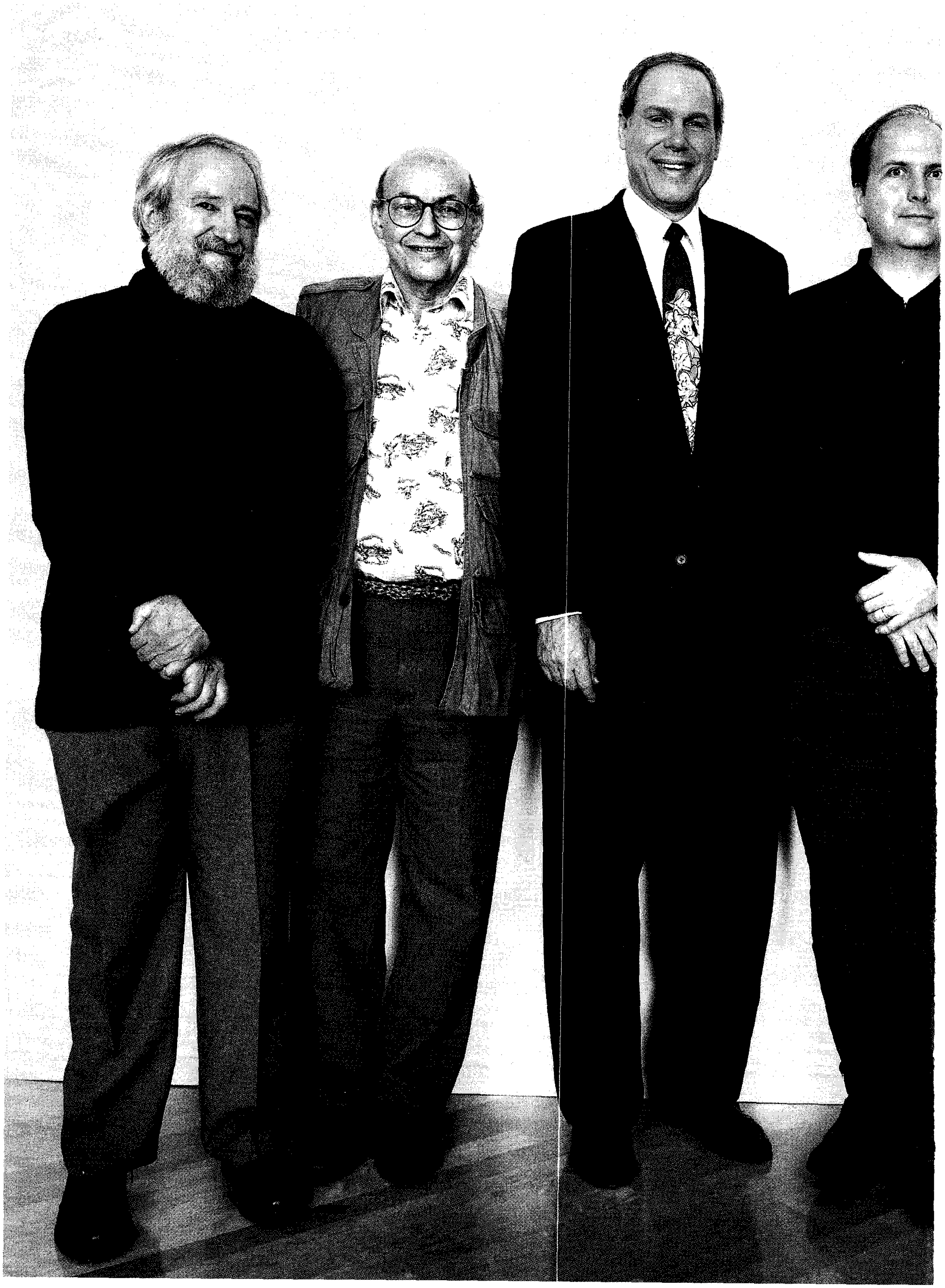


Michael Eisner (third from left) and his Imagineers: Seymour Papert, Marvin Minsky, Danny Hillis, Bran Ferren, and Alan K

y know that the basic formula is old-fashioned storytelling. Photograph by Max Vadukul.

himself to come out to Glendale to help run the Imagineers.

"I wanted a bigger sandbox," Ferren told me, "and I got one."

FERREN is a self-described "future guy"—as long as the future is going to be plenty rich and nothing but smiles. And while he is neither a top-flight scientist nor a frontline name in pop culture (his job is backstage), his influence on the future, in this age of entertainment, is bound to be enormous. "If we keep living longer and machines are doing more of our work, we're going to have plenty of time for amusement," he said.

As Ferren made his way through a basket of rolls, he uncorked a soliloquy on the future of everything: the Net, the Web, the Well, the telegraph, the telephone, computerized medicine, the press, weather, food—the future of food. Ferren is not arrogant, but he is serenely confident about the march of progress. It cannot happen fast enough for him, and it is all thrilling and fun and easy. Even doomsday is sort of easy. "It's sad to say," he said, "but if you gave me a little time and a decent laptop I could probably knock out all the lights in the neighborhood and send the whole place into chaos." Very John Wayne, very "no brag, ma'am, just fact." That turned out to be the only time I ever saw him so serious, to say nothing of solemn. "Techno terrorism is the big problem of the future," he added. "But let's talk about something else. I don't want to be the one to give anyone any ideas."

For Disney, the future has nothing to do with techno terrorism, the colonization of Uranus, or the cloning of a newt. Biotechnology, nanotechnology, neonatology—these are the futurist concerns of other quarters, other scientists, and other corporations. Disney is desperate to understand and profit from an era that promises unprecedented time and resources for the amusement of sedentary human beings. "I've always been fearful that I'd end up in an industry like the railroads when they sneered at airplane travel," Ferren's boss, Michael Eisner, told me. "We have to deal with the new distribution systems of entertainment, with interactivity, with the fact that you'll have the morning paper on your fingernail or on the inside of your eyeglasses. All that stuff. Walt Disney used to follow technology by becoming friends with the head of, say, Westinghouse, and visiting the plant floor. I've got Bran Ferren."

At Disney and at conferences all over

the world, Ferren plays the role of the great popularizer, the khaki-clad link between the lab coats and the suits, the bridge between M.I.T.'s *Technology Review* and *Forbes*. He is fluent in the jargon of animatronics and genetic algorithms; he can talk with authority about planting "itty-bitty cameras" in the eyes of the blind and the rise of "thinking machines." But everyone in the future business talks about that stuff. Ferren's real ambition, and Disney's, is to find a way to exploit the newest technologies to insure that the company remains the world's mass-market teller of tales.

"Storytelling is the world's oldest profession, and Disney tells stories in 2-D, 3-D, in real-world spaces," Ferren told me. "Disneyland is the first virtual world, a fantasy made of bricks and mortar." Perhaps his main goal is to figure out how to marry the capabilities of the Internet to the capabilities of Disney's storytellers. It's still unclear.

"Trying to assess the true importance and function of the Net now is like asking the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk if they were aware of the potential of American Airlines Advantage Miles," Ferren said. "We're always very bad at predicting how a given technology will be used and for what reasons. Originally, cable television was just meant to improve your picture reception. Theatre people used to think that the idea of motion pictures was ridiculous. But the Net, I guarantee you, really is fire. I think it's more important than the invention of movable type. But you have to wait and see. Society evolves like the species. It's not smooth and linear. You'll have something like the industrial revolution—it comes like a jolt, and then you kind of dick around for the next fifty years getting used to it."

The fusing of the Internet to television is no secret. Half of the communications industry seems to be pursuing it in one form or another. With Microsoft and so many other competitors in the hunt, Disney will never dominate Net television the way it once did animation and theme parks, but the company's singular hope is that its brand name as a storyteller will help it gain a hugely profitable position.

"The real challenge is having something to say," Ferren went on. "Do you ever find yourself saying, 'The problem with television is that it needs four hundred and twenty-two more horizontal scanning lines'? No. The problem with TV has to do with story. Most stories really suck. People talk about interactive storytelling. Fine. But the reason you pay Steven Spielberg ten million dollars is that he's better at telling stories than you are. You want him to tell you stories for the same reason you don't go out and buy a vise grip and do do-it-yourself bypass surgery."

Ferren invited me to come to California to see the Imagineering operation in Glendale. And while he warned me that he would have to go out of his way to protect certain future projects, I'd still get some sense of the twenty-first century through the eyes of the world's mass-entertainment machine. "The year 2000 is a very big kahuna for all of us," he told me later. "It's amusing to converge on a moment that people thought of as the destruction of the world, as salvation, as a planet behind the sun. But I'm optimistic, because it's my nature to be optimistic. I'm a good match with the Walt Disney Company. I approach the year 2000 as another way to have fun."

WALT DISNEY himself had a conservative Republican's relationship with time. He had within him an intense nostalgia for Main Street, the pre-urban white-bread never-was world that greets every visitor at the entrance plazas of Disneyland in Anaheim and Walt Disney World in Orlando. At the same time, he worshipped at the altar of scientific progress. He created Tomorrowland and Future World, "people movers" and space-age garbage-disposal systems for his parks. It was the present that irritated him.

Disney not only sought to popularize a soaring technological future for his ticket-buyers; he also played a distinct role in bringing it on. He was, in a sense, the chief propagandist of the techno future. From 1955 to 1957, in an attempt to promote the new Tomorrowland exhibits at Disneyland, he produced three hour-long television programs: "Man in Space," "Man and the Moon," and "Mars and Beyond." With the help and advice of the German-émigré rocket scientist Wernher von Braun, Disney drew on science fiction and emerging rocket technology to introduce to a wide audience the idea of travel to the moon, life on Mars, and other fantastic visions. The shows speculated on the dark side of the moon (is there life back there?) and on the daily diet of a typical Martian (Mars bars?). The ratings were extraordinary, even by Disney standards. After the first program aired, President Eisenhower

THE STORE

A shop like a boat—red tchotchkes!—and look
at the curious community that goes there
curiously.

Marvelling at shelves of gifts—gifts
but ready for use—and a place
to use them.

Boarding two by two in the rain to respond to
judgment: to look—slow—then waiting inside
to be sure.

Little-window cabinet upstairs on sufferance:
blue/white; wavery windows. But one day
indulged, for bathing, for looking out.

Make music, somebody says. *Make
music that can beguile history*.
(So many things to *look* at

a long time!) And, *Accept the gift
whether you deserve it or not.*
Blaze of slippery bright

paint with wear in the corners, outdoors
a bird like a crow, a dove
in or over the harbor,

and *no one hurt* by the sights,
some even forestalling
harm!

And still an actual place,
with the actual
people.

A riverbank place by a mercury river,
later. Too pretty to live. But saying,
And when the context—all

that we can bear to understand
of time and place and a
certain atmosphere, or

history—is blown to bits,
we make what sense we can of what is left.
To leave there having, though not having bought.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

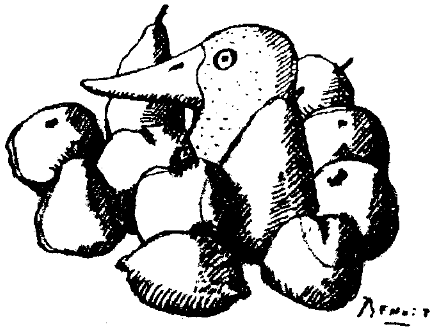
---

called Disney and thanked him for doing so much to promote the space program, and then asked to borrow a print for a screening at the Pentagon.

Disney's futurism was science-fiction fantasy imbued with a sense of commercial possibility. When he opened the Monsanto House of the Future at Disneyland, in 1957, the building had four curved fibreglass wings. In it were wall-size televisions, ultrasonic dishwashers, self-dialling phones, floating lamps, and a climate-control system that spritzed a choice of sea air or flower scents into the room. Everything was made with materials like Polyflex, Lytron, Nitron, Scriptite. When, ten years later, it was obvious to all that the House of the Future was looking dated, the Disney people ordered it destroyed. "The curious thing was that when they finally went to remove it all from Disneyland they couldn't wreck it with a wrecking ball," a Disney veteran said. "The plastic wouldn't break. They had to bring out the saws."

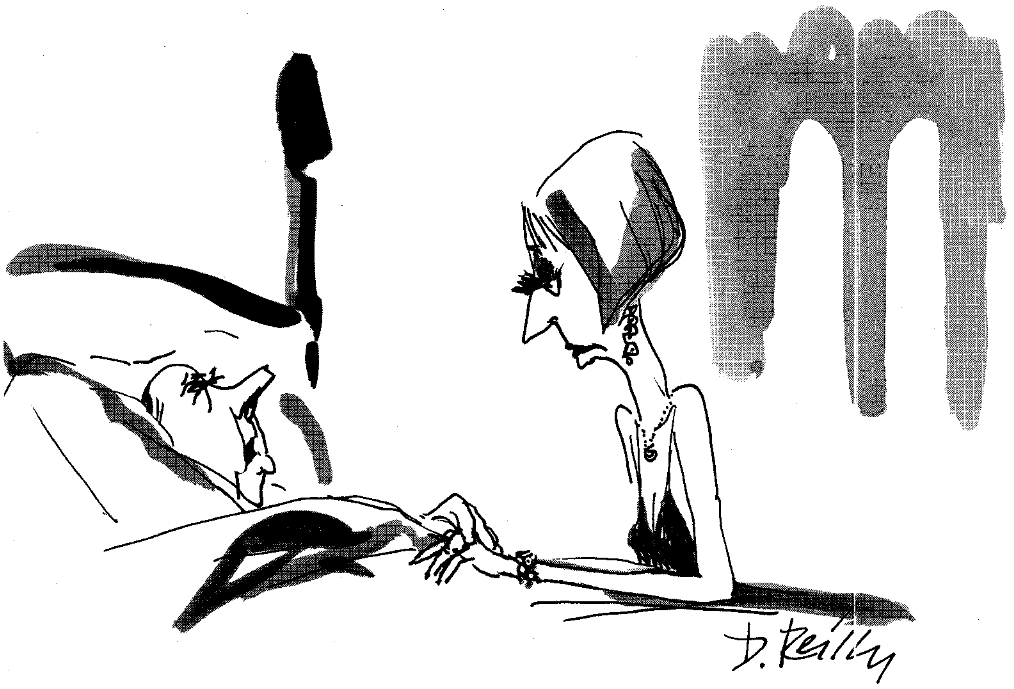
The future is itself a story, and predictions are stories we tell to amaze ourselves, to give hope to the desperate, to jolt the complacent. The trouble comes when the storyteller tries to predict the future, as Disney sometimes did, in a voice of certainty. H. G. Wells, for one, was counted as a visionary, able to foresee skyscrapers and superfast trains, yet he was also convinced of the coming of a socialist World State. When Wells laid out his vision in "A Modern Utopia," G. K. Chesterton remarked that unfortunately the creators of visionary futures "first assume that no man will want more than his share, and then are very ingenious in explaining whether his share will be delivered by motor-car or balloon."

Speculative storytelling, from Thomas More's "Utopia" to William Gibson's "Virtual Light," is always about the present: what confuses us, what we desire, what we fear. In "Paris in the Twentieth Century," a novel abandoned in a safe and published only a couple of years ago, Jules Verne imagined easily enough a world of electric elevators and modern facsimile machines, but he also predicted a culture whose bookstores would have room only for scientific tracts and not the classics of French literature. Verne, of course, was worried about the plight of Verne.



Disney's attempts to tell the story of an American future is part of a larger tradition in both high and mass culture. Of all the American stories set in the future, probably the most influential was Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward," published in 1888. Bellamy was born in 1850, in the mill town of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. The town was a typical product of the Gilded Age—crowded tenements, illnesses, strikes—and Bellamy, who in growing up absorbed an ethic of self-denial and charity, quickly became a crusading journalist. In the late eighteen-seventies, he also turned to fiction and, as a kind of antidote to his times, wrote "Looking Backward." Bellamy's surrogate in the novel is young Julian West, who goes to sleep in Boston in "the present" and magically wakes up in the year 2000. As he wanders the city, he discovers that the corruptions of his time have disappeared. Technology has come along to meet everyone's needs: there are shopping malls, credit cards, and electric lighting, though no Internet. Most important of all—at least to Bellamy—is that a religion of solidarity has driven out the ills of the Gilded Age. People are no longer selfish. Bellamy, like the Puritans before him, re-stated the dream of an American golden age, a new Jerusalem, and his book not only sold tens of thousands of copies a week but also spawned more than a hundred Bellamy clubs across the country.

The problem was, as Alfred Kazin suggests in "On Native Grounds," that Bellamy, with his industrial conscript army and collectivism, had also managed to propose a kind of "beneficent Socialist totalitarianism." A lord of high capitalism answered in 1894, when John Jacob Astor IV, the dilettante scion of the Astor fortune, published "A Journey in Other Worlds," another utopia set in the year 2000. Like Bellamy and other futurists of the time, Astor took for granted an acceleration of technological progress to burnish his utopia. The Terrestrial Axis Straightening Company, for example, tries to pump water from one pole



"Promise me you'll keep the buzz alive."

to the other so that the earth's axis will stay perpendicular to its rotation, thus creating eternal spring everywhere. But, while Bellamy was surrounded by misery and corruption and sought to correct it, Astor was swaddled in privilege and sought to protect it. In his novel, English is fast becoming the language of the entire world, the poorer, duskier peoples retreat, and Anglo-Saxons take over from one end of the earth to the other. "If much of Astor's literary and scientific work had a certain Buck Rogers flavor, reflecting dreams and unearthly speculations, it was because he himself lived in a world as unreal as any he ever imagined," Harvey O'Connor, a biographer of the Astor dynasty, wrote.

The utopian novel faded out decades ago, with products like B. F. Skinner's "Walden Two" and Ayn Rand's dreams of a modern Atlantis, but in an atmosphere quickened by the millennium (and all its marketing possibilities) a certain kind of nonfiction fantasy has proliferated. If you fly fairly often and sneak a look at what the passengers have brought along to pass the time, it's striking that anyone who is not reading Grisham or Crichton is immersed in a kind of self-help book that promises the reader to keep him from drowning come the new age: "The 500 Year Delta." "The Third Wave." "Visions: How Science Will Revolutionize the 21st Century." "Being Digital." "What Will Be." "The Road Ahead."

These are books read more out of anxiety than out of pleasure. Part of that anxiety, no doubt, is the approach of the millennium—a thrill both dramatic and meaningless, rather like that instant so long ago when the family watched the dashboard as the Chevy's odometer finally turned from 9999 to 10000. (Those zeros!) But the anxiety also stems from something more meaningful—an undeniable sense that, as all those books insist, we are entering a technological era in which change itself has accelerated beyond all precedent in human history. Alvin Toffler's books may be loud with the bark of the future-hustler, but he was correct about that: change has changed—it has speeded up, and leads to a sickening anxiety (think of the hapless passenger stuck in the back of a taxi driven by an unblinking maniac). To fall behind is to risk humiliation, loss of status, poverty.

The hemline of the moment is technological bonhomie. A recent article by Peter Schwartz and Peter Leyden in *Wired* entitled "The Long Boom," which claims that we are just reaching the midpoint of forty years of millennial peace, prosperity, and interconnectedness, has had enormous resonance in futurist circles. Occasionally, there appears an alarmingly dark vision—science-fiction writers warning of a techno dystopia, various environmentalists forecasting scenarios of apocalypse, writers like Sven Birkerts and Alvin Kernan mourning the burial of print culture under the great blizzard of digital bytes and streams—but in the main the chorus of giddiness overwhelms them.

Optimism is a sound economic decision. Optimism brings in the corporate consultancies, the two-million-dollar book advances, the forty-thousand-dollar lecture fees. Optimism sells. (This is a principle that Disney understands better than anyone.) A corporate audience wants to know that it can master the future, and it wants to know how. Watts Wacker, for one, had been on the road giving speeches to the Pacific Coast Gas Association and a convention of confectioners when I reached him. From talking to Wacker and reading his book "The 500 Year Delta," I got the impression that he had no idea what he was talking about, but, all the same, he was having a wonderful time pitching happy days. "I think things are pretty cool," he said cheerfully. "I think it was Emerson who said, 'This time like all times is a great time as long as we know what the fuck to do with it.' Emerson's my hero, by the way, though he wasn't much of a poet." Wacker laughed. And then he said, "I'm a futurist, and I make all these things up, of course. The only thing I know is that an optimist is going to have a good future and a pessimist is going to have a bad one."

Wacker is no scientist, you will be surprised to learn, but he told me with utter confidence that babies born in the year 2000 will probably live to be a hundred and fifty, and babies born five hundred years from now will have a chance to live to be eight hundred. This notion of eternal life, or close to it, is not entirely alien to futurist circles. An electrical-engineering professor at M.I.T., Gerald Sussman, has said, "I don't think the time is quite right, but it's close. I'm afraid, unfortunately, that I'm in the last generation to die." All this brings to mind Woody Allen's remark "I don't want to achieve immortality through my works. . . . I want to achieve it through not dying."

IF manufactured optimism is the credo of the day, then the Walt Disney Company approaches the millennium with the Zeitgeist at its back. Whether in dead earnest or in wry, postmodern tones, cultural critics have long pointed out the lack of shadows in the Disney view of the world. They are pushing on an open door. Optimism is practically a prerequisite for employment. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I met with Marty Sklar, an old Disney hand who worked closely with the founder in the fifties and sixties and knew the ideology first hand. "What we do in the parks is eliminate the contradictions and complications," he told me at his office one afternoon. "We have horse-drawn vehicles, but you don't get the horseshit. People who want to communicate that life can be better and that people can have fun at work and play are happiest here. If you're not somebody who enjoys communicating about the good side of things, you probably won't make it. A theme park is not a slice of life as it actually is. People come to us to escape and be reassured that somewhere in this world there are people who will smile at you and say hello."

On the night before I was supposed to begin my two-day tour of the Imagineering plant and meet with the Disney fellows, I drove up to Bran Ferren's house. Ferren owns houses in East Hampton and in Beverly Hills (where he lives on a canyon road, near Bruce Springsteen), and both places are among the most curious in the country. His friend the screenwriter Marshall Brickman calls the Long Island house Neo-Post-Modernist-Palladian-Psychedelic-Oriental-Bauhaus, and it's hard to think of a better tag for its California counterpart. The bathrooms feature infrared heaters. The kitchen has aerospace cabinets and refrigerated drawers capable of holding (should there be a nuclear war or a run on the asparagus market) more than two hundred pounds of vegetables. There is an eight-door Traulsen refrigerator that is capable of storing leftovers and the Green Bay Packers, and there is an air-curtain system that controls the exhaust from the stove, which is useful, Ferren has said, "especially if you are roasting a yak."

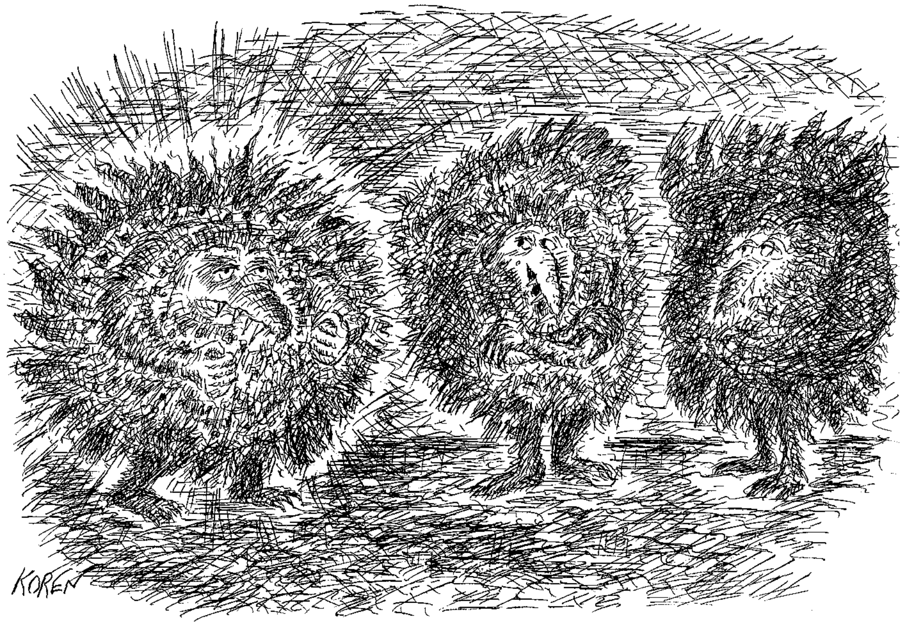
There would be no yak tonight, however. Robyn Low, who is Ferren's companion and the cook of the house, was on the East Coast. So, after a couple of hours of listening to Ferren's high-end stereo system (it, like so much else in the house, looked capable of launching a space shuttle), we drove down the mountain to Jerry's, an all-night deli near Rodeo Drive frequented by movie stars and their adjutants. Ferren commandeered a booth and ordered a shrimp cocktail, an artichoke, stuffed cabbage, and a slice of seven-layer cake with vanilla ice cream.

I am not sure I'd ever met a man so happy. He liked his houses and his cars and his toys well enough, and the stuffed cabbage wasn't bad, either, but it was not his obvious material wealth that delighted him so much as it was his timing. It's as if by joining forces with Disney Ferren had hooked into the most American recipe of all—the marriage of cultural shlock to technological wit. "Living in the industrial revolution and the Renaissance must have had a similar feel to living in this age," Ferren said as he slowly denuded his artichoke.

Walt Disney's brand of futurism has receded fast at the company, partly because Disney died in 1966, partly because it is expensive to revise multimillion-dollar Tomorrowlands when they rapidly begin looking like Last Week Lands, and partly because the new team of executives does not see the future in the same metallic shimmer and curved lines as the founder. While thinking machines and cloning and space travel will force even the most skeptical to rethink the notion of human uniqueness, Ferren said, technology will know its place. After all, modern man no longer has to dream about a technological age; in large measure, it's already here. The future we're heading toward, he insisted, is less like a scene in "Sleeper" than like one in "It's a Wonderful Life."

"Tomorrowland's ethic is synthetic is better than real, plastic is better than non-plastic, press a button and your food is delivered by robots," Ferren told me. "In the last decade, that has been replaced by the middle-class-American sensibility—the house with a lawn, real plants, a white picket fence, a recycling plant down the road, a house with cool moldings. Events like the explosion of the Challenger and the disasters at Chernobyl and Three Mile Island diffused the sense of an ideal vision of the future as clockwork. We used to think that Tang was wonderful, but then there came the sense that Tang was all we got out of a multitrillion-dollar space program."

DISNEY'S sense of the future shifted when it came time to build new Tomorrowlands and refurbish the old ones. One afternoon, I drove down to Anaheim, to Disneyland, where I was supposed to meet with Tony Baxter, who oversaw the design of Disney's theme park outside Paris and the new Tomorrowland in California. I can't say I was looking forward to this trip. Not long before, I had been to Disney World in Orlando with my wife and two young sons, and while the



"She's the most effective of our emerging new pathogens."

kids, of course, enjoyed it (my older son turned to me on the plane ride home, shot up his thumb, and said, "Dad, life is good, isn't it?"), while they endured the humidity and the heat and the endless lines without complaint, I did not. I whined. I made some perfunctory ironic comments. I expanded on those comments. I stretched severely the patience of my kin. The experience to me felt like wearing an alpaca greatcoat in a steam bath while ripping up hundred-dollar bills.

So, naturally, two months later, I was on Interstate 5 heading south from Los Angeles to Tomorrowland. I was supposed to meet with Baxter in an empty building that is, in Disney-speak, "inside the berm" (i.e., on park grounds) but closed to the public. Baxter was a little late, so for a while I watched the Bosch-like panorama of determined amusement all around: the parents, flushed of energy and cash, crying out the names of the lost; the sugar-stunned children wailing their complaints; the parade of ancient Greeks in glittery hot pants advertising the summer's animated feature, "Hercules." Finally, Baxter, a slender man of mythical reputation in the company, came trotting up the stairs, all apologies and smiles. Among hard-core Disney fans on the Internet and in clubs, Baxter holds the same position that the late Gene Roddenberry held for "Star Trek" fanatics. He is Disneyland's master planner. As we sat on some packing crates, Baxter said that when he first started thinking about Tomorrowland he was faced with the terrifying view of the future coming out of Hollywood in the eighties.

" 'Blade Runner' was pivotal," he said. " 'Blade Runner' took the problems of the present—the unrest, the collapsing mass-transit system, the urban decay, the sprawl—and then it combined Los Angeles and Tokyo and projected it into the future. 'Blade Runner' ushered in 'The Terminator,' 'Robocop,' and all those other pessimistic views. But Disney can't participate in that. Disney is about reassurance. For the thirty-six dollars you pay to get into Disneyland, you want things to make you feel good, things that make you hopeful that all will be right with the world. So between the realities of apocalyptic Hollywood and the disappointments of urban reality, we had to think, How do you design something new about the future for a jaded, savvy crowd looking for reassurance?"

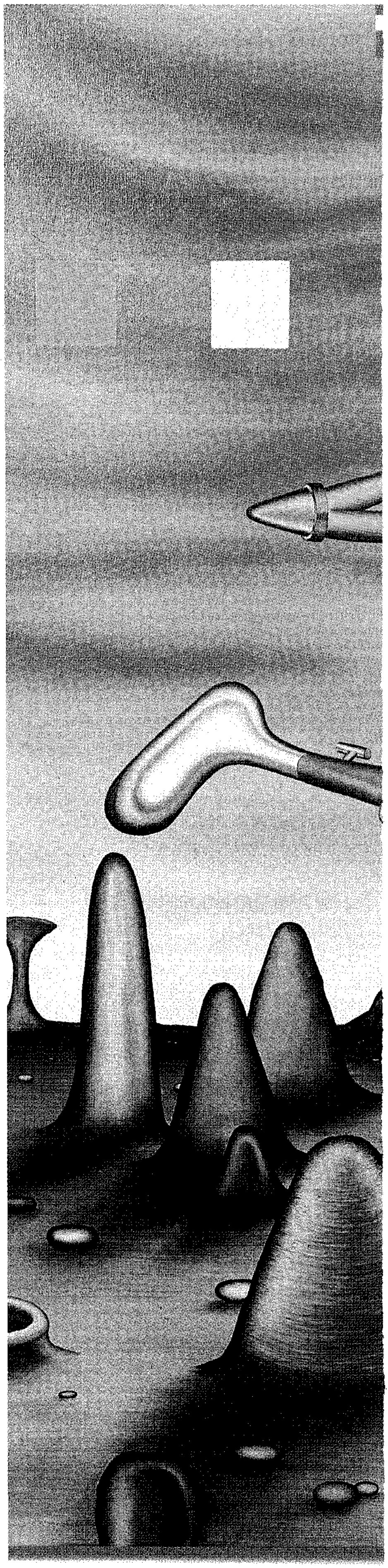
Baxter thought a long time about his

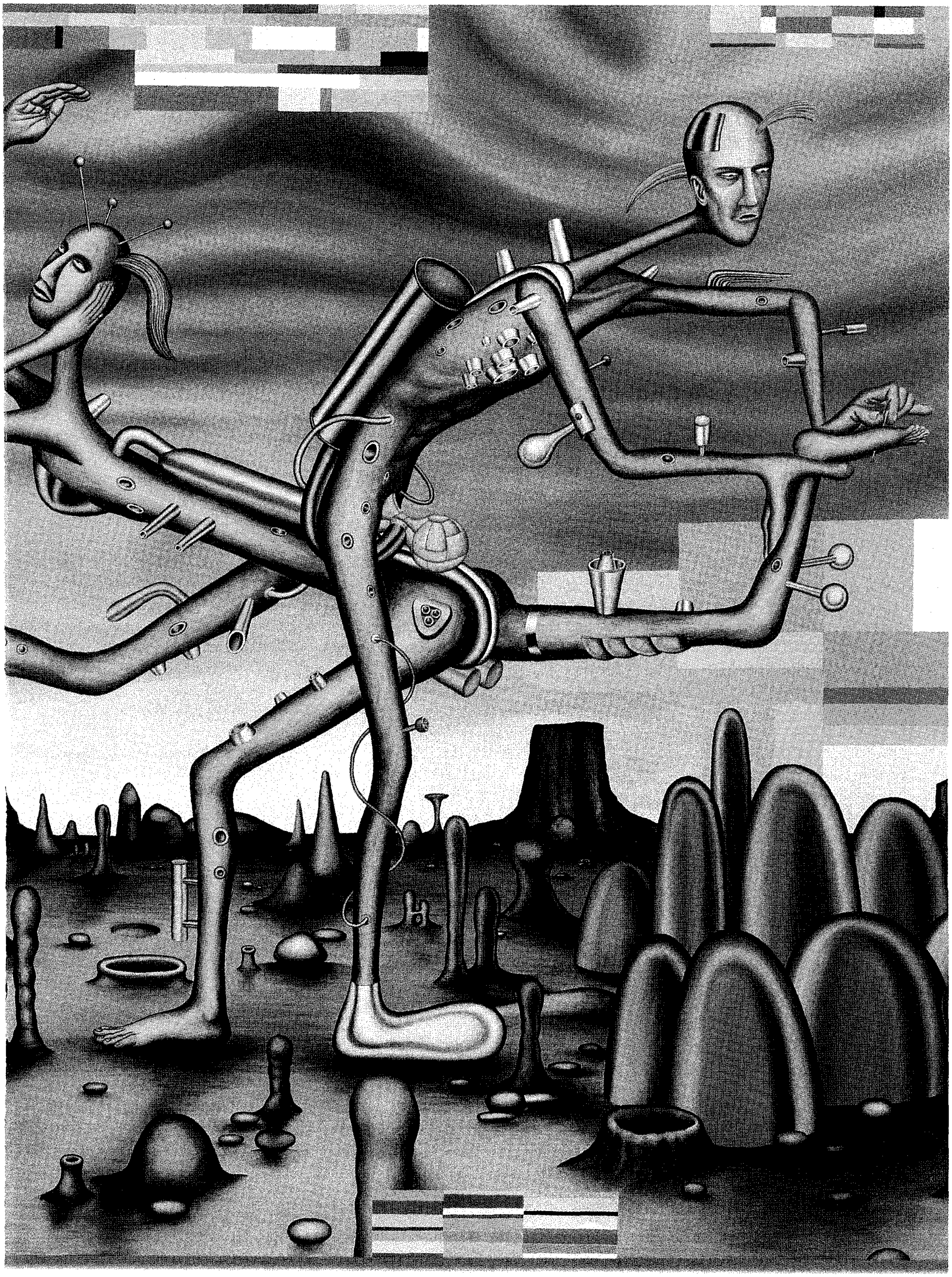
AT THE GALLERIES

FINELY TOONED

CARTOON humanoids in a sexually charged landscape—haven't we been here before? We have indeed, many times, during a century whose art has dug again and again into the rich humus of graffiti, the comics, and other popular sources. What's new about Christian Schumann is that, at the age of twenty-seven, he paints and draws with a fluency that was thought, until quite recently, to have largely departed the earth. Two years ago, Schumann was the youngest artist in the Whitney Biennial. Today, he is a fast-rising star on the international art scene, with a show opening on October 24th at the White Cube gallery, in London, and two more scheduled at the Postmasters gallery, in SoHo—one, of drawings, in November, and a second, of paintings, in May. His paintings sell for upward of twelve thousand dollars, and quite a few collectors and museum people, not to mention other artists, are watching him closely.

"Ceremony," at the right, was recently on view in a downtown group show called "Project Painting," put on by Basilico Fine Arts and Lehmann Maupin; the show also included work by Carroll Dunham, Lari Pittman, Sue Williams, and other cartoon-oriented practitioners. It is an oddly engaging picture. The male and female figures seem wholly benign—is he removing a thorn from her foot, or performing acupuncture? is she tuning in to the music of the spheres?—and their interesting physiques appear to provide for the conversion of bodily wastes into jet fuel. The floating squares and rectangles of pure color are like jokey bar codes: abstraction redeemed here. Only a young artist could dream up such a scene, and only a born painter could carry it off with such panache. Schumann will no doubt come up with darker visions in the near future, just as he will live to regret the impulse that leads young artists to make embarrassing statements of purpose. "The most you can hope for," he told a recent interviewer, "is to sort of change people's perception in a fundamental way." —CALVIN TOMKINS





mission. How to make the future seem fast and fun and harmless? Finally, he started making sketches and models for a Tomorrowland set in the year 2055, an "intergalactic future" full of flying saucers with a little wit thrown in. The refreshment stands were going to have Coke cups printed with a pseudo-international language. "The bathroom had a urinal on the ceiling," Baxter said. "This big building we're sitting in now was going to be a flying saucer, but tilted, as if it had made a bad landing—an off-kilter Intergalactic Flying Circus." He went on to say, "It was fairly innocent futuristic entertainment. We were all in synch for a long while. But then Michael Eisner realized his dream by building a rural paradise for himself in Aspen, out there with Harrison Ford. One day, we were standing around the model of the new Tomorrowland in Glendale, and Michael suddenly looked up and said, 'How do you show people the future when the future is Montana?' "

The conversation lasted just a few minutes, but in that short time Eisner redefined the pop-culture notion of the future of mankind. Sort of. "I thought then and I think now that most of us will be living and working in very densely populated places like New York or Los Angeles, but that there will also be massive green spaces that will be the utopian areas of the new society," Eisner said to me. Then he smiled, and added, "Of course, I have no *idea* what I'm talking about. It's all baloney. But who knows? But I just know that the future we want is not going to be stacks of concrete, the 'Jetsons,' or Kafka, take your pick."

Baxter and his team suddenly started drawing up plans for a Tomorrowland that looked less like Mission Control and more like Central Park, or even the Garden of Eden. Green, green everywhere, and not a hint of Polyflex or Lytron. But, of course, after a while it also began to occur to them, and to Eisner, and to Eisner's accountants, that a purely Arcadian vision of the future would mean levelling tens of millions of dollars' worth of buildings. In Paris a few years before, Baxter's team had hit on an idea to satisfy the French critics who insisted that the park reflect French culture. He came up with "Discoveryland," a kind of nostalgia trip of the future with Jules Verne at its center.

Perfect! For the Anaheim park, Baxter and his team devised a similarly conservative view. There would still be some green spots, and an "interactive fountain," but the dominant look would be future. For a look forward, the cavernous building we were sitting in would soon be outfitted with exhibits set up by various corporations who want to show visitors their products of the future. "But it will be the future you can see coming around the corner," Baxter said. "You might have got Windows 95 in 1994. Not sooner, but not later."

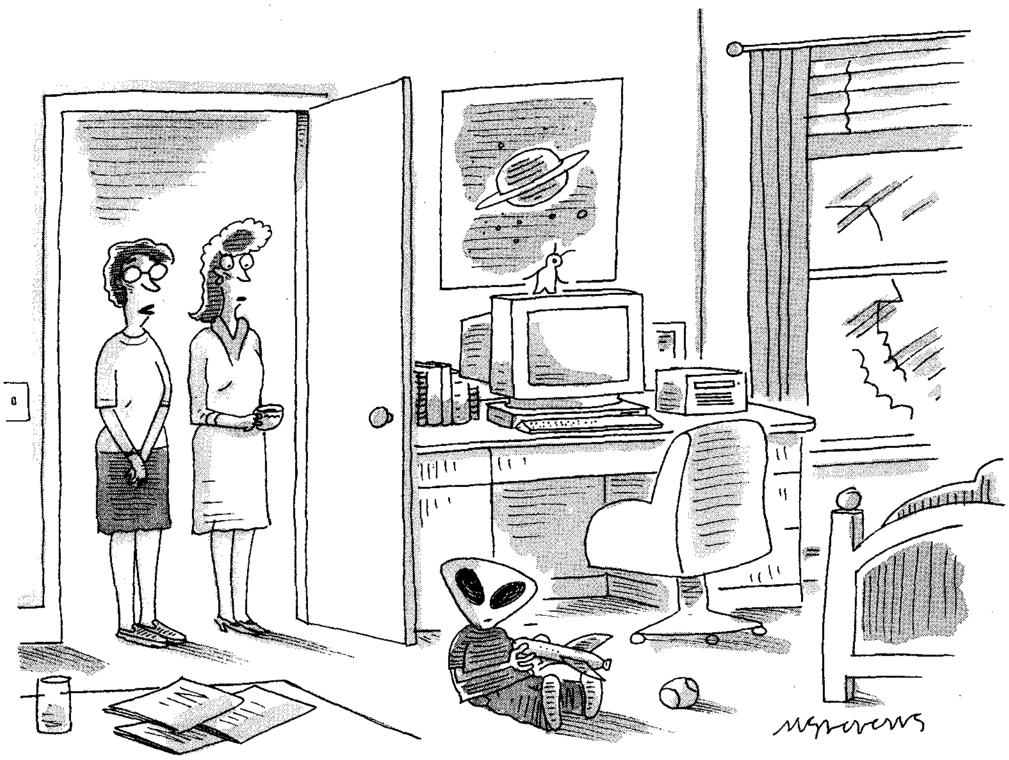
In the end, only the oldest of the Old Guard at the company thought that the more timid, cost-effective approach to the future was all wrong. John Hench, an artist who began his career fifty-seven years ago and worked with Disney on "Fantasia," told me, "The conception of the future we have in Paris is a cop-out. Jules Verne! Jeesh! I thought they could have worked harder at it, been more imaginative, but they figured, well, the past doesn't change and you have to keep the future up to date." Hench said he was relieved that some Disney verities, like the Mickey Mouse icon, would always stay the same. He took my notebook and started drawing the mouse, and as he started sketching the familiar eyes and ears he said, "You see, Mickey is an archetypal figure of some sort. Wherever he is they give him a local name in the local language. He's a life symbol. He's David in David and Goliath. He's made all of circles, all curves, a muscular structure. We read him as a life symbol. Walt had acute intuition. He understood human beings and their need for symbols. Look at Felix the Cat. Felix has too many angles and sharp points. It's a different DNA."

As Hench drew Mickey, I said that my own sons liked the venerable rodent well enough, but they also liked other characters, specifically "Rugrats," an animated show that is everything Disney is not. The characters look like rhomboids, edgy and strange, and they do not utter a single unironic word.

Hench looked up in horror. " 'Rugrats'?" he said. "Oh, dear! 'Rugrats' is angular and threatening, and people don't like to be threatened too much. Sometimes I fear for the future."

It doesn't require a cynical heart to recognize that the millennium, which is fuelling so much of the current interest in the future, is an almost preposterously arbitrary idea. January 1, 2000, as a date of reckoning and celebration is no more than a pleasant fiction, another story. James Ussher, the Anglican Primate of All Ireland, published in 1650 one of the most famous Christian chronologies and determined that creation took place at noon on October 23, 4004 B.C. Why 4004? The belief at the time was that the earth had existed for four thousand years before Christ, and had another two thousand to go after him. The problem came from a mistake in church arithmetic. The sixth-century monk Dionysus Exiguus, who was charged with devising the B.C.-A.D. system, botched the job so badly that he had Herod dead at the time of the birth of Jesus, whereas the Bible has him alive at least into Christ's infancy. To adjust for Dionysus' oversight, Ussher came up with a new set of numbers, setting creation at 4004 B.C. As a result, Stephen Jay Gould and others conclude that the millennium could just as easily be said to be sooner than we think: October 23, 1997, to be exact. Right about now.

For the moment, the realm of life that seems to anticipate the apocalyptic moment to the greatest degree is commerce: Madison Avenue. There are some signs of spiritual anxiety: Christian groups who sense the coming of the Rapture; Muslims who are worried that Jews and Christians are preparing to build a Third Temple in Jerusalem, near the Temple Mount; Hindu sects who believe that Vishnu will become the ruler of the world, somewhere between 1999 and 2003. But in the main the millennium is about money, about marketing, and about amusement. Hillel Schwartz, a cultural historian, who is acting as an informal adviser to the Clinton Administration on the millennium and is the author of "Century's End," said he was dumbstruck by the proliferation of advertisements. "My favorite is the Mazda Millenia ads," he said. "Usually, in car ads, when you have a vehicle parked on a cliff over a canyon, the car is facing out, overlooking the abyss. This time, the car is facing away from the cliff, as if it had jumped the chasm. The implication is that Mazda has already made it into the twenty-first century. That's the idea of all of these ads, really: to show that the product in question has already entered the twenty-first century."



"Jeffrey was a surprise."

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In the past few years, according to *Harper's*, the United States Patent and Trademark Office either has registered or has accepted applications for the following product trademarks: Millennium vacuum cleaners (White Consolidated Industries, Inc.); Millennium floor wax (G. H. Wood & Wyant); Millennium gas masks (Mine Safety Appliances Company); Millennium Undergarments (Maidenform); Millennium deodorant (Takred, Inc.); Millennium Money scratch-off game cards (Taco Bell Corp.); Millennium Legacy videos of the deceased for friends and relatives (James M. Oliver); Official Sponsor of the Millennium (Miller Brewing Company); the Official Chocolate of the New Millennium (Mars, Inc.).

Naturally, Disney has big plans. "*Very* big plans," Eisner said. "Of course, I can't tell you all of them." Eisner allowed himself to reveal that the Disney company is commissioning a millennial symphony. "That's probably the first commission of a symphony since the days of Mahler," he guessed. Orchestras will play the symphony every day at Disney World. For eighteen months, the Epcot center, in Orlando, will be turned over completely to millennial exhibits. Disney animators are already at work on forty minutes of new material to "revise" "Fantasia." Will Babyface Edmonds replace Leopold Stokowski? Will the sorcerer's apprentice switch to an Electrolux? Eisner was mum.

AT Disneyland, staffers are forbidden to wear beards, mustaches, or earrings. Discipline is maintained. "You step inside the berm and you're not yourself anymore, you're playing a role," one guide told me. Grandparents have been known to sue the company for distress when children suffered the trauma of seeing Mickey Mouse take his head off in the heat.

At the Imagineering buildings, on Flower Street, in Glendale, the atmosphere is looser, more privileged. The artists who work on things like virtual-reality attractions or 3-D models of Buzz Lightyear are likely to be wearing T-shirts and jeans. They decorate their offices and cubicles the way sci-fi nerds in college do. In the cafeteria, people eat their sandwiches and knock around futuristic ideas like personal flying machines and "smart" benches. Ken Wong, the president of Imagineering, told me that he once overheard a conversation on the feasibility of "talking breakfast cereals."

Even if the Imagineers don't all have the jolly surface details of Bran Ferren—the red beard, the blinding twinkle—they are in the business of creating clever, marketable pop-culture products. My guide, a nice fellow named Dave, took me from building to building, from shop to shop. Dave is in his late thirties, and has worked for Disney all his adult life. Everyone at Imagineering wears a tag that has on it a little picture of Mickey Mouse and the person's name: "Dave," "Bran," "Julie." The Disney code, however, requires that the Imagineers take off their tags before coming inside the berm. It wouldn't do to have a scruffy Imagineer identified as a "cast member."

As we toured the main Imagineering building, Dave pointed out one workroom and said, with whispered awe, "This is where they conceived 'Pirates of the Caribbean.' " Elsewhere, craftsmen were carving dwarfs out of clay, playing with lasers, reviewing models for a new aquatic theme park, Tokyo Disneysea. Dave took me to a room where two young guys with lots of pens in their pockets introduced me to a very tall robot known officially as a model A-100 and more familiarly as Joe Cocker. They turned on the music—Cocker singing "Feelin' Alright?"—and, by God, the robot danced just as jerkily as the original. He danced like Eddie Murphy's imitation of a white man dancing, almost no movement below the waist. "It's not the robot's fault," one of the technicians said. "The A-100 is less jerky than earlier robots, but the legs still can't really bend at the knee. We have to keep the knee rigid because it's got to support so much weight. But we'll get it better pretty soon."

Along the way, I met Eddie Sotto, a young designer who had been shuttling between Los Angeles and Tokyo to work on the theme park there. His office was decorated with nineteenth-century lawyer's cabinets, an Italian poster for "Citizen Kane," and a series of little candles. I

LAWYERS WITHOUT BORDERS
BRIAN SAVAGE

asked Sotto what his dream project for Disney might be. His answer was one I'd been hearing, in variations, from other people around the company. He said he was interested in creating "entertaining environments."

"What would be great," he said, "is not knowing that I'm looking at a screen, that the Internet is the entire room itself, the walls and the ceiling and everything would transform itself into, say, the Pyramids, and you are inside, exploring. You can read about the Pyramids, and text provides a lot of information, sure, but here you could even see it in your peripheral vision, the dust is in your hair and your neck is burning, and you smell the horses outside. I don't want just to see things, I want to feel them."

At lunchtime, Ferren came by with one of his new fellows, Marvin Minsky, who is a pioneer in the field of artificial intelligence and is the author of "The Society of Mind." We drove off to the executive dining facilities a few minutes away in Burbank and commandeered Michael Eisner's table. Bran basically sat back, ate his lunch, and let Minsky go. Where Ferren is essentially reverent about Disney, Minsky is essentially reverent about nothing. Minsky is in his sixties. For decades at M.I.T., at both the Artificial Intelligence Lab and the Media Lab, Minsky has been trying to describe the workings of the human mind and then replicate it, even outstrip it, through the use of increasingly sophisticated computers. He accepted the Disney offer mainly because it reminded him of the early days at the Artificial Intelligence Lab. Minsky, like Ferren and the other fellows, is eclectically eccentric in a pleasant sort of way. When Minsky tried to ski, it was on Mont Blanc. He wears a ropy-looking belt made of Kevlar which turns instantly into a forty-foot survival cord. He once pulled his daughter out of quicksand in Norway using the belt. "Besides," he said, "you never know when you might have to tow your car."

Unlike Ferren, whose corporate position forces him to be quite as careful as a deacon in what he says, Minsky seemed not to care, or even realize, that he is now attached to an almost churchly American brand name. Religion, Minsky said at one point, "is only the most refined version of human ignorance. There is something in your brain that makes you want to feel that your father is always alive and controlling the universe. My religion and society is international science. To tell you the truth, I don't really believe that the Pope believes that there's a God. He's too smart. The second-raters, the level of priests below him, may believe it. But not him."

Minsky is the most un-Disney of all the fellows. He is the opposite of pious. He does not even display the ritual joy in the natural world. "Look, the world is a rather dumb place," he said. "There's nothing special about it. It's accidental. The world was *terrible* before people came along and changed it. So we don't have much to lose by technology. The future of technology is about shifting to what people like to do, and that's entertainment. Eventually, robots will make everything. The trend is over time. When Henry Ford was around, a large percentage of the population was involved in manufacturing. Now it's much smaller. I'm telling you: all the money and the energy in this country will eventually be devoted to doing things with your mind and your time."

In his own, irascible way, Minsky is as eager as the more puckish Ferren to welcome the era of amusement. Minsky's interest in progress is fuelled by an impatience with the world as it is. "I always have the feeling of 'Where is the future and why won't it hurry?' " Minsky said. "I'm interested in the heavens. So why doesn't my wristwatch tell me that there's going to be a meteor shower tonight? In the future, your watch—your computerized assistant, your personal agent—will monitor the airwaves and the Web for you, and then it will alert you to things that it should: meteor showers, if that's your thing, the financial pages, a television show. Or you'll put on a suit and a special pair of glasses, and you'll become involved in an experiential form of entertainment. You'll immerse yourself in an environment, an electronic environment, a mountain climb, whatever you feel like. We've got the visual thing down. What we have to get down is the sense of touch. But that will come."

Later, I asked Minsky why, besides the intellectual companionship, he came to Disney. He said that he was tired of all the "fatalistic" myths society churned out. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "I'm here because of 'Fantasia.' I like myths with a little promise in them."

IN the near future of Disney amusement, the biggest gamble is California Adventure, a theme park as exquisitely kitschy and ambitious as any the company has ever confected. The project, which will be built in the present parking lot of Disneyland, is going to cost the company and the city of Anaheim two billion dollars. Barry Braverman, the leader of Imagineering's creative team for the project, said that Eisner and the others thought through dozens of ideas before settling on California. "Eisner decided that people come to California, but they find the real thing too spread out, too hard to get a handle on—the beach, Hollywood, the mountains," Braverman said as we walked around a scale model. "It's very hard to find—California. So we decided that our park could be like a sampler."

There will be a Hollywood studio, a beachfront boardwalk, a hangar representing the aircraft industry, nine acres of "mini-wilderness" with redwood trees and a giant rock formation shaped like a grizzly bear, a tiny Napa Valley, a miniature San Francisco, and a working California farm. The hangar will have an aerial flight aided by a large dome projection screen. You will feel as if you were flying over the entire state in five minutes. This is what Braverman calls a "peak experience." At the studio, there will be a Super Star Limo and you will be made to feel, Braverman said, "like a big actor on the way to sign a contract with Michael Eisner at Grauman's Chinese Theatre." This is a peak experience, too.

"Through virtual reality at our version of the Palace of Fine Arts, you'll get into the 'mind-set' of California," Braverman said. "A sixties rock band at the Fillmore West, the 1906 earthquake, an eight-to-ten-minute experience. You'll be zapped with images, so when it's over you'll say, 'O.K., I get it. I know what it's like to think like a Californian.' "

There will also be a roller coaster. "The best ever," Braverman said.

Later, Dave, my guide, led me to a group of other guides from Imagineering's research-and-development wing. They opened a door and led me into a dark room filled with screens and blinking lights and odd machines. There was a computer that takes your picture and then distorts it, a kind of digital version of the house of mirrors. Disney may use these in suburban malls and in its new urban entertainment centers, called DisneyQuest. They showed me the ImaginEasel, which animators can use to work directly on a computer. Then they threw me on a "multicell motion system," a slab as big as a queen-size bed. They flicked a switch, and suddenly I was rocking up and down, back and forth. I was told that this was to simulate a "jungle cruise." They showed me a new fireworks system that cuts down on smoke and a digital projector that may one day replace film projectors at movie theatres. They showed me something called a Magic Mirror and then a virtual-reality ride on a magic carpet. Someone said, "To make it better, we'll be selling you a robot to sit on the TV." I didn't know what to make of that. Finally, someone aimed a gigantic pipe at me. The pipe was called a "puffer," and when it went off it blew a fast-moving puff of "smoke" at me. It felt, for the second it lasted, like turning a corner into the wind on a winter day. Someone said that it was going to be used at the new animal park in Orlando "to simulate the comet that wiped out the dinosaurs."

Finally, Bran showed up. He wanted to make sure I was getting a comprehensive view of the future of entertainment.

"Puff him," he said.

"We already did."

"Then puff him again."

Soon they lined me up for another blast. It felt harder, and rocked me pleasantly on my heels.

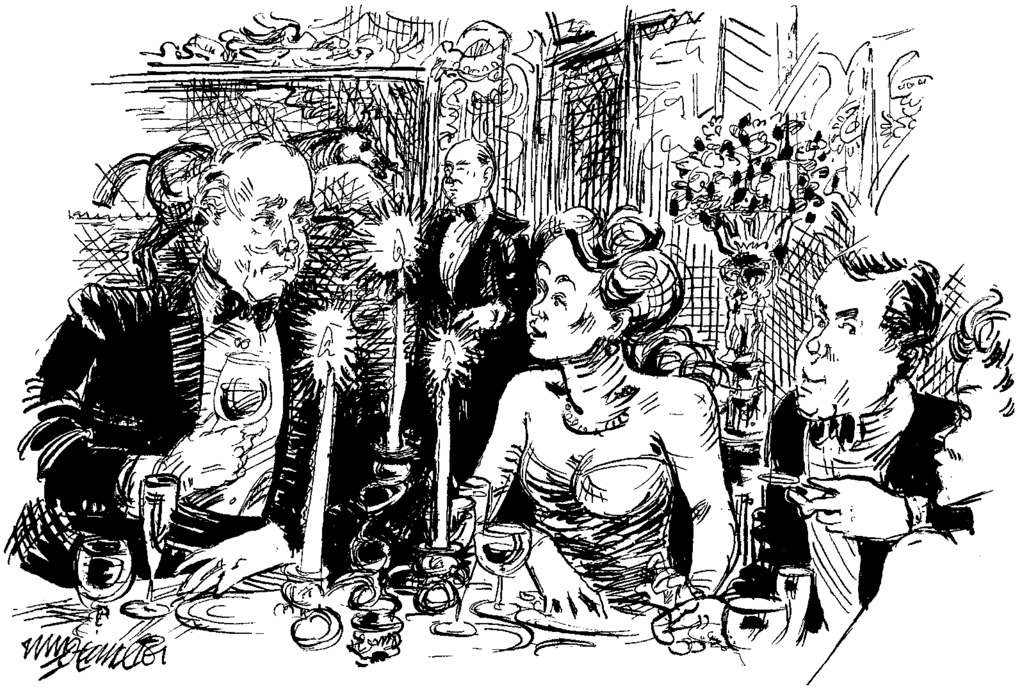
"That's the mega-puff," Bran said.

At Disney, people talk a lot about their responsibility to children. Talk about educating "future generations" is as much a part of the official corporate rhetoric as "storytelling" and "inside the berm," and the company does donate millions of dollars to educational institutions and programs. But there is criticism within. A loyalist like Marty Sklar, who has been working at Disney since Walt walked the earth, told me, "Disney has done a terrific job in telling the public that teachers should be valued and in holding teachers up as the key to education. But beyond that there's not enough that the company has done. I come from a family of teachers—my brother and my son both teach, I was on the Anaheim school board—and it disappoints me."

One evening, I had dinner with Bran and his inside circle of fellows—Minsky, Alan Kay, and Danny Hillis. (The fourth Disney fellow, Seymour Papert, was out of town.) I remarked that Sklar hadn't hesitated to chide the company on the education issue. They seemed unwounded. They all agreed with Sklar, but Hillis and Kay especially said they were determined to find a way to make their work add up to something more than another cartoon, another stunt at a theme park.

Hillis and Kay are both computer scientists who made their names and fortunes through some of the early inventions of the P.C. industry. Hillis is in his forties and Kay in his fifties, but they are almost childlike in their bearing. They both smile as they tell you their ideas, and, when they do, they look years younger than they are. Hillis likes fire trucks. Kay had a pipe organ built in his home. They are both interested in converting schools from boring barns into houses of wonder. They are convinced that computers will help.

Kay, who spent his career at the cel-



"I just hope I can do half as well with my future as you did with yours."

ebrated Xerox PARC research center, and then at Apple, has been working on computer interfaces for children for nearly thirty years. "Before I came here, I couldn't help noticing that parents were buying Disney-brand stuff without serious appraisal, like the Lion King Activity Center," Kay said. "Six of the ten top-selling educational CD-ROMs are Disney. And the truth is that they're good but not so much better than anyone else's. Disney is a brand that parents will buy blindly." Kay and Hillis both said that the main reason they came to the company was to exploit that brand name for the good. They'd both spent their careers, as Hillis put it, "making computers that go faster and faster and faster, and after a while what's the point?"

Kay's dream is to make a computer language whose rhetoric is so accessible to children that they will be able to use it to explore the world in ways they never could. "Classical math is organized around algebra, so it's difficult to give kids a hint of what math is about," he said. "There's a long tunnel you take. But with a computer and [the right] language, you can actually understand something like the acceleration of a spaceship. Kids can type in two lines of code and they'll have a functioning spaceship, just as they have in reality, and they can feel what it's like to land on the Moon. Kids can take a nonlinear concept like feedback, and in ten minutes they can build a butterfly that will home in on a light that it can't see well, or learn how ants find food. Forget about the adults, they're over the hill. What we want is a medium that embodies powerful ideas that only a few people can deal with, and gets as many kids as embedded in it as possible. Kids will spend huge amounts of time at play, and play is their work. As it is, ordinary schools just take adult content and try to stuff it into kids' minds. I'll tell you about the project I've been working on. You are on the Internet. Imagine one page with various options, and one of the options is to make a car you can drive yourself. You click on that. What is downloaded is an authoring system. You can draw a car and then the car comes to life. Now you can tell the car what to do. You start moving it around, and by doing all this you start learning."

Hillis is also working on a pile of projects that might turn out to be more than just increasingly high-tech versions of "Aladdin." Perhaps the most fascinating, and least remunerative, is a kind of mechanical metaphor that he hopes will help cool the current mania for millennial prediction, for cocksure future-gazing, for shortsightedness.

OF all the fellows, Hillis has the most organic (and the strangest) connection to the company. When he was a graduate student at M.I.T., he worked on the problem of parallel computers—the means of generating enough capacity to teach a computer to begin thinking for itself. Few students had ever attracted as much attention, but if Hillis was to get his doctorate he had to carve out time enough to sit down and write a thesis. One morning, he stuffed a bag full of clothes, books, and legal pads and went out to Logan Airport intending to take the first flight out of Boston. The first flight was to Orlando. He took it. At Disney World, Hillis checked into the Contemporary Resort and bought a week's pass to the park. Every morning, he took the monorail from his hotel to the Magic Kingdom and, sitting on a bench, wrote a chapter per day.

Hillis soon built an international reputation, and a sizable fortune, through his expertise in parallel computing. Now, at Disney, he is spending many of his hours developing what he calls a Millennium Clock. The project itself, like so much else at Disney, may turn out to be too unwieldy to be called art, but the idea—the conception—is, amid all the Magic Mirrors and mega-puffers, a moment of ambition.

"For a long time, I've been struck by how our sense of a future is shrinking all the time," Hillis told me. "When I was a little kid, the future meant the year 2000—all our expectations and dreams were built around that date. Now, thirty years later, somehow the future is *still* the year 2000. Part of it is the artificial barrier of the millennium, but it's also because technology is changing things so quickly. Now I think the year 2020 is almost impossible to imagine. Technology is self-creating. When I design a faster computer, it lets me create an even faster one. In science, this is called autocatalytic: every change increases the rate of change. So people are right to think they can't plan for the future the way they used to. In the Middle Ages, you could begin a cathedral and then figure that your grandchildren would finish it. Long-term projects made a kind of sense. These days, you can't imagine a three-generation project. No one believes that such a thing would remain relevant. I like the example of the oak beams in one of the dining halls at Oxford, which were put up in the sixteenth century. Several years ago, they had to replace the beams—twenty-foot oak beams, which are very hard to come by. They called the Oxford forester and asked if there were any such trees, and sure enough there were. In other words, someone thought far ahead enough to have planted the trees in the expectation of replacing the beams. You can't imagine that kind of thinking anymore. It just wouldn't occur to many people to make a centuries-long development. When you start thinking only in terms of a five-year leap—a five-year future—a lot of problems become impossible. You can't worry about hunger or literacy. People give up on them. Companies plan in a way that they aren't even sure that their particular industry—their reason for being—will be around in five years. Ten years later, many Fortune 500 companies don't exist.

"The millennium stuff will pass. At first, there will be a big party, but when we're on the other side of the millennium we'll feel like there's a big blank sheet of paper in front of us, an open road, and we'll shift to more long-term thinking. The burst of technological progress will not go on forever. It feels very bad right now, because we haven't adjusted to it yet. We now have the technology that will allow for a different kind of society, but we don't have that different society yet.

"I felt what we need is a project that takes more than a century to complete. I want to build a clock: Imagine something very large—cathedral-size, Stonehenge-size. A huge clock, whose very construction emphasizes that it will last only as long as people take care of it. It will be a clock that ticks once a year and bongs every millennium. If people keep winding it, it will last ten thousand years. One idea is to put it in the desert, and you'll have to go on a pilgrimage. I think of it as a way to keep mankind modest. No matter how hard we try, we literally cannot imagine the future." ♦

THE NEXT CORPORATE ORDER

AMERICAN KEIRETSU

The six most powerful media companies are borrowing the ancient Japanese custom of co-opting the competition.

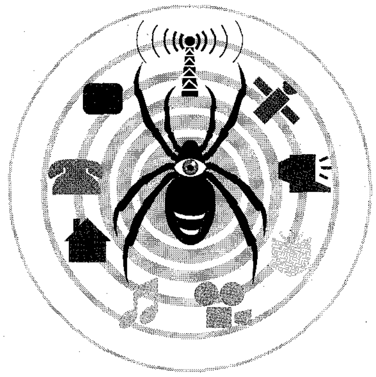
BY KEN AULETTA

CONSIDER the spider: a spider has four pairs of legs, as many as eight eyes, and jaws and a pair of pincers on the underside of the head; sometimes, after mating, female spiders devour their mates. The fluid from a spider's silk glands is spun into a web. When a spider moves, the entire web sways.

Now consider six of the world's most potent communications companies: Time Warner, the Walt Disney Company (which owns ABC), the News Corporation, Microsoft, General Electric (with its NBC unit), and Tele-Communications, Inc., or TCI (with its Liberty Media Group). Like spiders, these companies compete by devouring others of their kind, and by spinning ever bigger webs—webs to cover all of communications, from owning ideas, through owning the factories that manufacture the ideas as products, to owning the means of distributing those products, and on to owning their afterlife. While the companies continue to do battle with one another, however, they increasingly collaborate, and the result is a horizontal web of joint partnerships, as the larger accompanying chart (*page 227*) demonstrates.

The Japanese have a name for this sort of web—a keiretsu. Jeffrey E. Garten, who was President Clinton's Under-Secretary of Commerce for International Trade and is now dean of the Yale School of Management, found when negotiating with Japan that the greatest impediment to American companies' doing business there was not tariffs but "a multi-industry cartel"—the keiretsu. "It's a family of companies which have invested in one another, so there are cross-holdings of shares," Garten told me. "A keiretsu restrains trade, because there's a very strong preference to do business only with someone in that family."

Most charts display the vertical power of corporations, demonstrating what each company owns. The smaller competition chart (*page 226*) does this, showing where these six companies compete. What is unusual about the larger chart is that it is horizontal, revealing how the companies collaborate. And what emerges is a spiderweb linking these giants—an American version of keiretsu.



NOTICE, for example, that each of the six companies has joint ventures with one or more of the others in the United States or abroad or both. Five of the six have a connection in Primestar, which provides direct-broadcast-satellite TV. Michael Eisner and Disney, which is the majority owner of ESPN, and Rupert Murdoch's News Corporation, which has launched Fox Sports Net, are fierce rivals in the United States and Europe, but they are fifty-fifty partners in ESPN Star Sports, in Asia. Ted Turner, of Time Warner, and Murdoch have engaged in vituperative verbal combat over the past year, yet they declared a truce in July, in part because they have begun working together in various businesses in this country and abroad, sometimes as partners (Channel [V], a music-television cable channel in Asia) and sometimes as customers (with Fox News carried on Time Warner cable systems, and Warner Bros. programming carried on News Corporation satellites). TCI owns ten per cent of Time Warner's stock and has an expansive joint venture with the News Corporation in Fox/Liberty Sports. A series of recently announced deals will leave TCI and the News Corporation with an interest in Madison Square Garden, which is owned by Cablevision through its Rainbow Media Holdings subsidiary, of which GE/NBC is already a part owner. Microsoft, with an eleven-and-a-half-per-cent stake in Comcast, the nation's fourth-largest cable company, now has telephone, Internet, direct-broadcast-satellite, and TV-production interests, and assorted links to the other giants.

The spiderweb extends beyond these companies as well. Murdoch's News Corporation and Sony, for example, are partners in JSkyB, a satellite-TV effort in Japan. Disney is a partner of the Hearst Corporation in ESPN and in such cable networks as A&E and Lifetime. In Europe, the world's third-largest media company, Bertelsmann AG, has a long-term distribution deal with Disney, and also owns part of a broadcast network with the News Corporation. GE, through its financial-services arm, GE Capital, has financed or invested in various companies, including Cablevision.

THESE companies join forces for various reasons. They do so to avoid competition. They do so to save money and share risks. They do so, as Microsoft did with Comcast and Murdoch is doing with Primestar, to buy a seat at an adversary's table. They join forces to create a safety net of sorts, because technology is changing so rapidly that no one can be sure which technology or which business will be ascendant. And they join forces with foreign companies to avoid arousing the ire of local governments.

It is debatable whether this American

CHARTS BY NIGEL HOLMES

keiretsu redefines the meaning of a monopoly, which pivots on one question: Does the company control prices? Philip Verveer, the staff lawyer in charge of the Justice Department investigation that prompted the breakup of A.T. & T., says of monopoly, "There are two and a half ways to think about it." A monopoly may exist, he says, if the "web of relationships" between a number of companies can lead to "implicit or explicit collusion" to raise prices; or if a single company so dominates an industry that it can set prices; or—the half point—if a company's merging or becoming partners with another company could have the "unilateral effect" of restricting competition and setting prices. Verveer is not alarmed by American keiretsu, because he believes that technology is the enemy of monopolies—certainly in the communications business, where it provides multiple ways to reach consumers, and so offers "more shelf space," not less. Nor does Jeffrey Garten believe that the collaboration among the six communications giants will restrain competition and control prices—partly because American culture is more diverse, more entrepreneurial, and less obedient than Japan's. "Going out on a date is not the same as founding a family dynasty," Andrew Grove, Intel's chief executive officer, says.

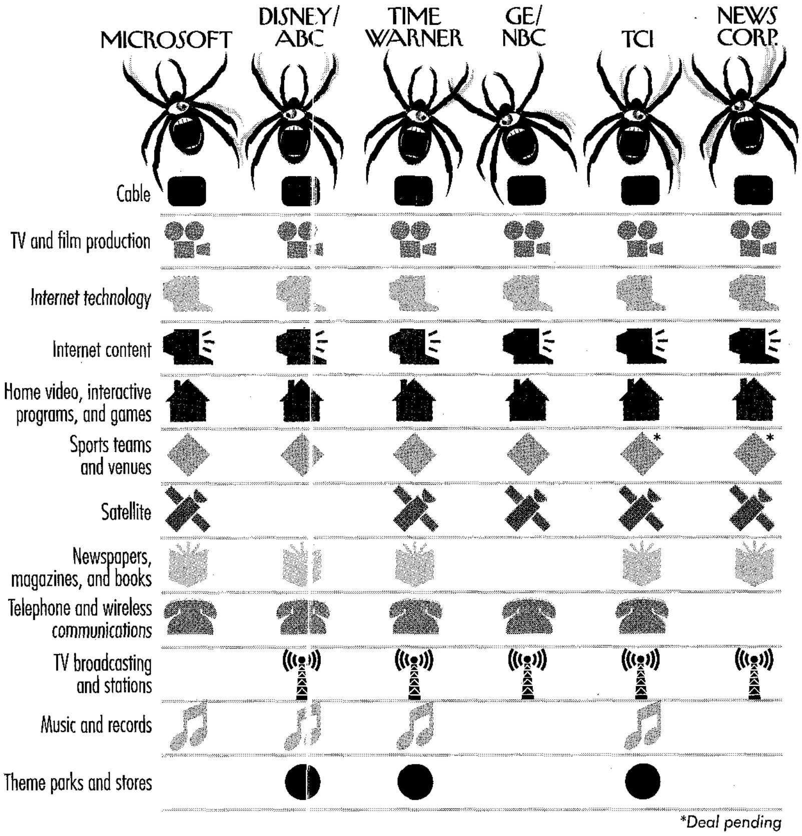
THE dating that does occur brings with it real dangers, however, and these are not limited to price-gouging. There is the danger of what overseas governments call cultural imperialism, as American companies increasingly dominate and homogenize the world's entertainment and information. There is the danger that these giants, who do not see themselves as citizens of a single nation, will decide to avoid bumping into one another and will instead divide the globe: you take Indonesia, we'll take Japan. Or they may do what Murdoch did in Asia, when he decided to team up with the stronger ESPN rather than go it alone.

Perhaps the foremost non-economic danger is to journalism. Last February, Steven Brill, the founder of Court TV and several legal publications, sold his remaining interest in the American Lawyer Media company to its majority owner, Time Warner. A few months later, it was revealed that before Brill left he had written a memorandum to senior Time Warner executives complaining of three attempts to control his editorial freedom, including a failed attempt to kill an article on an important Federal Trade Commission official that was being prepared for publication just as the F.T.C. was deciding whether Time Warner could merge with Turner Broadcasting. A Time Warner spokesman said that executives there "have never interfered in the company's journalistic processes." Is NBC likely to pursue a major investigative series on its partner Microsoft? Is Fox News going to go after its partner TCI? Is a junior ABC News producer going to think twice before chewing on the leg of a Disney partner?

If American keiretsu has a father, he might be John Malone, the C.E.O. of TCI, which is probably the world's most powerful telecommunications company. For a decade, Malone has been building alliances, investing in companies, getting a seat at various tables. At one point, he was announcing nearly a deal a day. A frank admission of TCI's strategy is contained in its 1995 annual report. Peter Barton, then the president of TCI's Liberty Media, which owns all or part of dozens of cable and broadcast concerns, wrote, "We make connections. The six executives at Liberty Media sit on more than 40 corporate boards. Their function is to act not just as watchdogs for our investments but also as *relationship managers* with our partners. In this way, we can link pieces of our portfolio to create strengthened alliances, new businesses, and shared economics." That's not a bad definition of keiretsu. ♦

COMPETITION . . .

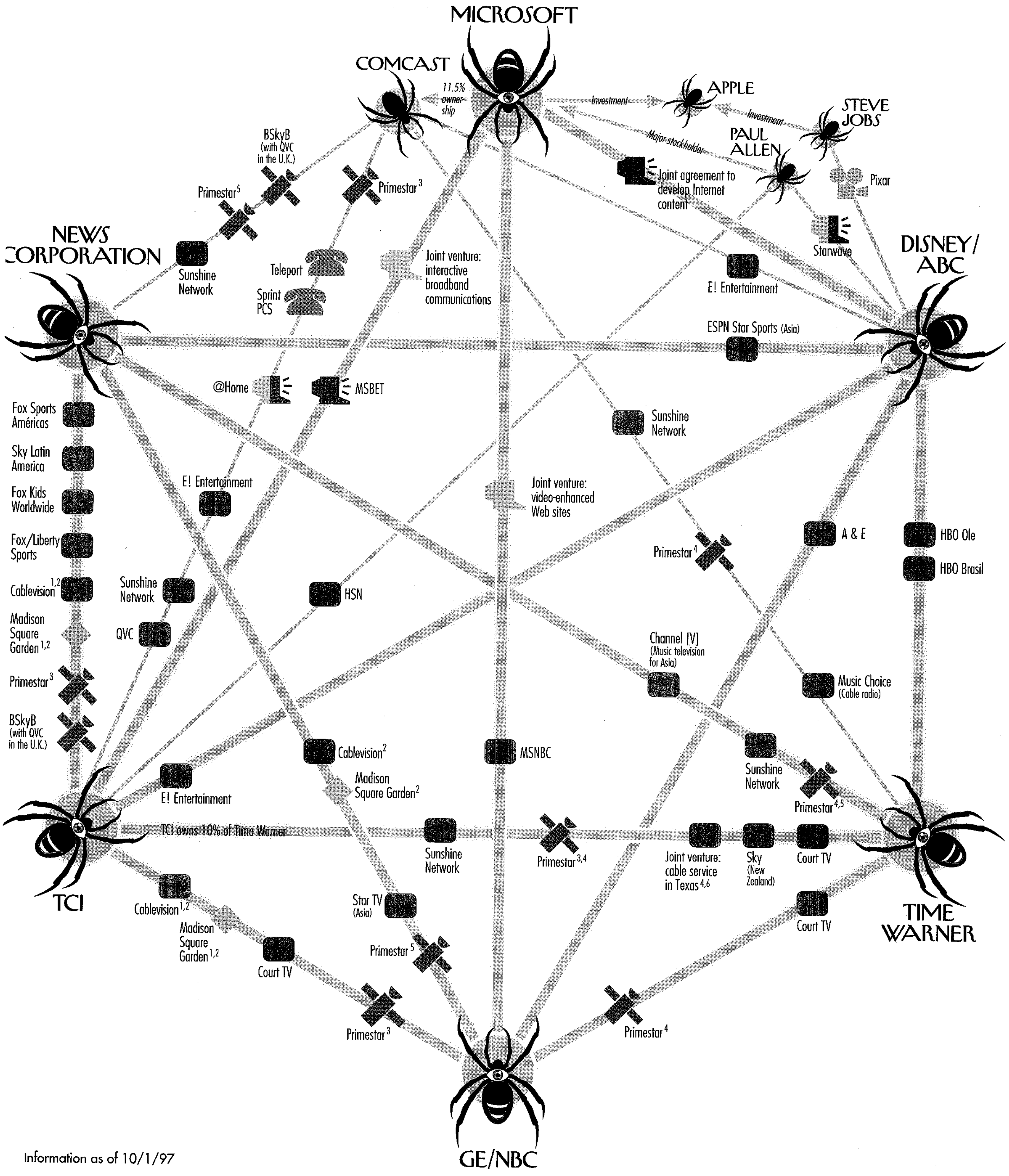
THE chart on this page shows how six major media companies often operate in the same areas of technology and entertainment, either directly or through companies in which they have investments. Normally, that would lead to competition among them, but these six companies are finding that one good way to do business is to collaborate, as the chart on the next page shows. The symbols arranged along the connecting strands of the web represent some ventures that these major media "competitors" jointly own, operate, or invest in. The web shows how the six giants often rely on one another.



	MICROSOFT	DISNEY/ ABC	TIME WARNER	GE/ NBC	TCI	NEWS CORP.
Cable	●	●	●	●	●	●
TV and film production	●	●	●	●	●	●
Internet technology	●	●	●	●	●	●
Internet content	●	●	●	●	●	●
Home video, interactive programs, and games	●	●	●	●	●	●
Sports teams and venues	●	●	●	●	●*	●*
Satellite	●		●	●	●	●
Newspapers, magazines, and books	●	●	●		●	●
Telephone and wireless communications	●	●	●	●	●	
TV broadcasting and stations		●	●	●	●	●
Music and records	●	●	●		●	
Theme parks and stores		●	●		●	

**Deal pending*

. . . OR A WEB OF COLLABORATION?


MICROSOFT
COMCAST
11.5% ownership
APPLE
Investment
Investment
STEVE JOBS
Major stockholder
PAUL ALLEN
Joint agreement to develop Internet content
Pixar
Starwave
BSkyB (with QVC in the U.K.)
Primestar[5]
Primestar[3]
NEWS CORPORATION
Sunshine Network
Teleport
Sprint PCS
Joint venture: interactive broadband communications
E! Entertainment
DISNEY/ ABC
ESPN Star Sports (Asia)
@Home
MSBET
Fox Sports Américas
Sky Latin America
Fox Kids Worldwide
Fox/Liberty Sports
Cablevision[1,2]
Madison Square Garden[1,2]
Primestar[3]
BSkyB (with QVC in the U.K.)
E! Entertainment
Sunshine Network
QVC
HSN
Sunshine Network
Joint venture: video-enhanced Web sites
Primestar[4]
A & E
HBO Ole
HBO Brasil
Channel [V] (Music television for Asia)
Music Choice (Cable radio)
Cablevision[2]
Madison Square Garden[2]
MSNBC
Sunshine Network
Primestar[4,5]
E! Entertainment
TCI owns 10% of Time Warner
Sunshine Network
Primestar[3,4]
Joint venture: cable service in Texas[4,6]
Sky (New Zealand)
Court TV
TCI
Cablevision[1,2]
Madison Square Garden[1,2]
Court TV
Star TV (Asia)
Primestar[5]
Court TV
TIME WARNER
Primestar[3]
Primestar[4]
GE/NBC

Information as of 10/1/97

NOTES 1: TCI plans the transfer to Cablevision of ten cable systems in New York and New Jersey in return for twelve million newly issued shares of Class A Cablevision stock. This will represent 33% of all outstanding shares. 2: Rainbow Media Holdings (25% owned by GE/NBC) and Fox/Liberty (News Corporation and TCI) have announced a deal to create a new twenty-four-hour national sports venture, to be called Fox Sports Net. The deal includes an ownership stake in Madison Square Garden. 3: TCI's interest in Primestar was spun off to the stockholders of the TCI Group as part of the new TCI Satellite Entertainment Company, chaired by TCI's chief executive, John Malone. 4: Interest held by Time Warner Entertainment-Advance/Newhouse, a partnership. Advance Publications owns *The New Yorker*. 5: News Corporation's acquisition of an interest in Primestar is pending final government approval. 6: Joint venture is pending.

This chart has been assembled from reporting by Ken Auletta and Mike Uretsky, chairman of the Department of Information Systems, N.Y.U., and an inspection of proxies and S.E.C. filings.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

DOLE 2000

The G.O.P.'s best hope for the White House is an un-Republican named Elizabeth Dole.

BY HENRY LOUIS GATES, JR.

NOT long ago, Frank Luntz—communications adviser to Trent Lott and Newt Gingrich, and the preëminent G.O.P. pollster these days—circulated a two-hundred-page report to Republicans in Congress. The report, which arrived in a white three-ring binder emblazoned with an American flag, is entitled "The Language of the Twenty-first Century," and it represents the distilled wisdom of thousands of man-hours of research and reflection. It is unflinching about the past failures of Republican candidates, and resolute about what must be done in the future. "Linguistically, you are out of touch with the American people," the report declares. "They really think Bill Clinton feels their pain, and they really think you feel nothing." And the document goes into remarkable detail about the kinds of language and themes that a successful Republican candidate must employ.

The successful Republican candidate knows how much average Americans "want to regain a sense of 'belonging' and 'community' in their lives." The successful Republican candidate knows how to talk about Clinton in terms of "SADNESS, REGRET, DISAPPOINTMENT, or DISMAY," rather than in blunter terms of reprehension. The successful Republican candidate knows how to "speak in terms of people, ideas, and vision," rather than dollars and cents, facts and figures. The successful Republican candidate knows the importance of "listening to women and adopting a new language and a more friendly style." When the subject is education, the candidate must say things like "Education is about the future" and "I don't want one child to fall through the cracks"; even when the subject is not, the candidate must learn to say, "It's about the children." But all this advice comes with a stunning caveat: "You must not say what you do not believe. Voters can spot an impostor a mile away." At this, you can almost hear the voices of prospective candidates rising to a squeak of indignation: *Now you tell us!* It's a stringent set of conditions, likely to disqualify many of the party's luminaries. What "The Language of the Twenty-first Century" calls for, after all, is a Republican standard-bearer who not only can speak about people, ideas, vision, and the children but can do so readily, naturally, *sincerely*. The point will not be missed by Party apparatchiks trying to figure out how to reclaim the White House three years from now. A state-of-the-art summa of Republican strategy has issued something very like a police Identi-Kit description of Elizabeth Hanford Dole.

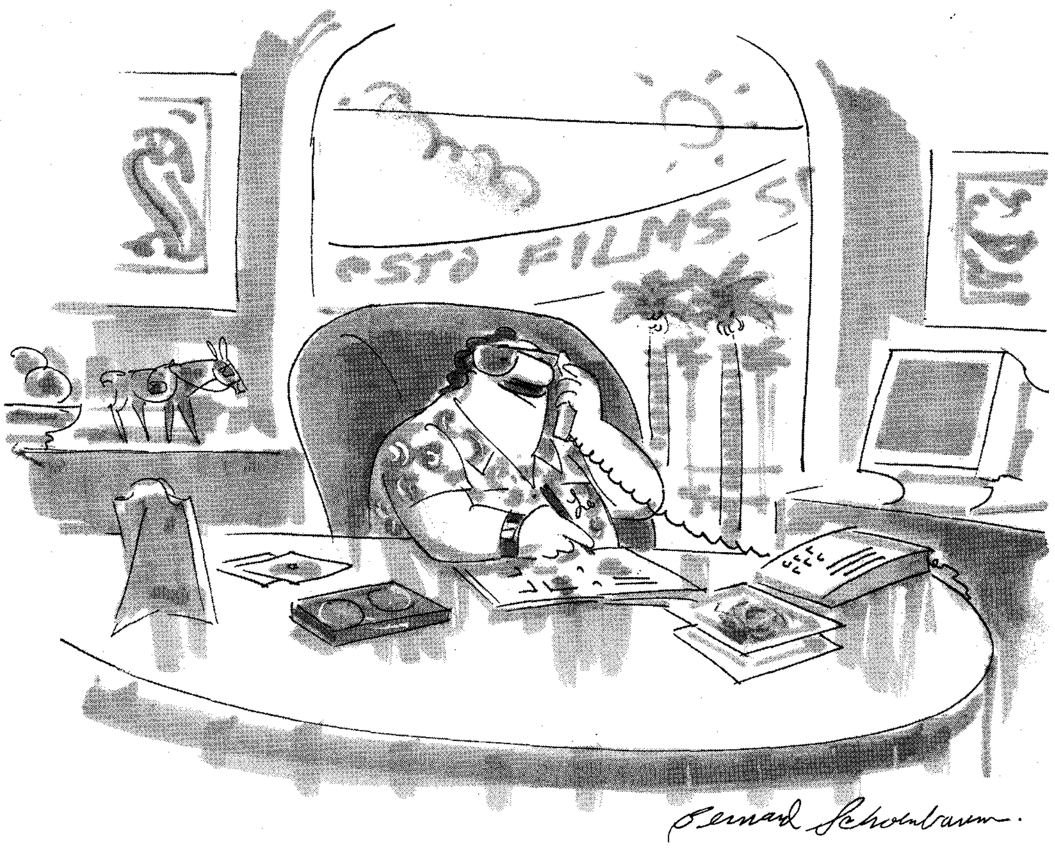
MRS. DOLE—that's Elizabeth to her friends, Liddy to everyone else—is insistent about not talking politics these days. But it's worth remembering what her great contribution to contemporary political discourse has been: talking politics by not talking politics. The shining example is, of course, the speech she gave at the 1996 G.O.P. Convention ("I'm going to be speaking about the man I love, and it's just a lot more comfortable for me to do that down here with you"), which was her star-is-born, Ruby-Keeler-takes-the-stage moment. There she was, strolling through the audience with a handheld mike, talking about her Bob, about how he struggled to recover from disability, about how he reaches out to people whom life has given a raw deal. Like the time he held a Thanksgiving dinner for some thirty-five young people from disadvantaged backgrounds:

> What touched us so deeply was that after they finished the Thanksgiving meal . . . they began to talk about their life stories. And the common thread that ran through so many of those stories was that these kids, until recently, had never heard anyone say, "I care about you, I care about you."

But Bob Dole cared, and, since he was too shy to say so, Elizabeth was going to tell us the truth about him, because Elizabeth, too, cared. Upon the conclusion of her speech, Dan Rather announced, in tones you associate with the early space launches, "What you have witnessed here tonight is the birth of a new form of campaigning and a new standard for convention speeches by which others will likely be judged for a long time." And Tom Brokaw said, "You can almost hear, if you listen carefully now, across the country in living rooms and bars and wherever people watch this, folks turning to each other and saying 'Wow, why isn't she on the ticket?'"

Just remember, *you* said it—she didn't. Mrs. Dole wouldn't think of broaching the subject. As the president of the American Red Cross, one of the world's largest humanitarian organizations, she must eschew any partisan concerns. "It's because they're so very strict," she tells me, gesturing around her office at Red Cross headquarters, in Washington, D.C., as if it were a dormitory and we were discussing its parietal rules. She doesn't otherwise look like a coed, with her two-piece peach suit and string of pearls, but neither does she look sixty-one years old, or anywhere near. Her hair, a few shades off chestnut, is lighter than you might have thought it would be, the maquillage is flawless, and the manner is cordial, confiding, and only sometimes rueful—as it is now, when she has to explain, almost apologetically, about how careful she must be. "I can't go to political events, campaign, do anything," she says. But she has a suggestion to make: "Can we talk Red Cross, the things I'm doing now, personal things about me, that kind of stuff? Would that be O.K.? Rather than comment on things that would be considered, you know . . ." The Red Cross jealously guards its status as a nonpartisan, nonprofit organization, she goes on to say. For an organization that crosses enemy lines, neutrality is an imperative. The Red Cross building itself—a big Beaux-Arts block of white marble, erected in 1915—is dedicated to the heroic

"I would give Gore a huge edge against any other Republican," Dick Morris says. "But with Gore against Liddy, I would give you even money." Photograph by Max Vadukul.



"You'll love it! It's computer-driven but people-enhanced."

• •

women on both sides of the Civil War.

Mrs. Dole's office, which is on the second floor, has floor-to-ceiling curtains in blues and grays—the hues of the Union and the Confederacy harmoniously interspersed. There are pictures all around us, hung on the walls, perched on tables, and these, too, reflect a careful ecumenicism. Here she is with Ronald Reagan, being sworn in as Secretary of Transportation, but there she is with an actor from the other end of the political spectrum, Paul Newman. On the table to the right of the door sits a framed photograph of Mrs. Dole and the late Princess of Wales, both with gleaming smiles, Diana in lavender and Dole in yellow. It was taken this summer, as the two walked down the back stairs of the Red Cross building to a joint press conference on land mines. There is an array of books on display in a breakfront cabinet, nicely bringing together Coretta Scott King's "My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr." and Peter F. Drucker's "Managing the Non-Profit Organization": moral and technocratic enlightenment side by side.

Elizabeth Dole casually mentions that she herself is writing "a little book"—or, anyway, is thinking about writing it. She has met all sorts of Americans on the campaign trail, and has many funny tales to tell. "So I thought it might be really fun to do a book that would talk about both the inspirational side and all the wonderful people, and also the humorous things," she says. It would "just be for fun," she assures me; and I believe her. Still, Elizabeth Dole cannot be called a prolific author: her name appears on the spines of books that appeared in 1988, 1992, and 1996, and some, perhaps, would see a pattern. It just might turn out to be helpful to have a little book out there in two or three years—a fun book, but maybe also a soulful book, in the "It Takes a Village" mold. Just ask one of three ace political consultants who worked for the Dole '96 campaign and are now on retainer to the Red Cross—among them Melinda Farris, whose clients have included Barbara Bush, and who coached Mrs. Dole for the 1996 Convention speech.

Elizabeth Dole for President? You can't say she lacks experience in government. Her Southern airs can fool you: this is a true Washington insider. The contours of her career are familiar. It's the story of a small-town Southern belle (the childhood in Salisbury, North Carolina, complete with spiral staircase, magnolia tree outside, and all the other accoutrements of the Southern gentry) who left home and, via Duke and Harvard Law School, joined the Great Society. In 1968, she was a Democrat and a protégée of the consumer advocate Betty Furness in the Johnson Administration; five years later, she was a Republican and the wife of a conservative senator. Lots of sixties liberals became conservative in the following decades, and they usually volunteer a conversion narrative about how they saw the error of their ways and, bearing right, came upon the one true path. But when Elizabeth Dole talks about her career it's without recantation or regret. She's proud of what she did in the Johnson Administration and proud of what she did afterward. "It's certainly an opportunity to make a difference for people," she says of her years in government. "The idea is to make a difference to the plight of people in need."

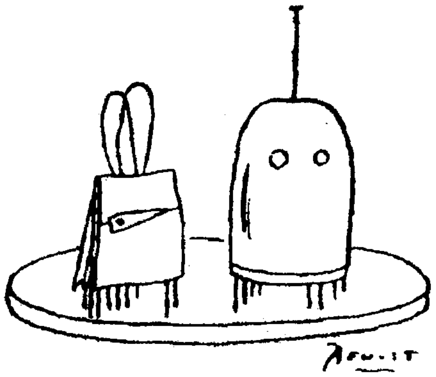
So there was never any fork in the path, as far as she was concerned. Staying on at the Office of Consumer Affairs under Nixon, she promoted lots of sensible measures—the labelling of ingredients in prepared foods, for instance—to stop businesses from taking advantage of unsuspecting consumers. When she recounts her seven years on the Federal Trade Commission, from 1973 to 1979, she talks about helping the divorced women who couldn't get credit because everything had been in their husbands' names, or the elderly preyed upon by unscrupulous nursing-home owners. When she recalls her term as Reagan's Secretary of Transportation, from 1983 to 1987, she dwells not on, say, the two-billion-dollar privatization of Conrail, which she oversaw but on her efforts to improve airline inspections and to promote seat belts and air bags in cars. (A homely but ubiquitous legacy of hers is the little red brake light mounted in the rear window of cars made after 1985: it became known in some circles as the "Dole light.") And when she recalls her years as President Bush's Secretary of Labor she talks about her widely publicized report on the "glass ceiling"—the underrepresentation of women and minorities in higher management positions in the private sector—and about the measures she took to increase the presence of both groups in the Department of Labor itself. There is much that can be said about her thirty years of public service, but one simple thing, at least, can be ceded: for once, the phrase "public service" seems genuinely apt.

She talks about the American Red Cross in similar terms of uplift. "This is a mission field for me, and I think it is probably rooted in my faith, and my desire to try to make a difference for others," she says. "I feel that when we're my mother's age—she's ninety-six now—we'll look back on our lives and the question will be 'What do you stand for? Do we make a difference for others?' I have faith in a God who is a good God, but I can't answer the theological questions about why good people suffer. There is suffering in this world, but we do everything we can to try to make a difference."

Americans "really think you feel nothing," Frank Luntz had warned his Republican clientele, but nobody could really think such a thing about Mrs. Dole. She is the most controlled person you'll ever meet—she makes Hillary Clinton seem loosey-goosey—but she isn't afraid to express emotion. Ten minutes after we start talking, she's in tears. She is recounting a visit she made a few years ago to a refugee camp in Goma, in what was then Zaire. Cholera and dysentery were rampant, and bodies were piled on the roadside before being trucked off to mass graves. "I was stepping over dead bodies, if you can imagine, and this boy right here"—she gestures to a nearby photograph of a young boy—"was sitting by himself in the midst of all these thousands of people. And so I sat down to try to console him, and nothing happened. Nothing moved, not a muscle—nothing. Not an eyelash flickered. Nothing was moving except tears, just making tracks down this dusty little face. He was traumatized. And you wonder: What in the world has he seen? And then at our little orphanage there were many children who had been separated from their parents. They were babies, they were toddlers, they didn't know their names. And I can still just hear the crying and . . ." Her eyes are red, and tears are streaming down her cheeks. "I can't talk about it, I really can't. I do this every time I try to talk about this, because they had absolutely nothing. They had nothing. They had no food, no clothes, no home, no parents, no hope, no future. Nothing but the Red Cross to meet their needs." It's a heartfelt and affecting account, and one can see why she has been able to raise about a hundred and forty-five million dollars in the past year.

As president of the American Red Cross, the position she has held (with a notable leave of absence in 1996) for the past six years, she has been charged with far more than fund-raising. To begin with, she had to modernize an august organization in the face of tremendous institutional inertia. Its blood-bank division provides almost fifty per cent of the nation's blood supply, and, as the AIDS epidemic spread, it had been severely criticized for being less than up to date in its procedures and technology.

Mrs. Dole is voluble about what she calls the "blood transformation." She explains, "We've changed the entire way we collect, test, process, distribute half of America's blood supply. What this meant was going from twenty-eight computer systems that I found here to one next-generation computer, to connect all these blood regions. It's a very extensive program, and we have the largest blood-information database in the world now for transfusion-medicine research. We've added nine brand-new, best-in-the-world testing labs." And she speaks to me proudly of having overhauled a "creaky, Second World War infrastructure." Some of her administrative systems remain a little creaky. As our allotted time together elapses, a staff assistant, young and efficient-looking, appears at the door. "Mrs. Dole, the, uh, conference call you were waiting for is ready for you now," he says. That, of course, is the cue for her to say something like "Goodness, now I really must go. It's been *such* a pleasure . . ." But she has decided against cutting things short. Mrs. Dole gives him a distracted smile and dismisses him quickly: "It's O.K., Stuart. Mr. Gates still has several questions to ask."



"I've used that trick myself," I say, after Stuart leaves.

Mrs. Dole laughs disarmingly. Maybe her press aide put him up to it, she tells me, blushing ever so slightly. Anyway, she explains, "he's new."

IT'S a typically modern error to mistake good manners for bad faith. The well-trained hostess embraces you, tells you how well you are looking, inquires after your loved ones, and then, with some light excuse, leaves you for another. Perhaps she insists that you need a refill, and detaches herself to arrange it, but both of you know that her real aim is the detaching, not the refill. That isn't a moral offense. And yet the socially adroit can arouse suspicions that the less polished do not. You don't take in Phil Gramm's podium presence, charmless and glowering, and start to wonder what he's *really* like. Elizabeth Dole, though, is just the type to excite conjecture: Is that Lady Macbeth hiding behind the May Queen smile? And yet I've spoken to enough long-term friends and employees of Elizabeth Dole to know that she isn't a monster on the sly. The sense of social mission is authentic, and has deep roots in her family. Her maternal grandmother, the family matriarch, didn't blink before giving away a cash windfall to build a hospital in Pakistan, and the grandmother's spiritual devotion rubbed off on young Liddy. Upon learning that a less well-off high-school classmate had cancer, Liddy paid for half of the girl's chemotherapy and also sent the girl and her family on an all-expenses-paid weekend in Washington, D.C. Virginia Knauer, who was Mrs. Dole's mentor in Nixon's Office of Consumer Affairs, will tell you that whenever she herself suffered a misfortune—when her son died or, later, when she had to undergo a major operation—Mrs. Dole dropped everything and took the next plane, to be with her. This isn't a political virtue but a human one, and it surely counts for something.

Manners, too, can be a form of kindness. What makes Mrs. Dole a gifted campaigner is precisely her ability to amplify the tiny social repertoire of the hostess—relaxed, confiding, welcoming, happy to see you—in such a way as to make her audience feel like a genuinely welcome guest. Properly understood, this is a matter not of insincerity but of a kind of social imagination. Besides, in the age of the "permanent campaign" your platform manner is more than an electoral expedient: it can be a mode of governance.

By now, it has become a truism that Bob Dole's 1996 campaign for the Presidency did more for her image than for his. Elizabeth Dole has always excelled on the stump, but this time she was seen by a wider audience than ever before. And, for the most part, she seems to have enjoyed it. "In all of a year of campaigning, I met only one rude person—a man who folded his arms and didn't want to shake hands," she says. "Isn't that amazing? One person." She tells me about a time, years back, when she was shaking hands with people around a luncheon table before giving a speech. "One lady looked up at me, and she said, 'Where do you get the energy to do this?' As I looked at her, I knew. I said, 'From you. I am drawing energy from you because you buoy me up.' You really draw your energy from people." Spoken like a true campaigner.

On the other hand, being the candidate's wife was sometimes "chafing" for her, as Mari Maseng Will, who first started working for Mrs. Dole at the Department of Transportation and was the communications director for the Dole '96 campaign, volunteers: "She had to become a subordinate during the campaign, and she is used to being the one in charge. So she put in everything she had, in a situation where she had little, if any, control. Can you imagine someone who is so disciplined and so careful putting herself through something like that?"

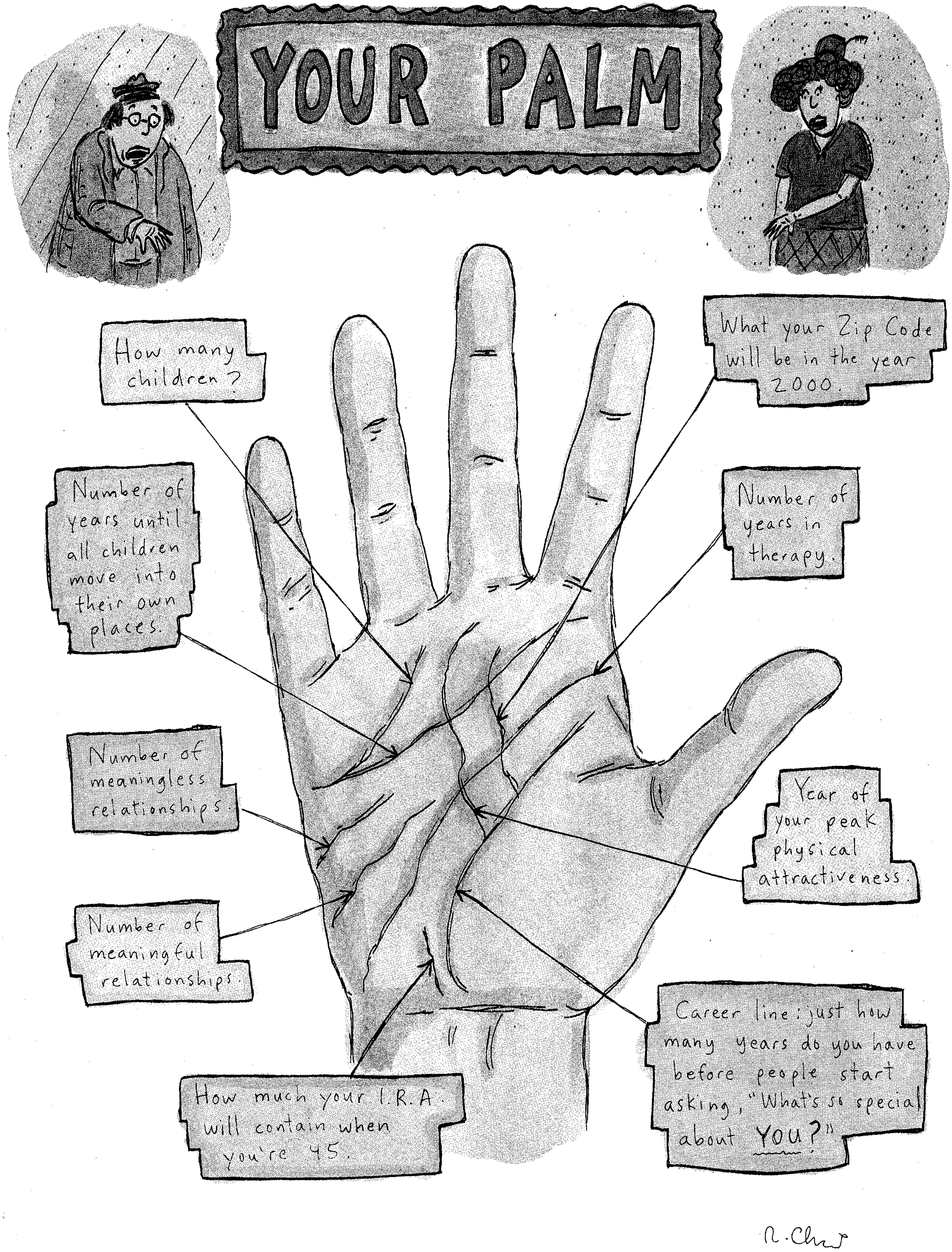
Mrs. Dole has no illusions about the brutality of the modern campaign. "I think there are a lot of good people who are being discouraged from running for office and serving in government because they feel it's not fair to their families," she says. "It's not that they have something to hide; it's just that their whole lives are laid open." But the experience is not without its gratifications, and the reception of her Oprah-style turn on the 1996 Convention floor must have been among them. After her speech, Clinton's pollsters found his lead reduced from thirteen points to ten. Soon Frank Luntz was reporting that Mrs. Dole's speech had done more to sway undecided voters than her husband's own acceptance speech.

"I was violently opposed to it," Mari Will admits. "I had images of drunken people with elephant hats and kazoos, and all kinds of chaos enveloping her, and having it just turn into a disaster. Plus there were technical difficulties. We weren't sure whether or not we could get the microphones to work right, because of all the metal or whatever that is down there. I worried about her falling down those horrible stairs. I tried for a month to talk her out of it. The only thing she gave me was she let me have a rail built down the center of the stairs, so she wouldn't fall. She just decided she was going to do it. I figured it would only be a ho-hum thing. It was the biggest thing she has ever done. Now, wherever she goes, people want her to do it again."

Mrs. Dole has long since mastered the basic tenet of life in the media bubble: the best surprise is no surprise. "It seemed very spontaneous," Rod DeArment, a policy analyst who worked for her at Labor, says of the Convention speech. "But I know that she would have spent an enormous amount of time on it, because she doesn't do anything that isn't thoroughly prepared." He's right, of course: a Ringling Brothers acrobat couldn't have been better practiced. But then a mania for preparation has always been one of her distinguishing characteristics. I've spoken to several people who worked for both Doles, and they all report that while he likes things short and sweet, she's demanding—a glutton for research. She'll work through lengthy briefing papers, densely annotating the margins in her neat cursive hand. Then come the follow-up questions: What was the significance of this finding on page 6, or that one on page 23? "She wants to hear the whole thing debated out," a former staffer at Transportation says. "She wants to see the second and third and fourth layers of how the idea will play out over time. Then, when she signs off on it, she never goes back. There is no second-guessing." The term "bureaucrat," Mrs. Dole complains, has acquired an unfortunately pejorative tone, but there are good ones and bad ones, and she prides herself on having been a good one. As a Cabinet member, she was an A student—ready for her final exam, ready for her orals, ready for anything. You might say, to put a negative spin on it, that it represents a fear of loss of control, a fear of true spontaneity; but if the zeal for preparation served her well as a public servant it has served her even better as a politician. And it will be her making as a Presidential candidate.

Or so Mrs. Dole's associates—who do not share her abjuration of politics—will happily tell you. For most of them, Elizabeth Dole on the 2000 Republican ticket is a no-brainer, and the only mystery is that everybody doesn't see it. "I wish she would run," Mari Will says. "I've seen numbers analyzing her popularity around the country, and it is second only to Colin Powell's. Among Republican Party voters, likely voters, it is just as huge. She reaches out to independents in a way that I don't know any Republican, or even any Democrat, can."

A surprising number of political strategists agree with Will. "Her style is perfect for the G.O.P. in the next decade—it's Reaganesque, optimistic, down-to-earth," Frank Luntz says approvingly. Dick Morris, whose clients have included such G.O.P. stalwarts as Trent Lott, Jesse Helms, and Dan Coats, comes to a similar conclusion: "Elizabeth Dole has a good, solid, conservative image. She has a good record at the Red Cross, she has a good record in the Labor Department. She lets herself use compassion as a way of winning. But, on the other hand, she has good, solid right-wing credentials on all the key issues, and


YOUR PALM
How many children?
What your Zip Code will be in the year 2000.
Number of years until all children move into their own places.
Number of years in therapy.
Number of meaningless relationships.
Year of your peak physical attractiveness.
Number of meaningful relationships.
How much your I.R.A. will contain when you're 45.
Career line: just how many years do you have before people start asking, "What's so special about YOU?"
R. Chast

a Christian background that the Party would very much like. I think she may well run. I've always felt that Bob Dole's decision to lend Gingrich money"—three hundred thousand dollars to pay a fine imposed by the House ethics committee—"stemmed from a desire on his part to get a handle on Gingrich for his wife's possible nomination." Morris notes another strength of hers: "A Republican will be hard-pressed to run negative ads against her. I'd have to go through the negative research on her, but I sure didn't come across much when I was looking at her in connection with the Clinton campaign."

"If you were her adviser," I ask, "what would you tell her?"

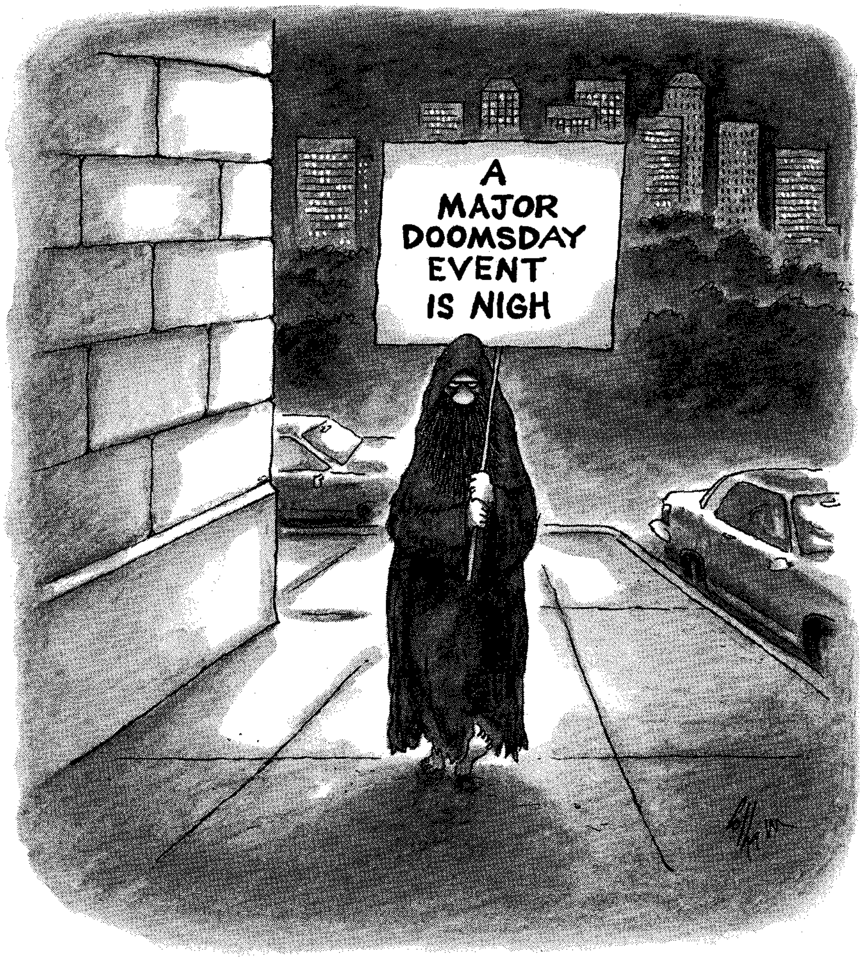
Morris doesn't hesitate. "To run," he says. "I think she could take this field."

THE trip to the White House will have, as always, two legs: prior to running before her fellow-Americans, she must run before her fellow-Republicans. Concerning the primaries, all sorts of people will give you a version of Dick Morris's electoral analysis—that she's someone whose record of technocratic achievements reassures Republican Chamber of Commerce types but whose devoutness gives her a connection with the Christian right. And the devoutness is real: she has talked about how, in 1981, she came to realize that "God" had got lost in her Rolodex between "Gardening" and "Government," how she joined a prayer group and underwent what she calls a "spiritual renewal." Her religious commitment isn't appliqué: it's part of her basic vocabulary—of the weave of her conversation.

Bob Dole, who never managed to connect with Christian Coalition types himself, recognizes that to be one of her major strengths as a candidate, though maybe not as a wife. He speaks of his wife's religiosity in an indulgent tone, as if she were a slightly obsessed stamp collector, or a wine bore. "I mean, she is a believer," he tells me. "She has her quiet time every morning or, if she can't do that, then in the evening. She reads the Bible, and when she can she gets me to listen." He laughs, suggesting that she doesn't often succeed. He also notes that she has avoided the obvious pitfalls of the clerical manner: "She doesn't threaten people. She isn't walking around with some 'holier than thou' attitude." In a go-figure voice, he adds, "But right now she's reading this book by the Senate chaplain, a sort of daily devotional guide."

How would a Dole bid actually take shape? It's early still, but some data are available. When registered Republican voters were surveyed last month, Elizabeth Dole came in second, after George W. Bush and well ahead of Lamar Alexander, Steve Forbes, Dan Quayle, Fred Thompson, and the others. She does have two immediate disadvantages in the Republican primaries: she has no geographic base, and she has never held elected office. Neither one is insuperable. These days, that "geographic base" has become largely symbolic or imaginary. (How much time, after all, did Senator Dole ever spend in Kansas?) The ties that bind are to sources of funds, and Mrs. Dole has proved herself as a fund-raiser. Nor should the lack of an elected position prove terribly significant. Kenneth Duberstein, a veteran Republican strategist, likens her résumé to President Bush's, whose own career was largely a series of appointed positions. She may not have held elected office, but in the past twenty years she has racked up far more experience on the hustings than, say, George W. Bush or Steve Forbes. Shortly after she married Bob Dole, in 1975, he was chosen as Gerald Ford's running mate, so she practically spent her honeymoon on the campaign trail—an instructive foretaste of the years to come, no doubt.

Surveying the field, Bob Dole stresses that Elizabeth has ample time to make her move. "There are some out there who haven't wasted any time, like Lamar Alexander, but I think she doesn't have to jump in the fray right away," he says. "I mean, she is a known quantity." That means she doesn't have to establish name recognition, as Senator Bob Smith, of New Hampshire, and Senator John Ashcroft, of Missouri—both of whom have already announced an interest in the 2000 race—will have to do. George Stephanopoulos, for one, sees political advantages in her coming in late, having meanwhile used the Red Cross to stay in the public eye without appearing to engage in partisan disputation. "I think she could profit from chaos on the Republican side, because I think it helps her to stay nonpolitical as long as possible, as head of the Red Cross,"


A MAJOR DOOMSDAY EVENT IS NIGH

he says. "You could have something like—I don't know who it will be yet, but let's say Quayle on the one hand, and whoever would be the strongest sort of establishment candidate, maybe either Kemp or Forbes, on the other. And Forbes is trying to speak to the conservatives, but he'll never be trusted—I mean, his dad was Malcolm Forbes, you know? And they're battling it out in New Hampshire and Arizona. Others are doing well. Ashcroft is doing well. Favorite-son candidates start to pop up: Tommy Thompson in Wisconsin, John Kasich in Ohio. The situation is a mess. And Elizabeth Dole decides to get into a late primary—say, California, endorsed by Pete Wilson, who has come back to popularity on the strength of his second term and, no longer being an active candidate himself, decides to run her campaign. He becomes the bridge, because he's seen as pro-choice on the one hand, but he's been very strong on some of the other cultural issues—most notably, affirmative action. And she wins the California primary, and all hell breaks loose . . ." He trails off. "It sounds like total bullshit as I am saying it, but it could happen."

Some people will tell you—the Democratic pollster and strategist Bob Squier is one of them—that the Republican primaries have required candidates to tack so far to the right that they are unelectable come November. It's a concern that Bob Dole clearly shares. "The question in our party is: How do you get the nomination and still have enough independence and integrity left to bring in more people afterward?" he tells me.

Plainly, the politics of recognition—this is the political theorist Charles Taylor's phrase—holds sway among the Republican right as much as it does among the multicultural left. And it explains a now familiar ritual: the religious right gets a command performance from the Republican front-runner, a palpably secular Beltway type, who, for the duration of the appearance, pretends to be a righteous Christian soldier. We wonder who is fooled, but nobody needs to be. The candidate's object isn't to deceive members of his audience into thinking that he shares their deep and abiding faith; rather, it is simply to show that he takes them seriously. What every political group in America wants—it is close to a definition of what it means to *be* a political group—is to be taken seriously. It wants recognition.

There's empirical evidence for this. In the most methodologically rigorous appraisal of American electoral behavior yet conducted, the political scientists Warren E. Miller and J. Merrill Shanks concluded that the positions that Presidential candidates take on campaign issues don't really matter very much. And when they looked very closely at the election that landed Clinton in the White House they found that very few perceived character traits actually influenced voting: surprisingly, judgments about intelligence, leadership, and competence made not a bit of difference to how people voted. One factor that did make a difference was the perception that the candidate "cares about people like me." Does Elizabeth Dole care about people like you? You'd need a heart of stone to doubt it. And as long as conservative Christians can feel a measure of ownership, as long as they feel adequately recognized, they just might give her the benefit of the doubt. For all the talk of rabid right-wingers, the last two G.O.P. primaries went to the relatively pragmatic Bush and Dole. It is true that they "tacked right" during the primaries, but voters could have gone for the real thing and they didn't.

THE same political assets that could enable Mrs. Dole to bridge the Republican rift are also likely to help her in a general election, where the rifts are even broader. Think of it as an arms race in ambiguity. If Clinton succeeded in 1996 as the un-Democrat, spending the election year pronouncing that "the era of big government is over" and enacting welfare reform, the case has been made that the Republicans must counter with an un-Republican, a conservative who speaks liberal. "She calls herself a 'compassionate conservative,'" Mari Will says. "Whatever that means."

Well, exactly: *whatever that means.* The weapons that the New Democrats have perfected for use against the Republicans—the weapons that were so devastating against Bob Dole—simply will not work against Elizabeth Dole. In 1996, as the sociologist Paul Starr has noted, "the Republicans drove the elderly and Hispanics toward the Democratic Party by supporting measures inimical to their interests, and they alienated the young with a candidate who seemed to belong to another era." Clinton's 1996 offensive strategy was, in essence, to use "Dole" and "Gingrich" in the same sentence. That played to the Democrats' strengths, because ever since the New Deal their core constituency has been those families who are trying hardest to sustain themselves. Yet it's precisely such groups that Mrs. Dole speaks to directly and effortlessly. Clinton has trafficked in what's been called a "tolerant traditionalism" which has seemed appealing beside the apparently intolerant traditionalism of the G.O.P. Again, that strategy won't work against Elizabeth Dole, who is a native speaker of the language of uplift and acceptance. It's quite true that she doesn't sound like a Republican candidate, and—wasn't this Frank Luntz's message?—at a time when Clinton has redefined the center that may just be the winning strategy.

Among Republicans I have spoken to, William Kristol, a former Party strategist and the publisher of *The Weekly Standard*, sees this prospect with the greatest clarity, though also with the least enthusiasm. "The story that hasn't been written about the Republican Party is the degree to which parts of it have been Clintonized," he says. "They're cowed by Clinton, and they want to show they can feel people's pain just as Clinton does. Many of them are looking for a Clinton-like figure. And Mrs. Dole could probably do that better than most Republicans."

More to the point, she could probably do that better than Al Gore. The political consultant Mandy Grunwald, who worked with Clinton on the 1992 campaign and must be accounted an expert on his campaign technique, concurs with the Clinton comparison. "Al Gore is a great Vice-President, but he is not as charismatic—he is not as talented a 'people politician'—as Bill Clinton is," Grunwald says. "I don't know who else is going to get in on the Democratic side, but when you look at the Republicans the only one who is even in the realm of talent is Liddy Dole. Her performance at the Republican Convention is one of the great pieces of performance art in American politics. In a field where you are not going to have a lot of charisma, she would dominate."

If you're a Democrat, then, Mrs. Dole should strike fear in your heart. "I would give Gore a huge edge against any other Republican, including Bush or Kemp or Alexander or any of those guys—two-to-one odds," Dick Morris says, sounding like a racetrack tout. "But with Gore against Liddy I would give you even money. And it's not that Gore is weakened—it's that Dole is so strong."

Then, there is the mystery of sex. Even during the great Republican realignment of the eighties, in which many traditionally Democratic groups switched affiliations, women remained strangely unswayed: when most Southern men were voting for Reagan, Southern women were split. People like Dick Morris will tell you that an Elizabeth Dole candidacy might be the only way for the Republicans to regain the women's vote. And gender can confer other advantages, too. "There are certain assumptions that people have about female candidates and certain assumptions they have about male candidates," Mandy Grunwald points out. "And you have to work to disprove them or else to reinforce them. People tend to think, for instance, that female candidates are more caring. If you are a female candidate who supported six hundred billion dollars in Medicare cuts—the same Medicare cuts that Newt Gingrich supported—it will be harder to convince people that a woman would do such a thing and easier to convince people that a man would do such a thing. People start out believing, 'She's a woman, she wouldn't do that.' "

Not that the female factor is an unalloyed positive. Mari Will is levelheaded about the barriers that must be surmounted. "I think there is still sexism in the leadership-operative ranks. It is a sort of benign sexism. You know, there is a great rush right now to George W. Bush. If Elizabeth Dole were a man, it would be her door that they would be banging on." It's among "R.N.C. types" that Will sees the resistance: "It's not as if they were intentionally keeping her out. It's more like the elephant in the living room—they just can't see it." She adds, "I think that Republican operatives have no idea how excited the women in this country would be."

For that to work, the excitement among women has to more than compensate for any hesitation on the part of the less enlightened menfolk. But here, too, Mrs. Dole's chances are better than most. "Even a lot of good ole boys really love Elizabeth Dole," says Tillie Fowler, a Republican representative from Florida, who has known her since the early seventies, when they were both working in the Office of Consumer Affairs. "You have to understand where she grew up and how she grew up, and the fact that she has retained a lot of that. You grow up as a Southern woman, you grow up knowing about being a good neighbor, being polite, standing when somebody comes in the room, and saying 'Yes, ma'am' and 'Yes, sir.' I mean that's just part of you that becomes ingrained, and I think it's that part of her that makes her less threatening to some of the good ole boys. She doesn't have this hard edge that some women acquired along the way."

Then, there are those females—they tend to be married and older—to whom the prospect of a female candidate has little appeal. But these are women who are immovably in the Republican camp. (In 1996, Bob Dole held a nine-point lead among married women between fifty and seventy-four years old; Clinton's attack ads had scared off the elderly, who voted their Social Security checks.) Unmarried women of all ages proved especially partial to Clinton; yet these are the same women who are likely to respond positively to a female candidate. All this could be immensely helpful for Elizabeth

MEMO

THE DAWN OF TECHNOMANIA

It is easy to get caught up in technomania. Those who are most deeply involved with technology want to know more, those who fear it want reassurance, and those who see an opportunity—financial or other—don't want to miss out. *It's gonna change everything. It's gonna be here next Thursday. Watch out or you'll be left behind!*

Even newspaper gossip columns have become technomaniacal. Suddenly, the geeks who used to ace the math exam are the barons of the information age. If "The Graduate" were to be remade for the late nineties, the single word of advice imparted to Benjamin would be "information."

Such, in any case, is the popular notion, although in the short run it is hopelessly exaggerated. A lot of guys with tool belts will have to shinny up a lot of phone poles before digital television or high-speed Internet gets to your home. Someday, Internet firms will be a major force in the economy. Indeed, someday they will even—dare I predict it?—make a profit. But it will take years before the aggregate sales volume of the Internet industry measures up to that of, say, the pantyhose industry.

In some ways, every attribute of technomania has a parallel in the industromania of a hundred years ago. By 1897, large factories had sprouted, creating the notion of "going to work" in urban areas. Previously, cities had been centers of commerce which served the primary source of wealth—the agrarian countryside. Now they became the centers of both population and power. This caused other shifts, as organized labor started to take hold, and a political transformation followed.

Inventions emerged from everywhere—the typewriter in 1874, the telephone in 1876, the internal-combustion engine and the phonograph in 1877, electric lights in 1880, the zipper in 1891, and radio in 1895. That list is but a sample of the innovations that were dazzling the public, not to mention securing our trouser flies. And the popular press glorified a new aristocracy of wealth and ingenuity: people like Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. In retrospect, it seems inevitable that a few strong-minded individuals would see opportunities and rush to capitalize on them; betting on the industrial age was not a task for faceless committees. Their gambles made them vastly rich and gave them and their extravagant possessions enormous celebrity.

Curiously, there was a widespread feeling that the industrial revolution was more or less over. The boosters of the time believed that they were at the apex of achievement, and they were proud of it. In less than thirty years, the United States had gone from being what would today be called a "lesser developed" agricultural nation of pioneer farmers to an industrial powerhouse. Immigrants converged on America from all over and contributed much of the human value that made this change possible. Few imagined that the industrial revolution would continue at the same pace for sixty years more.

Statistics suggest how easy it was to be misled. In 1870, fifty-three per cent of the American work force was on the farm. By 1900, the percentage had dropped to thirty-seven per cent—an impressive shift, but not when you consider that by 1960 it was six per cent. People followed their work. Carnegie may have thought he made a lot of steel, but he sold his company to J. P. Morgan in 1901, before Henry Ford found a way to sell a couple of thousand pounds of it to every household. Edison's triumphs were the light bulb and the movie projector. What would he think of television? In fact, the real impact of industrialization on everyday life would not reach its peak for sixty years more. In doing so, it would transform life on earth.

The twilight of the twentieth century is driven by a mixture of technology and resources very like that which drove nineteenth-century America. This time, it is silicon and software rather than oil and steel. Instead of transcontinental railroads, we have a global communication infrastructure that links us as the railroads did, but at the speed of light. And, once again, this change is being driven by people from around the world, making possible an unprecedented level of economic growth. Workers may start out sewing Nikes, but chip plants and more diverse enterprises will eventually follow. In the nineteenth century, you had to cross an ocean to find economic opportunity, freedom from repression, or a respite from famine. The pioneers of the twenty-first century can stay put—their diaspora is to cyberspace.

Still, we may not be able to gauge the real impact of the information revolution for fifty or sixty years more. Consider our cities, which in many cases have been transformed into artifacts of industrialization. Will large numbers of people begin to telecommute and, in that way, return to a pastoral America? Or will the cities somehow become even more necessary to our lives? Technomania, like its industrial equivalent in 1897, is a reminder that all this lies just beyond our knowing. What has happened already is bound to be very small in comparison to what lies ahead. —NATHAN MYHRVOLD

Dole in a tightly contested general election. In sum, those likely to be resistant to a female candidate are likely to be even more resistant to a Democratic candidate, while the voters who are most likely to be swayed toward a female candidate—unmarried women, and men and women under thirty—are those voters whom the Democrats need to win. But this may not come as news to Mrs. Dole. "I really believe this country's ready for a woman President," she told a journalist last year. "I think we'll see it fairly soon."

IN the end, no doubt, the likelihood of a woman candidate will come down to the intangibles of personality and persona—to the fact that audiences spontaneously applaud when you say Elizabeth Dole's name. Bob Dole sounds almost bemused when he recalls a recent speech he gave before an audience of perhaps fifteen hundred. "I said, 'Well, I've still got one chance to get to the White House, and that's if Elizabeth runs for President.' The place exploded. And I tell her those things." Yes, and she listens.

The acerbic wit returns when I ask him how he would fare as First Husband. "I remember when Margaret Thatcher took Denis down to the Falkland Islands," he says. "I'm not sure he ever left—he may still be down there." He laughs dryly, but he's having fun spinning out the scenario: "I am going to take one of these little bells with me and put it on my wrist, so they know that I'm there. I want a car and a driver, and that's all I want. Just call me for all the official dinners. I'll be in charge of the entertainment and the movies."

In Washington, of course, jokes have a way of coming true. When, at a 1983 Gridiron Club dinner, her husband announced that "Dole will not be a candidate for President in 1984," Elizabeth stood up and yelled, "Speak for yourself, sweetheart!" Laughter and applause—it was, everyone agreed, a splendid joke. Now, as a contingent of haunted-looking Republicans draw up their battle plans, the joke is wearing thin, to put it mildly. In the race to see who will inherit Clinton's voters, the most Clintonian candidate will have the edge, and that may not be Al Gore.

Little by little, you feel, polling data are being analyzed, allies approached, and strategies drafted; in a tumbleweed-dry political landscape, the measurable reservoir of good will that Elizabeth Dole's name calls forth is no inconsiderable advantage. None of this is likely to be lost on Dole herself, a conservative who is fluent in liberal at a time when the White House has become the preserve of the politically bilingual. She will do her homework, prepare, question, decide.

In her Red Cross office, I tell her that people have talked to me about the redoubtable strengths she would have as a Presidential candidate.

"Who says this?" she asks, intently.

I mention a few names, and ask her how she feels about the speculation.

"Fifty members of the board are going to suddenly rise up and say, 'Sh-h-h, you can't talk about that.' " She laughs, and then makes sure I understand that she has "no plans to run," however much she appreciates the sentiment. "Let me put it this way," she says artfully. "Whatever I can do with any blessing the good Lord has given me that can make a difference, I want to do it for good."

She is undoubtedly thinking of the good she can do for her country, though there are those who will think about the good she could do for her party. And what harm is there in thinking? Lots of people, when they are young, fantasize about becoming President of the United States. Did she ever?

She says no, with the resoluteness of someone who takes pride in being practical-minded, in figuring out what should be done and then doing it. Her smile is hard to read. "I didn't fantasize." ♦

THE NEXT SPACE ODYSSEY

MESSAGES FROM MIR

How the mistakes made on the Russian space station bring us closer to Mars.

BY PETER MAASS

It was ten at night, the day had been a long one, and before going to sleep Vasily Tsibliyev wanted to call Tamara Globa. She was turning forty, and there was a small party at her Moscow apartment. True to the nature of Russia's phone system, the connection was rather poor. "Hello, dear!" Tsibliyev shouted. "Do you hear me O.K.?" His voice sounded as distant as the stars, but that was understandable, because Tsibliyev was calling from the Mir space station, which orbits Earth at seventeen thousand miles an hour.

Globa had been told by Mission Control to expect the call, so she made sure that nobody was using her phone at the appointed hour, on March 16th. She rushed to the kitchen on the first ring, and, after everyone had gathered around, the voice of Tsibliyev, Mir's commander, drifted down from the heavens. For Mission Control, situated outside Moscow, this bit of magic was everyday stuff. Because the morale of cosmonauts can slip if they feel isolated, phone calls and video conferences between orbiting cosmonauts and their nonorbiting friends and family are arranged regularly. Almost anything goes. If a cosmonaut wants to chat with a politician or an actor, that can be arranged, and if a cosmonaut wants to talk with an astrologer that, too, can be arranged, as happened when Tsibliyev was patched through to Globa, one of Russia's foremost psychics.

Early in the evening, several months later, I was sitting across from Globa in a Moscow restaurant. She was wearing white, from jeans to a long-sleeved shirt, and the outfit served as a perfect contrast to her dark eyes, which have a gravitational pull of their own. In Russia, a land of the superstitious and the mystical, she is a true celebrity: her predictions can become front-page news, and her column in the Russian edition of *Cosmopolitan* is enormously popular. Technology's advance has not nudged astrologers aside; it has, rather, seemed to push them ahead. As I sipped coffee with one of Russia's most celebrated, she reviewed the events that led to her birthday greeting from space.

Globa met Tsibliyev in 1992, during an environmental conference in the Black Sea resort of Sochi. "It was a great time," she says. They saw each other a few times afterward, and occasionally talked on the phone. There was no shortage of things to talk about. Just before Tsibliyev took off for Mir, Globa had dinner with him and several other cosmonauts at their training center, and she warned that his upcoming flight would be difficult. By the time Tsibliyev called from Mir in mid-March, a fire had nearly forced the cosmonauts to abandon ship. "Listen, Tamara, what you told us then is precisely what happened," he said, according to a tape of the call. Globa gently cautioned that "another complicated nuance" would strike Mir, but it would not be as bad as the fire. Tsibliyev's response was a heartfelt "Thank God."

It may seem odd that the highly educated commander of a hundred-and-fifty-ton space station would phone a psychic who trundles around Moscow with dog-eared astrological charts under her arm. (Imagine the commander of Apollo 13 taking a break to chat with Jeane Dixon.) But both Russian and American psychologists who study the "human factor" in long-duration space travel have learned that few astronauts are invincible; most become all the more human, all the more quirky, as their days in space slip into weeks and months. Space is a hostile environment with no parallel on Earth, and in its pressureless embrace even the iron-willed can turn to mush. Consider the confinement of a prison, the claustrophobia of a submarine, and the tedium of an Arctic research post and you begin to sense the physical and psychological rigors of living in a space station. And if the station happens to be eleven years old and falling apart, with a fire breaking out, and noxious liquids leaking into the air, and the cabin temperature soaring, and garbage piling up, and an errant cargo ship puncturing the hull, and the main computer crashing, and the oxygen system shutting down—all of which happened on Tsibliyev's watch, which began in early February—it becomes unimaginably worse.

"These are very talented and capable people but they're subject to the same kind of foibles as an ordinary person," Patricia Santy, a former NASA flight surgeon and the author of a book about the psychological aspects of selecting astronauts, told me. "They have emotional strengths and they have emotional weaknesses, and they bring that with them to spaceflight. On short missions, it's not as common for those to be manifested. Motivation and determination can overcome a lot. But there is a break-off point, probably around three to four weeks, where no amount of motivation or determination is going to get you through it."

Astronauts are performing missions different from the ones they performed in earlier times, and they need more patience and less bravado. They are not rocketing into the cosmos inside relatively primitive vessels that either blow up or don't. Mir (the word means both "peace" and "world" in Russian) has been inhabited almost continually since 1986, with crew members usually staying aloft for six months at a time and filling their weightless days with scientific and medical experiments, maintenance and repairs, physical exercise, cooking, reading, kvetching—whatever. Of course, the routine can vary. Michael Foale returned to America on October 6th, after a four-month sojourn that included a nearly catastrophic collision between Mir and an unmanned cargo vessel. Foale was replaced by David Wolf, the sixth American on the station since 1995, and if Foale's experience is any guide Wolf is also heading for interesting

MARK ZINGARELLI

Life in a fishbowl: the human psyche, like an electrical circuit, can take only so much before it shorts out.

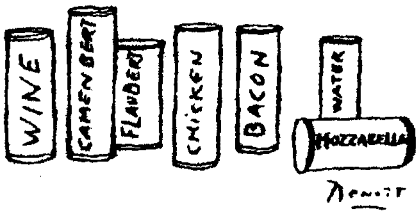
times. But the tragicomedy of recent months has obscured this truth: that Mir, dilapidated as it is, is a glimpse of the future.

RUSSIA and America, a cosmic odd couple, plan to continue their space alliance in the years ahead. Next year, the first components of the International Space Station, also known as Alpha, will be sent into orbit in a project that will cost at least forty billion dollars; the first crew is to arrive in January of 1999. If all goes well, a manned mission to Mars could be launched before 2010. In these next phases of space exploration, the incidents that are perceived as Mir-only events—human errors and mechanical glitches in space, political squabbles and mixed signals on the ground—are more than likely to be repeated. And it is probable that the actors who participate in whatever comes next will be grateful that these dress rehearsals, however embarrassing, took place.

Russia's cosmonauts are trained a few miles outside Moscow, in Star City—Zvyozdny Gorodok—a gated enclave off a two-lane highway. Built in secrecy decades ago, Star City is open for business these days; it even has its own Web site, and if you are American you will be likely to be waved inside, thanks to the approximately four hundred and seventy-three million dollars that NASA is paying the Russian Space Agency for flying American astronauts and their research equipment aboard Mir. The joint program, spawned in 1993 at a summit meeting between President Bill Clinton and President Boris Yeltsin, was intended as a triumph of post-Cold War amity. It was a useful way to bolster the Russian economy (and insure that Russia's imperilled rocket scientists would not turn to Libya or North Korea for a paycheck) while giving America a chance to learn something about long-duration space travel. Before Mir, America had operated just one short-lived space station—Skylab—which was launched in 1973 and played host to only three crews, the last of which stayed aloft eighty-four days. By Russian standards, eighty-four days in space is hardly worth mentioning, for in 1995 cosmonaut Valery Polyakov set a new record by spending four hundred and thirty-nine days in space.

Star City is not quite a city. It's more like a small town, since about five thousand people call it home. There are apartment buildings and food stores and schools, and even a post office and a movie theatre. It has the look and feel of a suburban community college designed in the sixties—the architectural equivalent of a face in the crowd. Past the entrance, a brief stretch of forest yields to a statue of Yuri Gagarin, the first man in space—in 1961—and one of the few Soviet-era heroes to have lost no lustre in the Russian era. Ahead, beside a murky lake, is a three-story building in which a small contingent from NASA lives and works. Its members occupy the second floor, and they have created a technological and cultural oasis, with a step machine in the corridor, brownie mix in the kitchen, and high-speed computers in their offices. They use E-mail, and the Russians have rotary telephones. It's as if the two outfits were spaceships orbiting at different altitudes. "We're accustomed to sitting down at our computers and getting things done," Brent Jett, a shuttle pilot who heads the NASA office, told me when I visited Star City in August. "But it's different here. If General Glaskov"—who runs Star City—"is not in his office, his phone will ring and no one will answer it."

There is a full-scale Mir simulator in the training facilities at Star City, and in a visitors' gallery the principal item on display is a duplicate of Mir's toilet. It's not pretty to look at, and cooler space gizmos exist, but almost every visitor asks how cosmonauts go to the bathroom in weightless conditions, so the goods have been put on display. It's an angular tube with a funnel at one end for collecting urine and a container at the other end for collecting solid matter; a pump suctions away the waste. Life is gritty on Mir. There's no shower, so cosmonauts use moist towelettes to keep themselves clean, or relatively clean. There are no special sleeping quarters; at bedtime, crew members hook their sleeping bags to a wall in whichever module they prefer (Mir, a hundred and seven feet long and ninety feet wide, consists of six modules linked to the core module), and they try to give their sleeping nook a sense of home, putting family photos and other earthly mementos wherever they can. Foale slept in the Spektr science module before it was punctured in the collision. Wolf is sleeping in the air lock of the Kvant-2 biological-research module. It's not luxurious, but the view—of Earth—can't be topped.



I walked into the simulator hall, took off my shoes, and stepped inside the core module, which contains, among other things, the main control panels, a small table for meals, and a treadmill and a cycle, both fitted into the floor. Although the module's external shape is tubular, the inside is rectangular; it's roughly the size of a school bus, though cluttered. A step or two in any direction leads to a wall or a hatch or an oxygen cannister. The air is stuffy and hot, and the ventilators make a loud droning noise similar to the racket inside a prop plane. There are switches and buttons and handles everywhere, to the left and the right and above. It has the feel of a room lined with out-of-date mainframe computers, the feel of being inside a machine. After six minutes, I am ready to leave. It is hard to imagine staying in such a place for six months, as Tsibliyev did, and when I got my first glimpse of him, a day later, I was surprised at how good he looked.

On August 14th, Tsibliyev and his crewmate, Alexander Lazutkin, returned to Earth. Their Soyuz capsule landed hard on the steppes of Kazakhstan, the braking rockets having malfunctioned, but the descent was slowed to an easily survivable speed by a huge parachute. Within a few hours of landing, the two men were heading home on a special Aeroflot jet, feasting on caviar and cucumbers. As evening fell, I joined a flock of generals and colonels waiting for them at a military airport near Star City. Tsibliyev walked from the plane without assistance and was hugged by his wife as his daughter broke into happy tears. There were some cheers, and the military brass executed the smiles and handshakes appropriate for such homecomings, but the event had an odd undertone. Even the weather was strangely off: on a mid-August evening, I could see my breath in the cold air. As the cosmonauts were being driven from the tarmac in an old yellow bus, a soldier banged on its windows and pumped his fist in the air. It was a way of saying, "Don't let the bastards get you!" Everyone knew what it meant, and why it was necessary.

Two days later, at Star City's House of Cosmonauts, Tsibliyev held a press conference. He entered the conference hall wearing a snappy Reebok tracksuit, and smiling. The event had a slightly surreal soundtrack, because there was an unrelated celebration going on outside, and a military band was playing a medley of Broadway show tunes, including "Hello, Dolly!" and "New York, New York." Tsibliyev quickly made it clear that he didn't intend to submit to his critics. Being agitated, he rambled in his answers, but he got his message across: Mir is falling apart because Russia doesn't have enough money to run it properly. "The cause lies with problems on Earth," he said. "It's connected with the economy, with our affairs in general. Even the equipment needed to live aboard the station and that we requested to be sent—and we're not talking about coffee, tea, and milk—they just don't exist. The factories don't work, or have insufficient supplies, or they ask for, excuse me, crazy prices."

"I strongly suggest that you reinvent yourself!"

Russian officials were soon forced to admit that they do not replace equipment when its life expectancy is reached; they wait for equipment to break down, and then they replace it. Tsibliyev sidestepped a question about the collision, for which he has been blamed, saying that he, too, had questions about it. His mood turned dark at times. "I don't know, maybe someone wanted us to return here as corpses," he mused at one point.

Tsibliyev is no novice. In 1993, he had his first sojourn on Mir—a mission that lasted a hundred and ninety-seven days. It went smoothly except for one incident, when a Soyuz capsule he was piloting bumped into Mir during a reconnaissance foray. I talked with a number of Tsibliyev's colleagues—fellow-cosmonauts, officials at Mission Control, and psychologists who monitored his two missions—and they described him in the same way: diligent, skilled, steady. "He is a person of high responsibility," Alexander Serebrov, who had been the flight engineer on Tsibliyev's first mission, told me. "If he says he'll do something, he does it. He would not sleep until we finished our jobs." But in Russia, as in America, all astronauts are not created equal. A golden few always stand apart, and Tsibliyev was not among them. His go-by-the-book diligence may have been his undoing. When problems began piling up, he tried to solve them all, cutting back on his sleep and taking the blame for breakdowns beyond his control. According to Alexander Sled, a psychologist who monitors cosmonauts while they are on Mir, Tsibliyev blamed himself for everything. "This is good in a normal space mission, because there are a lot of things going on that must be taken care of," Sled told me. "But if there are too many problems happening it's a bad thing." The human psyche, like an electrical circuit, can take only so much before it shorts out. That is one of Mir's messages for the future.

THE Russians have flown long-duration missions since the seventies, when the first Salyut stations were put into orbit, and they've experienced a startling range of human-factor problems, including bitter arguments between crew members and conflicts between crew members and Mission Control. At least two missions were cut short for what are believed to have been stress-related problems with the crew. Two years ago, a highly regarded cosmonaut nearing the end of a long mission refused to perform a space walk; he said that it was unnecessary. Such conflicts are not a purely Russian phenomenon; the last crew on Skylab got so annoyed at the rapid pace set by Mission Control in Houston that its members unilaterally took a day off. Of the five Americans who have completed their missions on Mir, one became depressed while on board (he cited fatigue and isolation) and another angered NASA officials by skipping or else cutting short his daily radio sessions with them (he said the sessions got in the way of his work).

The Russian Space Agency uses a variety of diversions to keep everyone as healthy as possible. Sports programs are beamed to Mir, sometimes live, as was the case with highlights of the Atlanta Olympic Games. Resupply ships are packed with books, magazines, letters, movies, and even birthday presents. Whenever a resupply ship arrives—every few months—the atmosphere turns Christmas-like, with the cosmonauts opening their packages and laughing and staying up past their bedtime. There's also a ham radio on Mir, and in spare moments crew members flip through the dial and chat with strangers on Earth about the weather, politics, sports—anything to get a break from their fishbowl life. John Blaha, a four-time shuttle astronaut whose four-month sojourn on Mir ended in January, spent as much as half an hour a day on the radio. Mir uses frequencies that are widely known in the ham-radio community and are posted on the Web, so there is never a shortage of strangers wanting to talk shop. "You'd turn the volume up and people all over the world are, like, ringing this telephone," Blaha told me. "They're all just stepping on each other just trying to talk to me." A sports fan, Blaha would squeeze baseball and football scores from them (preferably Yankee and Cowboy results), and in return he'd talk about life on Mir: "I'd tell them what we're doing. I'd tell them, 'Hey, we're in the middle of lunch right now, we're all cooking. Valery's a little busy, but he's listening. Sasha's listening, too. Sasha's making himself some rice, making himself some soup.' "

The laptop computer has also been of considerable help. A NASA team created an ingenious program, Crew On-orbit Support System, which is loaded onto an I.B.M. Thinkpad. COSS, as it's known, is updated for each American aboard Mir, and includes training simulators as well as a digital selection of family snapshots and surprise video clips. For example, an astronaut wakes up on Father's Day and a message on the computer tells him to access a particular file; a click of the mouse, and the screen is filled with a video of his children wishing him a happy Father's Day. COSS also includes a football game

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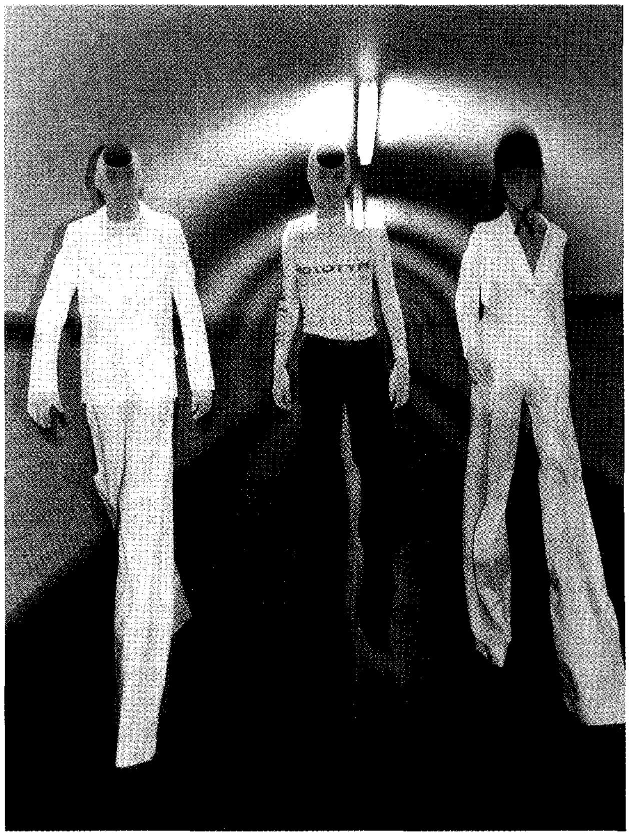
THE NEXT FASHION OUTRAGE

OZONE CHIC



Last July, in Paris, after the showing of Walter Van Beirendonck's Wild and Lethal Trash collection, a hundred and thirty models ran out onstage together: line dancers in techno-cowboy clothes, masked aliens on stilts, reptilian ballroom dancers in gas masks, and the like. In the middle of the mosh was Van Beirendonck himself, looking like a cult leader for alienated youth, if only alienated youth weren't too alienated to be interested in fashion.

When Van Beirendonck unveils his first big American collection, at Bloomingdale's this winter, customers will be able to choose from, among other items, a pink polyester minidress with a singing-cricket sound module, a bloodstain-print animal-rights T-shirt, a raincoat with a bondage mask, and a lacy spiderweb dress with gloves attached to the sleeves. But there will be none of his signature clothes with penis imprints on them or with rhinestone nipples attached. "I want to show things that are part of my life," he says. "For me, sex is as normal as eating."

Van Beirendonck studied at the Royal Academy of Art in Antwerp with Dries Van Noten and Ann Demeulemeester, both known for their beautifully sombre, deconstructivist clothing. Notwithstanding his taste for garish colors, shiny synthetics, computer-game imagery, and unchecked fetishism, he thinks of himself as a cultural messenger, not the class clown. "When I dressed one hundred men in latex coveralls in my show in Paris five seasons ago, it was a statement about the ozone layer and protecting yourself," he says without irony.

He has invested lavishly in an Internet site and in CD-ROMs inspired more by rock and roll than by fashion. For U2's PopMart tour, Van Beirendonck put Bono, the lead singer, in a tight shirt with a muscle print. "That way, he didn't need to go to the gym," he points out.

If nothing else, Van Beirendonck's American appearance may soften up the market for his next venture—a line of clothes for kids. "Sometimes fantasy is too shocking for adults," he explains. "But for children it's natural." —Bob Morris

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAX VADUKUL

Walter Van Beirendonck has taken futuristic fetishism from Belgium to Bloomingdale's.

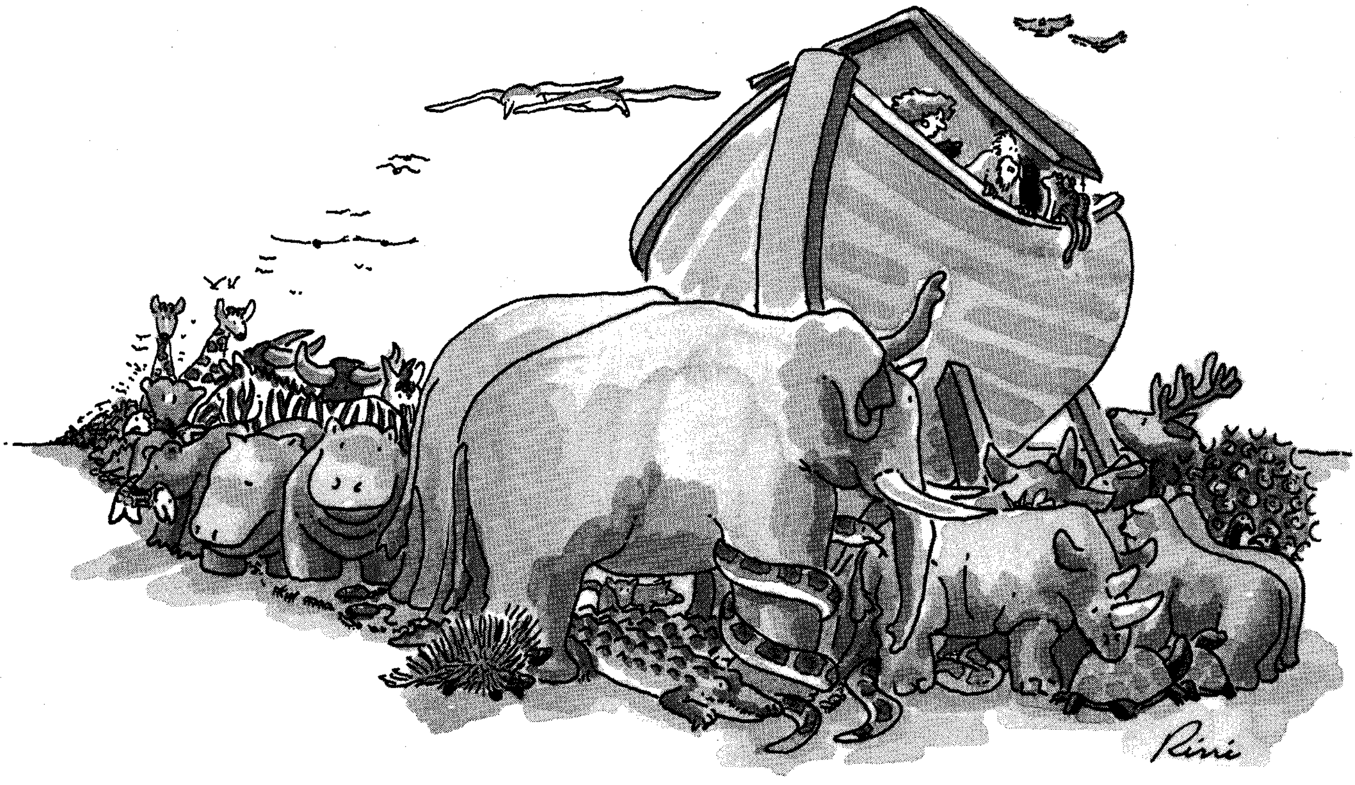
(which Blaha played) and Myst (which none of the astronauts have played). For the Russians, NASA provided an English-tutorial program.

If you have the ill fortune to be the commander of Mir when it suffers a plague of mishaps, however, there's little that can lift your spirits—not even a viewing of "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," which Foale brought to the station. Such was the unlucky predicament of Vasily Tsibliyev. Soon after he arrived on Mir, a defective oxygen-generating cannister caught fire, creating one of the most serious crises in the station's history. The crew began preparing for an emergency escape, but they were able to extinguish the fire after approximately ten minutes. They wore surgical masks for several days to protect themselves from lingering fumes. Shortly afterward, the station experienced a serious leak in its cooling system, and the temperature rose above ninety-five degrees in the core module. The crew worried about health risks from inhaling the leaked antifreeze. Jerry Linenger, the American on Mir at the time, told me that Tsibliyev did not trust reassurances from Russia's Mission Control, and so he asked Linenger to find out what NASA thought of the hazards. Tsibliyev was concerned that, because a crewless Mir would eventually fall out of orbit, Mission Control might sacrifice the crew's health in order to keep the station aloft. According to a candid report by NASA's inspector general, "The . . . commander repeatedly argued with ground control and showed considerable irritation. The commander also indicated that he believed that ground control did not take his concerns seriously or misinterpreted his statements."

Tsibliyev was sleeping less and worrying more, and this led to more stress, which led to less sleep and more worries. Communication glitches were reducing the amount of time available for chats with family and friends, and, while this may seem like a minor point, family meetings provide an enormous lift to cosmonaut morale. Tsibliyev continued to function well enough, but after three or four months in space skills that are honed to perfection on Earth begin to deteriorate for all astronauts, even the invincible ones, and Tsibliyev was entering the danger zone in less than ideal shape. This was noticed at the Institute for Biomedical Problems, which closely monitors cosmonauts in space, looking for signs of trouble even in their talks with Mission Control. "His vocabulary became less rich, and ungrammatical," the psychologist Nina Zaprissa said.

On June 25th, Tsibliyev was trying to perform a difficult practice docking of an unmanned cargo vessel when it crashed into Spektr, puncturing its skin. A life-threatening depressurization began, an alarm sounded, and the crew heard the hiss of air leaking from the station. They had perhaps half an hour to fix the problem before abandoning ship. They moved fast, sealing the hatch that separated Spektr from the rest of Mir. But before shutting the hatch they had to disconnect cables that transferred power from Spektr's solar panels to the other parts of the station; the result was that Mir lost nearly half its power. Mir was not quite lost in space, but it was certainly crippled. So was its commander. A few weeks later, Tsibliyev informed Mission Control that he was suffering heart palpitations. He was put on medication and was declared medically unfit for a planned space walk. Humiliation does not come in heavier doses.

The situation worsened on July 17th, when his crewmate, Alexander Lazutkin, unplugged the main computer by mistake, thereby sending Mir into free drift and depleting its battery power. This seemed to be the crew that couldn't shoot straight on a station that couldn't stay in orbit. A month later, after a new crew replaced Tsibliyev and Lazutkin, the power cables from Spektr were reattached through a new hatch, so Mir regained most of its normal power. Spektr, though, remained sealed off, punctured and airless. Between



"Actually, we're only taking tissue samples."

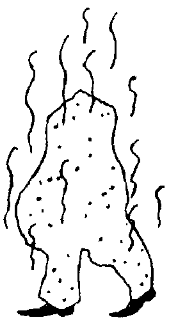
August 18th and September 22nd, the main computer crashed four times and the main oxygen system broke down repeatedly, a reminder that the eleven-year-old station was built to be used for just five years. Not only was Mir old but it seemed jinxed: a stray satellite nearly rammed it in mid-September. But somehow, amazingly, Mir, like the country that built it, survives.

Back on Earth, Tsibliyev's reputation seemed to undergo a minor recovery. He had been fingered as the main culprit behind the June collision with the cargo vessel, but an increasing body of evidence began to point to crucial errors by Mission Control. The docking had been ill planned and would have been difficult for any cosmonaut to pull off, especially if he were as fatigued as Tsibliyev. That was only partial solace for Tsibliyev, who probably won't fly again, as I learned from Victor Afanasiev, one of Russia's top guns. Afanasiev is broad-shouldered and blunt in an old-fashioned way, and when we met he gave me a business card that said, in English, "Pilot-Cosmonaut of the U.S.S.R., Hero of the Soviet Union." He reminded me that the commander of Mir is responsible for whatever happens on his watch, including mistakes by others. After citing a cosmonaut whose mission was filled with problems, Afanasiev declared that after coming home "that man found himself another job."

An hour north of Moscow—past venders selling vegetables and motor oil, and a new McDonald's, bright and fluorescent, an alien presence in the gritty terrain outside Russia's capital—is a building with no gate or guard, just an unruly patch of grass in front and a small plaque next to the entrance. The plaque says, in Russian and English, "Mission Control Centre."

Inside the threadbare building, there's not much in the way of urgent activity; secretaries sit at their desks watching television or watering plants. A larger-than-life bust of Lenin, with a pair of red plastic flowers at its base, presides over a reception area near the control room. But a few yards away a dozen or so men and women from NASA are at work. Their crowded office has few luxuries or extras except for a Texas flag (most are from Houston) and a coffee machine. A cartoon taped on a wall shows Mir shaped like a broken-down car with its hood up, and an astronaut fiddling with the engine is saying, "Try it again." The delegation from Texas is young, mostly in their thirties, dressed casually in a Dockers way. They are intense, these men and women. They are working for a federal agency that hopes, in the relatively near future, to send astronauts to Mars and beyond.

Their Russian counterparts tend to be a decade or two older, and their horizons are more limited. They are a low-key bunch, who instead of laptops have pens and paper. The future is not so heady for them: Russia's space program is contracting. It is more appealing to go into business, for there one can earn much more than a few hundred dollars a month, which is what most of the workers at Mission Control are paid. Those workers have been in their jobs for quite some time; many of them were here during the 1975 Apollo-Soyuz docking, a high point of the détente era, and, unlike their colleagues from NASA, they don't get particularly anxious when something goes wrong in space. Mir has had approximately fifteen hundred malfunctions in its lifetime.



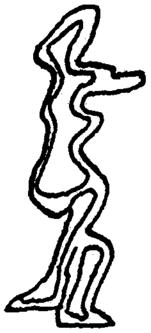
The control room has the dimensions of a very large movie theatre, but instead of a screen up front there is a projected wall-to-wall map of the world, on which a slow-moving dot shows Mir's position as it loops around the planet. A pair of advertising banners are slung under the map—one for a Russian chocolate company, the other for Hewlett-Packard. Russia's space program is so short of money that commercial plugs have become the norm. Cosmonauts have filmed television commercials aboard Mir, and the most recent one, for an Israeli company, featured Vasily Tsibliyev playing with a weightless blob of milk. In post-Communist Russia, the entrepreneurial zeal of the Russian Space Agency makes NASA seem like a stuffy socialist outfit: everything has a price tag—even space walks and manual dockings, for which cosmonauts receive thousand-dollar bonuses.

The atmosphere at Mission Control is grim. Along with Mir's regular breakdowns, human and mechanical, the Russians must deal with the inquisitive media, something they've never had to do before. The job often falls to Vladimir Solovyov, the flight director. Solovyov often wears a snappy sports jacket, so he easily trumps the fashion-challenged hacks, and he has the superior bearing of a hotshot cosmonaut (which he once was), a bearing that says, I have done things you cannot dream of doing, I have seen things you will never see—which, by the way, is true. Yet for all that, Solovyov seems to be in a permanent state of exhaustion and pique. The domestic media, although they don't cover Mir very closely, tend to be uncharitable and less than perfectly accurate. The foreign media are aggressive, lunging to attention whenever anything goes wrong; as a news spectacle, Mir is an irresistible hybrid of "2001: A Space Odyssey" and "The Three Stooges."

Solovyov has a hard time smiling even when things are going his way. After the new crew reconnected the power cables from Spektr, in August, restoring most of Mir's lost power, he slumped into a chair in the briefing room and declared that "nothing can throw us out of the saddle." He could not leave well enough alone, though, and went on, "Everything that's printed in the papers, I'm sorry, but we don't pay any attention to it. It doesn't matter to me what the world thinks." As he got up to leave, he gave the knife a bitter twist: "I assume you'll print what I said." Later, when NASA erroneously announced that Mir's oxygen system was nonfunctional again, prompting the media to lunge to attention once more, Solovyov was in good form. "To our greatest joy, and I think, to your deep disappointment, nothing extraordinary has happened aboard the station," he told reporters.

Relations with NASA are more complex. Russians are the masters of long-duration space travel, they put the first satellite and the first human being into space, and they took the first pictures of the dark side of the moon. Despite the uncertain conditions on Mir, no one has died or been seriously injured on the station. Malfunctions tend not to disturb the Russian psyche, in space or on Earth; this is a nation of mechanical improvisation, a nation in which grandmothers perform road repairs on busted Ladas. If Mir's computer or oxygen system breaks, the attitude at Mission Control is: Relax, we'll fix it. That's usually correct, but it can be a terrifying wait, and one feels that it will be only a matter of time before something truly disastrous occurs. When I asked Viktor Blagov, the deputy flight controller, whether NASA worries too much, he chuckled and said that NASA is obsessive about documents. "We don't have these documents. We take a problem directly and have a meeting of the main specialists . . . and we discuss it without documents. After that we have only one document. This document is named 'decision.' " Blagov, who is sixty-one, joined the Soviet space program in 1959. At the end of our talk, he tapped his forehead and said, "It's intuitive."

The contrast was explained to me by Sergei Krikalev, who has flown twice on Mir and once on the shuttle, and has been selected as a member of the first crew for the International Space Station. He also happens to be a champion aerobatic pilot, and he has the lean look of an astronaut straight from central casting, so there's little one can feel in his presence except deep inferiority. When he flew on Discovery, in 1994, he was in charge of maintenance, and a minor air-duct problem occurred. He notified Houston and was told to stand by for instructions. Hours later, Houston gave him a set of instructions, and they worsened the problem. So Krikalev discussed the problem with the commander, Charles Bolden, and they figured out a solution. They told Mission Control about it, and were instructed to stand by. Houston wasn't being lazy in its response; most probably, technicians were checking blueprints and running simulations. Bolden got tired of waiting and asked Krikalev how the problem would be handled on Mir. It was simple, Krikalev told Bolden. First, he would fix the problem on his own and then tell ground control. If he couldn't do it quickly, he'd still tell the ground, but he wouldn't wait around for instructions. Rather, he would keep fiddling. Bolden nodded, and the two men got to work without telling Houston. "In five minutes," Krikalev told me, smiling, "we fixed the problem and just told the ground controllers that we'd already fixed it."



At the Johnson Space Center, which sprawls over sixteen hundred acres of what was cattle pasture outside Houston, life is good. There is no sign of scrimping or decay—just an all-is-well tableau of lawns and gift shops and NASA scientists wearing buttons that say "Mars or Bust." A Disney-style trolley roams around the center with its cargo of tourists, and a few miles away, in neighborhoods where the technicians and contractors and astronauts live in split-levels, there are streets with names like Gemini Avenue and Saturn Lane. It all seems pleasant and unruffled, but for the men and women who labor in a program called Phase 1 the calmness is an illusion, which is to say that they labor in the shadow of Mir.

Phase 1, the joint Mir program, began its life as a lesser child at NASA, thrust upon the agency by a White House eager to guarantee its partnership with Russia. Thirty-two years earlier, the Apollo program had begun because America wanted to beat the Soviet Union to the Moon; now the rationale was reversed. Phase 2, a deeper and more ambitious blending of the American and Russian space programs than Phase 1, consists of NASA and the Russian Space Agency leading a global consortium in the building of the International Space Station. In this phase, Russian participation is supposed to save money for NASA, because the Russians are contributing equipment and funding, and the station's first component, a two-hundred-and-twenty-million-dollar Russian-built module, is scheduled to be launched late next year.

At the outset, Mir was viewed as something of a transition mission until assembly of the International Space Station began. Then the fire occurred and the collision and the computer breakdowns, whereupon, quite suddenly, Mir was no longer an interlude, but the center of attention. All at once, NASA's reputation was at stake, along with its future. After all, NASA's thirteen-and-a-half-billion-dollar budget is not untouchable. It is an item that politicians can look at and say, Why bother? If the goal is to send astronauts to Mars, it can be argued—and has been—that NASA and the International Space Station are only impediments. In his book "The Case for Mars" Robert Zubrin, a former senior engineer at Lockheed Martin, has proposed giving twenty billion dollars—a "Mars Prize"—to the first group that lands humans on the red planet, much in the spirit of nineteenth-century explorations. And if the goal is to collect data about our solar system, why not focus exclusively on those efficient, relatively cheap robot probes that don't suffer the inconvenience of heart palpitations? It has not escaped notice that while Mir was lurching about only two hundred and fifty miles above Earth, the Pathfinder was executing a perfect bounce-landing on Mars and sending back pictures and data.

This is not the sort of argument that appeals to Jim Van Laak, the deputy director of Phase 1. Van Laak, an ex-fighter jock, doesn't dance around criticism of his program so much as stamp on it. He's not glad that the fire and the collision occurred, but those near-disasters forced the Russians to work more closely with NASA than either side anticipated. The result, Van Laak maintains, is priceless information. "When you leave Earth orbit on your way to Mars, nobody is going to Fed Ex you a spare part that you forgot, so this is an incredibly valuable and critical element of our learning experience," he said to me. "I assure you that we have learned more in the last six months from flying on Mir than we had learned in the last twenty-five years from thinking about flying our own space station."

NASA is usually criticized as a slow, unimaginative bureaucracy; the Challenger explosion seemed to squeeze out whatever traces remained of the hang-your-hide-over-the-edge attitude that permeated the agency in its early, pioneering days. Daniel Goldin, NASA's administrator, is trying to make the agency "faster, better, cheaper," and is apparently succeeding, though NASA's involvement with Mir has led to a new bandwidth of criticism from Capitol Hill—that the agency is taking wild risks for the sake of post-Cold War relations with Russia. "What will it take for Russia to decide that Mir has passed its prime or the United States to determine that it's not safe?" the Republican Representative James Sensenbrenner, Jr., the chairman of the House Science Committee, asked as NASA officials were questioned. "Does someone have to get killed?" Roberta Gross, the NASA inspector general, provided cause for concern in an August 29th report to Sensenbrenner. "Ongoing problems on the Mir are occurring at a time when the Russian government may not be in a position to provide adequate financial and technical support to enable the aging space station to operate safely," her report stated. "Moreover, these problems are exacerbated by the Russians' failure to timely or fully communicate with NASA. Without knowledge of the problems on Mir or its operating systems, NASA cannot fully prepare our astronauts for their mission."

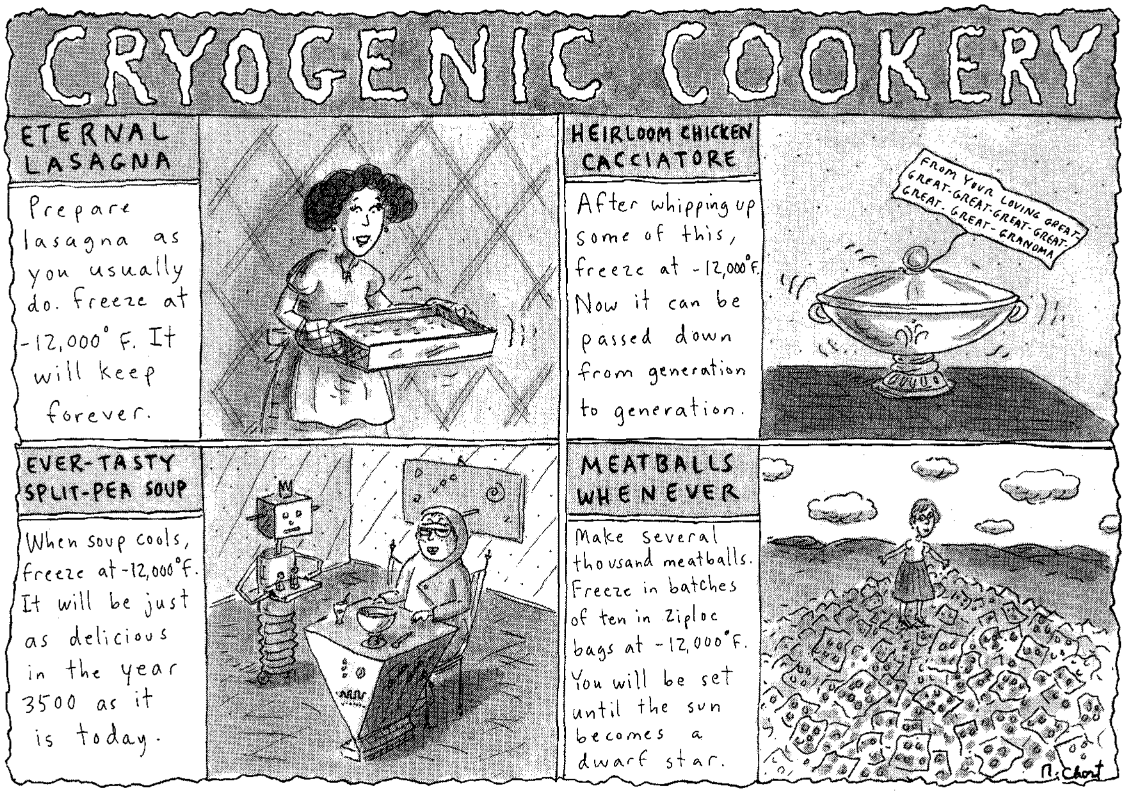
When I met with Van Laak, it was early September, and he was tapping a conference table, noting that in a few hours Michael Foale would perform a risky space walk for which he had not been specifically trained. "There is a great deal of hypocrisy in the public world," Van Laak began. "If there's an incident, we're going to get crucified, and, if it's successful, we're heroes. I can think of no other word but hypocrisy to describe that." (The space walk went off without a hitch.) Van Laak was just warming up: "There is risk here, there is absolutely no doubt about it. To be perfectly honest, there are plenty of people within the political system and within NASA who are pushing us to go, go, go, go, go, while at the same time they are distancing themselves from any blame."

The fear of failure helps explain why NASA demands so many documents and reassurances from the Russian Space Agency. The Russian agency does not need to worry about being zeroed out if something goes wrong, so it doesn't run as tight a ship as NASA does. In fact, the Russian Space Agency is under pressure to keep Mir in operation through 1999, rather than nudge it out of orbit and let it be consumed by fire as it reënters the atmosphere. This is partly a matter of national pride but also a matter of money. Mir helps keep Russia's space industry alive: in addition to the cash from NASA, the European Space Agency and individual European nations pay considerable sums to fly their astronauts and experiments on the station. A few years ago, a Japanese television network paid ten million dollars so that one of its reporters could ride on Mir for a few days. In some ways, the Russian attitude is similar to the American attitude in the sixties, when we knew that our new rockets could explode under our astronauts, but instead of slowing down we pushed ahead and hoped for the best. These days, we live in a tamper-proof culture, and Van Laak can only dream of taking risks of the sort taken in the days of Mercury and Gemini and Apollo. "We are in a pioneering business," he said. "Unless we want to crawl under the bed and forget about spaceflight, we're going to have to take some risks."

That is especially so with a mission to Mars, which involves challenges far greater than anything Mir—or Apollo, for that matter—has thrown at its creators. Consider the mission: when a crew heads to Mars, they will be on their own for at least eighteen months (assuming a year of travelling and six months on the surface of Mars). As Van Laak suggests, they won't have any resupply ships bringing fresh food and magazines; they'll be so far from Earth that real-time communication will be impossible for much of the mission, and they will not even be able to see the Earth, except as a pale-blue dot. If something goes wrong they won't be able to climb into an escape capsule and return home in a matter of hours, as Mir's crew can. Their isolation will be as complete as any group of human beings has faced.

I asked Albert Holland, NASA's chief of psychology, whether the human-factor problems were surmountable, and his answer was intriguing: "We're not the first people to do this. We're the first people to go to Mars, but we're not the first people to take a trip like this." He mentioned the earliest sea voyages, in which humans lost sight of land for the first time, and the journey across the Atlantic by Columbus. "The human factors are severe, but it would be presumptuous of us to think that people haven't done this before," Holland went on. "We're not the first explorers, we're not the first risk-takers, we're not the first adventurers."

Mir, in that respect, not only offers a glimpse of the future, it has restarted a debate about the United States' commitment to space—about the things that America should and should not attempt to do, about the risks that America should and should not take, about the rationale for Mir and Alpha and Mars. As the countdown proceeded to the September 25th launch of the space shuttle Atlantis, people were actually waiting to hear what NASA's administrator would say—whether another American would be sent aloft to Mir, and, if so, why. It was an unusual opportunity to reach a large audience, and when Goldin finally gave his last-minute go-ahead, he didn't hesitate to speak his mind. "It's the right thing to do," he said. "Americans press forward. We overcome the unexpected. We discover the unknown. That has been our history. That's America's destiny." ♦


CRYOGENIC COOKERY
ETERNAL LASAGNA
Prepare lasagna as you usually do. Freeze at -12,000° F. It will keep forever.
HEIRLOOM CHICKEN CACCIATORE
After whipping up some of this, freeze at -12,000°F. Now it can be passed down from generation to generation.
FROM YOUR LOVING GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMA
EVER-TASTY SPLIT-PEA SOUP
When soup cools, freeze at -12,000°F. It will be just as delicious in the year 3500 as it is today.
MEATBALLS WHENEVER
Make several thousand meatballs. Freeze in batches of ten in Ziploc bags at -12,000°F. You will be set until the sun becomes a dwarf star.

THE NEXT THINKER

THE RETURN OF KARL MARX

A hundred and fifty years ago, he sat in the British Museum analyzing the problems of capitalism and the virtues of Communism. He was wrong about Communism. Was he right about capitalism?

BY JOHN CASSIDY

EARLY this summer, I enjoyed a weekend at the Long Island vacation home of a college friend—a highly intelligent and levelheaded Englishman whose career has taken him (by way of the upper echelons of the British Civil Service and a financial firm in the City of London) to a big Wall Street investment bank. There he has spent the last few years organizing stock issues and helping his firm milk the strongest market in living memory. Between dips in his pool, we discussed the economy and speculated about how long the current financial boom would last.

To my surprise, he brought up Karl Marx. "The longer I spend on Wall Street, the more convinced I am that Marx was right," he said.

I assumed he was joking.

"There is a Nobel Prize waiting for the economist who resurrects Marx and puts it all together in a coherent model," he continued, quite seriously. "I am absolutely convinced that Marx's approach is the best way to look at capitalism."

I didn't hide my astonishment. We had both studied economics during the early eighties at Oxford, where most of our teachers agreed with Keynes that Marx's economic theories were "complicated hocus-pocus" and Communism was "an insult to our intelligence." The prevailing attitude among bright students of our generation was that Marx's arguments were fit only for polytechnic lecturers and aspiring Labour Party politicians (many of whom are now right-wing Blairites). In the years since, his reputation has fallen lower still: Moscow's Institute of Marxism-Leninism is gone; the Chinese Red Army has retooled itself into a manufacturing business; even Fidel Castro is looking for outside investors. Nonetheless, I decided that if my host, with all his experience of global finance, reckoned Marx had something worthwhile to say, perhaps it was time to take a look.

Gathering the material proved easy. Hardly anybody reads Marx these days, so secondhand bookstores are overflowing with moldy translations of "The Communist Manifesto" and "Das Kapital." Some of his earlier works are harder to come by, but I picked up a hefty volume of selected writings edited by the British scholar David McLellan, and it contained everything from a letter Marx wrote home from the University of Berlin in 1837 to correspondence with his fellow-socialists when he was an old man living on Haverstock Hill, in London. I took the books with me on my August vacation and nibbled at them on the beach—plums like "Theories of Surplus Value," "The German Ideology," and "The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte."

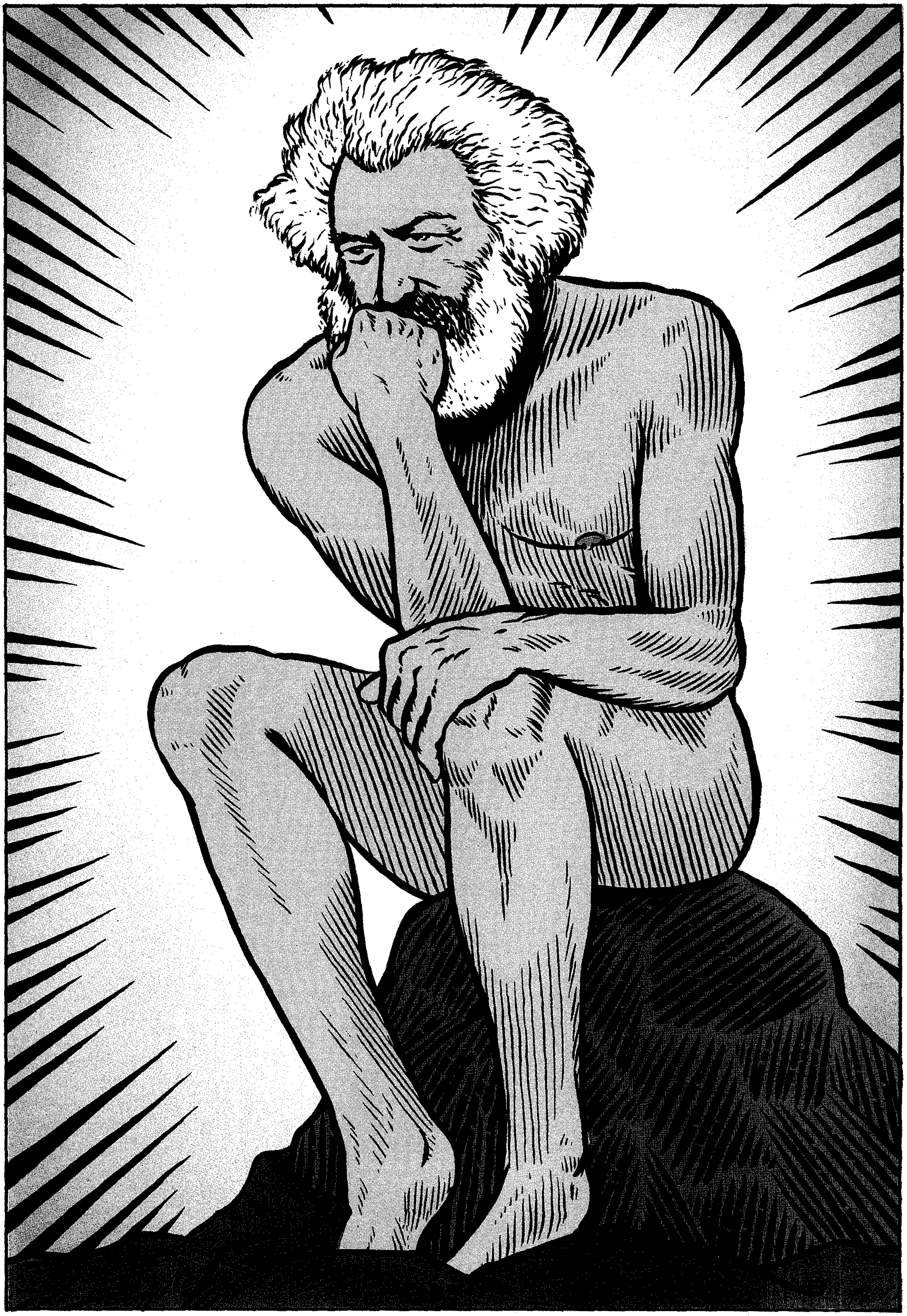
More than fifty years ago, Edmund Wilson noted that much of Marx's prose "hypnotizes the reader with its paradoxes and eventually puts him to sleep." The passing decades have not made the going any easier. Marx was ludicrously prolix (even Engels complained that his chapters were too long) and often willfully obscure. His favorite mode of argument was, as he put it, "coquetting with modes of expression peculiar to Hegel," and many of his expositions are practically bereft of meaning. (Try deciphering at bedtime this sentence from "Surplus Value": "The determinate social character of the means of production in capitalist production—expressing a particular production relation—has so grown together with, and in the mode of thought of bourgeois society is so inseparable from, the material existence of these means of production as means of production, that the same determinateness—categorical determinateness—is assumed even where the relation is in direct contradiction to it.") Not that Marx couldn't write. When he felt like it, he could compose simple declarative sentences that were, in Wilson's words, "dense with the packed power of high explosives." Parts of the "Manifesto" and "The Eighteenth Brumaire" are brilliantly written, and Marx's journalistic dispatches for Charles Dana's New York *Tribune* were eminently readable. Most of the time, though, Marx wrote as if parsimony and clarity were traps laid by the bourgeoisie for unsuspecting authors.

In spite of this, I gradually began to grasp what my friend had been talking about. In many ways, Marx's legacy has been obscured by the failure of Communism, which wasn't his primary interest. In fact, he had little to say about how a socialist society should operate, and what he did write, about the withering away of the state and so on, wasn't very helpful—something Lenin and his comrades quickly discovered after seizing power. Marx was a student of capitalism, and that is how he should be judged. Many of the contradictions that he saw in Victorian capitalism and that were subsequently addressed by reformist governments have begun reappearing in new guises, like mutant viruses. When he wasn't driving the reader to distraction, he wrote riveting passages about globalization, inequality, political corruption, monopolization, technical progress, the decline of high culture, and the enervating nature of modern existence—issues that economists are now confronting anew, sometimes without realizing that they are walking in Marx's footsteps.

THE MOOR, as Marx's children called him, because of his fearsome facial features, was born in the Rhineland city of Trier, which was then part of Prussia, in 1818. His father, a prosperous Jewish

Marx's view of free enterprise is now being echoed by many businessmen who would rather be flogged than labelled Marxists.

MARK ZINGARELLI



lawyer who was a convert to Christianity, urged his son to study, and Marx didn't need much encouragement. In 1841, he got his doctorate from the University of Jena—his thesis dealt with the natural philosophies of Democritus and Epicurus—but his radical views prevented him from getting a university post, and for the rest of his life he drifted between journalism and left-wing politics. During the eighteen-forties, he lived in Bonn, Paris, and Brussels. In the revolutionary year of 1848, he moved back to Paris, then to Cologne, and, finally (after being thrown out of Prussia), to London, where he remained until his death, in 1883.

Like many thinkers, Marx did his most novel cogitating in his twenties and thirties, then spent decades expanding ideas that he had developed as a young man. His basic insight, which he introduced in "The German Ideology" (1846), was reintroduced in recent times by James Carville: "It's the economy, stupid." Marx's own term for this theory was "the materialist conception of history," and it is now so widely accepted that analysts of all political views use it, like Carville, without any attribution. When conservatives argue that the welfare state is doomed because it stifles private enterprise, or that the Soviet Union collapsed because it couldn't match the efficiency of Western capitalism, they are adopting Marx's argument that economics is the driving force in human development. Indeed, as Sir John Hicks, a Nobel Prize-winning British economist, noted in 1969, when it comes to theories of history Karl Marx still has the field pretty much to himself. It is, Hicks wrote, "extraordinary that one hundred years after *Das Kapital* . . . so little else should have emerged."

Marx wasn't a crude reductionist, but he did believe that the way in which society organized production ultimately shaped people's attitudes and beliefs. Capitalism, for example, made human beings subjugate themselves to base avarice. "Money is the universal, self-constituted value of all things. It has therefore robbed the whole world, human as well as natural, of its own values," he wrote when he was twenty-five. "Money is the alienated essence of man's work and being. This alien essence dominates him, and he adores it." The language may be a bit strong, but has anything changed? The magazine racks are packed with titles like *Money*, *Smart Money*, *Worth*, and *Fortune;* it is difficult to turn on a television without hearing financial advice; and successful investors like Warren Buffett and George Soros are regularly lionized by the media.

P. Steiner

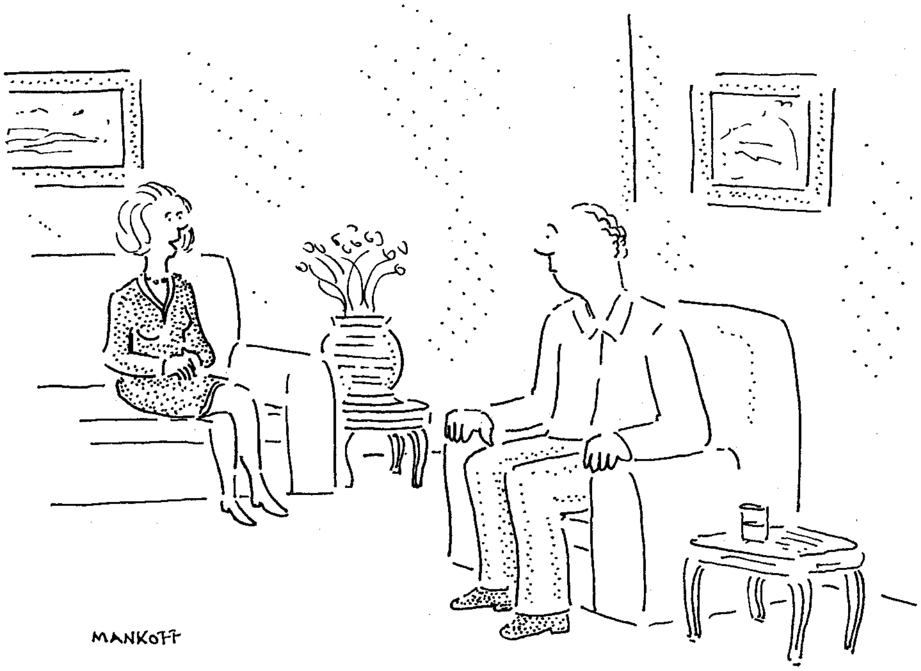
"Do you think the world really is going to hell, or are we just getting old?"

The money-driven debasement of popular culture, epitomized by most of Hollywood's output, was also foreshadowed by Marx. In the "Grundrisse" (1857), he argued that the quality of the art a society produces is a reflection of the material conditions present at the time. Homer and Virgil reflected a naïve mythological view of nature, which wasn't sustainable in an age of machinery, railways, and electric telegraphs. "Where does Vulcan come in as against Roberts & Co.? Jupiter as against the lightning conductor? Hermes as against the Crédit Mobilier?" Marx asked. "What becomes of the Goddess Fama side by side with Printing House Square?" When these words were written, Dickens and Thackeray were writing for monthly magazines, most educated people had studied Latin, and capitalism hadn't yet demonstrated its ability to produce "The Jenny Jones Show."

"THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO," of which Marx was the co-author with Friedrich Engels, a fellow-Rhinelander, whose father owned an interest in a factory in Manchester, almost didn't get written. Engels wrote a first draft in late 1847, but Marx, who was busy, sat down to complete it only after receiving a desperate plea from his colleagues in the Communist League. Perhaps because of this deadline pressure, his language was much nattier than usual, and the final version, which appeared in February, 1848, contained some of his sharpest phrases: "A spectre is haunting Europe—the spectre of Communism," "The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," "What the bourgeoisie produces, above all, is its own grave-diggers."

The book's misguided prophecies about capitalism's imminent demise have obscured a far more durable intellectual achievement: Marx's explanation in the "Manifesto" of how capitalism works. Unlike many of his followers, he never underestimated the power of the free market. "The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarcely one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together," he wrote. "It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former Exoduses of nations and crusades." Moreover, this unprecedented productive spurt, otherwise known as the industrial revolution, was not confined to any one country, since the ever-present need for new markets "chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe." Wherever the bourgeoisie go, Marx said, they undermine traditional ways of doing things. "All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed," he wrote. "They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life-and-death question for all civilized nations." It wasn't just local businesses that suffered. Entire cultures were swept aside by the relentless forces of modernization and international integration. "The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property," he noted. "National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature."

"Globalization" is the buzzword of the late twentieth century, on the lips of everybody from Jiang Zemin to Tony Blair, but Marx predicted most of its ramifications a hundred and fifty years ago. Capitalism is now well on its way to transforming the world into a single market, with the nations of Europe, Asia, and the Americas evolving into three rival trading blocs within that market. John Grisham's novels are translated into dozens of languages, teen-agers in Australia wear Chicago Bulls caps, and almost everybody in business speaks English, the global language of money. Occasionally, some embattled group—French farmers, British miners, American autoworkers—puts up a fight for traditional interests, but its efforts always prove fruitless. Nothing can stop the permanent revolution that capitalism represents. "Uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones," Marx wrote. "All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind."



"Instead of waiting for the next big thing to transform our lives, why don't we give it a shot ourselves?"

• •

Globalization is set to become the biggest political issue of the next century. Richard Gephardt is already running for President on a "fair trade" platform, and populist, xenophobic parties are emerging in Russia, France, and many other countries. According to a recent World Bank study, Russia, China, India, Indonesia, and Brazil will all become major industrial powers within the next twenty-five years, and this will only increase the competitive pressures on other advanced nations. Even economists, who traditionally have been globalization's biggest defenders (on the ground that it creates more winners than losers), are now having second thoughts about its impact. Contemporary critics tend to use drier language than Marx did, but their message is similar. "The international integration of markets for goods, services, and capital is pressuring societies to alter their traditional practices, and, in return, broad segments of these societies are putting up a fight," Dani Rodrik, a Harvard economist, wrote in a path-breaking book, published earlier this year, entitled "Has Globalization Gone Too Far?" Rodrik pointed out that child labor, corporate tax avoidance, and shuttered American factories are all features of globalization. He didn't mention Marx directly—citations of his work are not good for the career prospects of an Ivy League economist—but he concluded that failure to meet the global challenge could lead to "social disintegration."

WHILE Marx was exiled in London, he had plenty of time to read. Each day, he trudged to the British Museum and stayed there from ten until seven, studying obscure government reports and classical economists, such as Adam Smith and David Ricardo. The museum's famous Reading Room was an escape from the domestic squalor in which he daily left his wife, Jenny; his three children; and their maid (who in 1851 gave birth to his illegitimate child). Until 1856, when Jenny inherited some money, they all lived in two cramped rooms, and they were usually broke. At one point, a bailiff arrived to collect five pounds, but Marx didn't have it, so the debt collector seized "beds, linen, clothes, everything, even my poor baby's cradle," Jenny wrote to a friend. Marx, arrogant and crotchety even at the best of times, suffered from boils and piles, which occasionally prevented him from sitting in the British Museum ("I hope that the bourgeoisie, as long as they live, will have cause to remember my carbuncles," he wrote to Engels), but he never stopped working. Between 1848 and 1867, he published a number of economic works, culminating in "Das Kapital," which was, he said, an attempt to reveal "the economic law of motion of modern society."

In one way, Marx's efforts were a failure. His mathematical model of the economy, which depended on the idea that labor is the source of all value, was riven with internal inconsistencies and is rarely studied these days. Many of the constructs used by modern economists—such as supply-and-demand curves, production functions, and game theory—hadn't been conceived in the eighteen-sixties. A new textbook, "Principles of Economics," by N. Gregory Mankiw, a Harvard professor, mentions Marx just once in eight hundred pages, and that reference is pejorative.

Mankiw, quoting the turn-of-the-century economist Alfred Marshall, says that economics is "a study of mankind in the ordinary business of life," which answers questions like "Why are apartments so hard to find in New York City?" and "Why do airlines charge less for a round-trip ticket if the traveller stays over a Saturday night?" and "Why is Jim Carrey paid so much to star in movies?" Marx didn't dismiss such questions—although his labor theory of value was ill equipped to address them—but he considered them secondary to the real task of economics, which was to explain how society evolved over time.

One important lesson Marx taught is that capitalism tends toward monopoly—an observation that was far from obvious in his day—giving rise to a need for strong regulation. This problem subsequently seemed to have been taken care of by the reforms of Teddy Roosevelt and F.D.R., but the last decade has witnessed an unprecedented wave of mergers in sectors as diverse as entertainment, medicine, defense, and financial services. At the same time, budget cuts and conservative court rulings have undermined the effectiveness of government regulatory agencies, such as the Federal Trade Commission. Unless these trends are reversed, the inevitable result will be more mergers, higher prices, and fewer choices for consumers.

Marx's primary achievement as an economist was placing the entrepreneur and the profit motive front and center in the study of economic development. To the layman who reads the business pages, this may seem obvious, but it isn't obvious to professional economists. In neoclassical economics—the sort taught by Mankiw—consumers are the main focus of attention, while firms are merely "black boxes" that transform raw material and labor into commodities that people want to buy. In the world envisioned by this theory, the economy grows at a pace determined by the expansion of the labor force and the rate of technical progress, which appears like manna from Heaven and is not governed by market forces.

Marx's view of economic growth was darker and more complex. In his model, capitalists were a beleaguered species, constantly under pressure from competitors trying to enter their markets and steal their profits. Given such pressure, firms had to cut costs by investing in labor-saving machinery, forcing their employees to work harder, and developing new products. This process, which Marx called "accumulation," was the main reason that capitalism was so much more productive than previous social systems. In feudal times, the nobles consumed the economic "surplus" created by the peasants, but in the industrial society capitalists were forced to invest the surplus created by their employees or risk being swept aside by their rivals. "Accumulate! Accumulate! Accumulate! That is Moses and the Prophets," Marx declared.

This vision of economic growth was largely forgotten by the economics profession after Marx's death, but it was resurrected in the nineteen-forties by Joseph Schumpeter, a former Austrian finance minister turned Harvard academic. He labelled it "creative destruction." In recent years, Schumpeter's work has been formalized by a group of eminent and mathematically inclined theorists, including Paul Romer, of Stanford, and Philippe Aghion, of the University of London. Economists working in this field, which calls itself endogenous-growth theory, usually fail to credit Marx as their intellectual forefather (to do so would invite ridicule), but their models are undoubtedly Marxist in spirit, since their main aim is to demonstrate how technical progress emerges from the competitive process, and not from Heaven, as in the neoclassical model.

Marx's version of free enterprise also chimes with the views of many contemporary businessmen, who would rather be flogged than labelled Marxists. In the nineteen-eighties, for instance, Jack (Neutron Jack) Welch, Jr., the flinty but highly respected chairman of General Electric, transformed the company, closing down

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THE NEXT COMEBACK

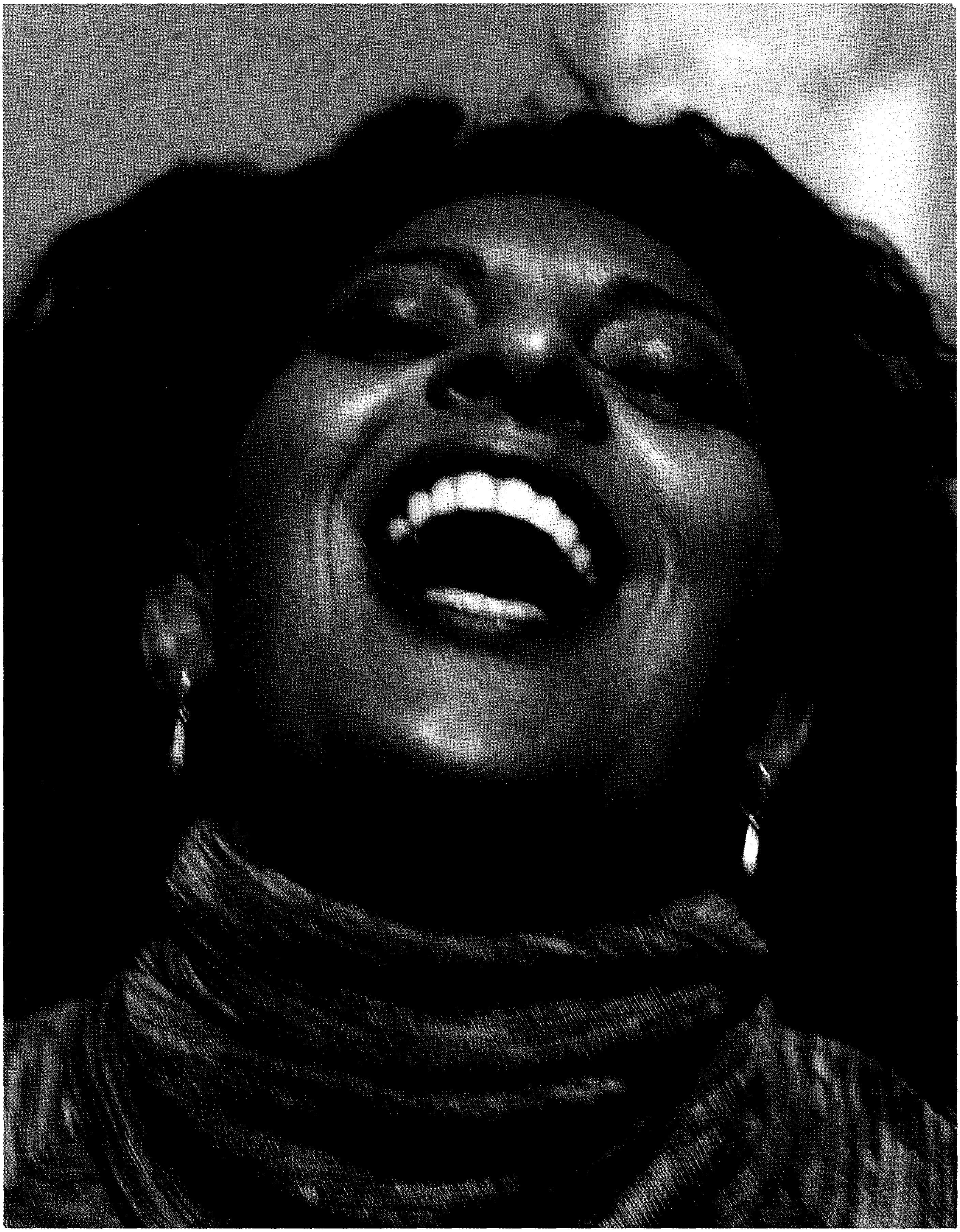
KNOCKOUT

SOME cult figures are admired more for what they mean than for what they've accomplished. The low-budget ghetto dramas that Pam Grier starred in during the early seventies never went very far with mainstream white audiences. But the full-breasted, karate-chopping mamas she played in them—a nurse who blows away the pushers who have turned her sister into an addict (in "Coffy"); a hothead who avenges her boyfriend's murder (in "Foxy Brown")—have passed into film folklore. Her acting may have been amateurish at the start and her fight scenes worse than that, but her toughness, her confidence, and her raw sexuality announced a new direction for African-American women. Grier became a role model to a generation of black moviegoers, and you can still detect her influence in the wise-ass bravado of Salt-N-Pepa, Lil' Kim, and any number of other rap divas.

In the decades since the blaxploitation vogue faded, she has worked consistently, if inconspicuously, taking low-profile roles in higher-profile movies, such as "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981) and "Above the Law" (1988). With her voice electronically deepened, she did a memorable turn as Kurt Russell's glamorous transsexual buddy in "John Carpenter's Escape from L.A." (1996). But it wasn't until that year's "Original Gangstas" (a picture that brought together several black stars of the seventies), in which Grier played a woman whose son is killed in a drive-by shooting, that she got a real chance to display her old cocksureness.

Now the writer-director Quentin Tarantino has taken Elmore Leonard's novel "Rum Punch," the tale of a stewardess who gets involved in an arms-smuggling operation, and adapted it, as "Jackie Brown," expressly for Grier. This long-awaited follow-up to "Pulp Fiction" opens in December, and the combination of a director who cherishes pop icons and a supporting ensemble that includes Robert De Niro, Samuel L. Jackson, and Michael Keaton practically guarantees a return to the spotlight for the queen of wa-wa-pedal films.

—BRUCE DIONES



The return of the original foxy lady: Pam Grier, the star of Quentin Tarantino's upcoming "Jackie Brown." Photograph by Max Vadukul.

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dozens of plants and firing tens of thousands of employees. The reasons he did so would have been familiar to any reader of Marx. "The events we see rushing toward us make the rough, tumultuous eighties look like a decade at the beach," Welch said at a shareholders' meeting in 1989. "Ahead of us are Darwinian shakeouts in every major marketplace, with no consolation prizes for the losing companies and nations."

IN 1881, Jenny Marx died. Marx never got over the loss—"The Moor is dead, too," he said to Engels—and two years later he followed his wife to the grave. At his funeral, Engels eulogized him in a way that Marx would have liked, declaring, "Just as Darwin discovered the law of evolution in organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of evolution in human history." This wasn't quite true, but it wasn't altogether false. Capitalism certainly wasn't succeeded by Communism, but, just as certainly, it didn't survive in the Dickensian form that Marx had witnessed. During the century following his death, governments in industrialized countries introduced numerous reforms designed to improve the living standard of working people: labor laws, minimum-wage legislation, welfare benefits, public housing, public-health systems, inheritance levies, progressive income taxes, and so on. These ameliorative measures would have been labelled "socialism" in Marx's day; indeed, he prescribed many of them in the "Manifesto," and it is difficult to see how capitalism could have survived without them.

It is only in the past two decades that a systematic assault on social democracy has been carried out in the name of "economic efficiency." This right-wing backlash has produced a sharp upsurge in inequality, just as Marx would have predicted. Between 1980 and 1996, the share of total household income going to the richest five per cent of the families in the country increased from 15.3 per cent to 20.3 per cent, while the share of the income going to the poorest sixty per cent of families fell from 34.2 per cent to 30 per cent. These changes represent an unprecedented redistribution of resources from poor to rich—each shift of one per cent represents about thirty-eight billion dollars.

Marx believed that the fundamental divide in any society is between the people who own the machinery and the factories used to make commodities (the

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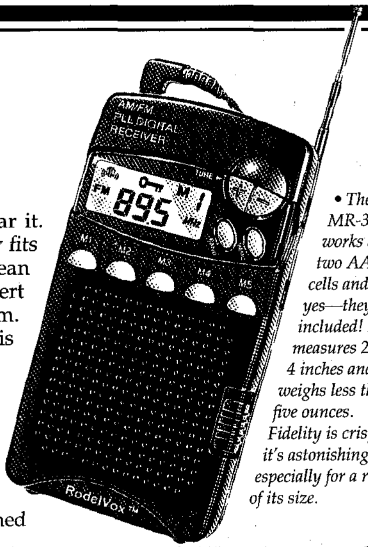
"bourgeoisie") and the people whose only marketable asset is their capacity for work (the "proletarians"). This split is too rigid—it doesn't account for self-employed people, public-sector employees, and workers who own shares in their employer's firm—but there is no doubt that the biggest winners, by far, during the past two decades have been the people who control the means of production: chief executives and shareholders. In 1978, a typical chief executive at a big company earned about sixty times what a typical worker earned; in 1995, he took home about a hundred and seventy times as much. Shareholders have also done fabulously, and this has accentuated the increase in inequality. According to Edward Wolff, a professor of economics at New York University, half of all financial assets in the country are owned by the richest one per cent of the population, and more than three-quarters of them are owned by the richest ten per cent. A Federal Reserve Board survey shows that six in ten American families still own no stocks whatever, either directly or via 401(k) pension plans. And most families who do own stocks have total holdings worth less than two thousand dollars.

These figures suggest that one of Marx's most controversial ideas, the "theory of immiseration," may be making a comeback. He didn't believe, as some critics suggest, that wages could never rise under capitalism, but he did say that profits would increase faster than wages, so that workers would become poorer relative to capitalists over time, and this is what has happened during the last two decades. Inflation-adjusted average hourly wages are still below their 1973 levels, but profits have soared. In 1979, sixteen per cent of all the money produced by the corporate sector went to profits and interest; today the figure is twenty-one per cent.

A key question for the future, the answer to which will determine the fate of the soaring stock market and much else, is whether capital can hold on to its recent gains. The United Parcel Service strike and the raising of the minimum wage both suggest that workers are starting to recover some losses, but their bargaining power is limited, because many firms can easily relocate to countries where labor is cheaper. Marx, for one, had no doubt which side held the upper hand. "The worshipful capitalists will never want for fresh exploitable flesh and blood,



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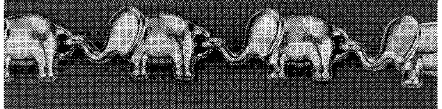

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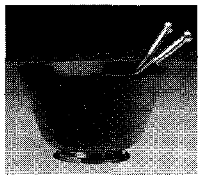

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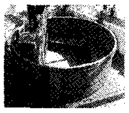

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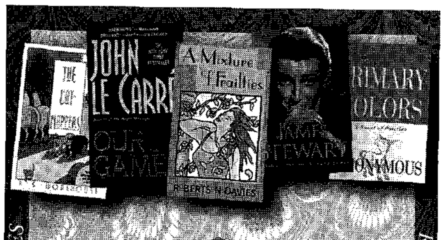

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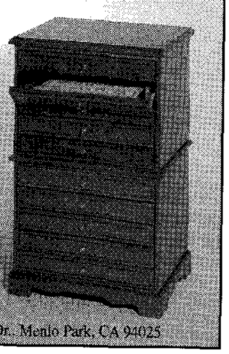

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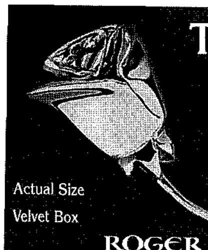

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and will let the dead bury their dead," he noted in "Wage-Labour and Capital."

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"Do many people come to visit Marx these days?" I asked as I handed over the admission fee of two pounds (one for entry, the other for a map of the graveyard).

"Oh, yes, some do, but I can't say why," Kathleen replied. "We've got a lot more interesting people here, you know. George Eliot, Sir Ralph Richardson. Are you sure you don't want to see them?"

I said I was sure, and Kathleen reluctantly directed me down a path to the cemetery's northwest corner, where I found a large marble tombstone topped with an imposing statue of Marx's head and the inscription "Workers of all lands unite." There were fresh flowers next to the grave, but only three people: two bearded students from Turkey and a young woman from South Korea who said she was a socialist. All were in London studying English.

"Marx is very big in Turkey, although Communism is illegal," one of the Turks told me. He added that he had been imprisoned briefly in Ankara for his socialist activities. He and his friend were tickled to be smoking Camels in front of Marx's grave.

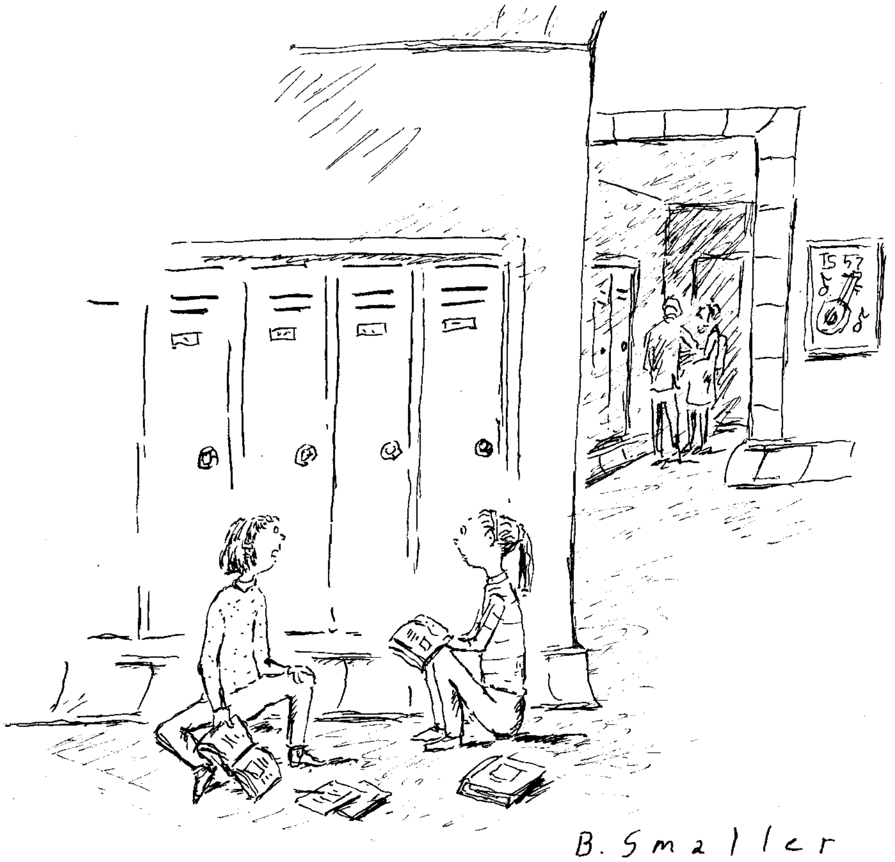
I asked the visitors whether they had read any of Marx's works—"Das Kapital," in particular.

The young South Korean socialist said she hadn't.

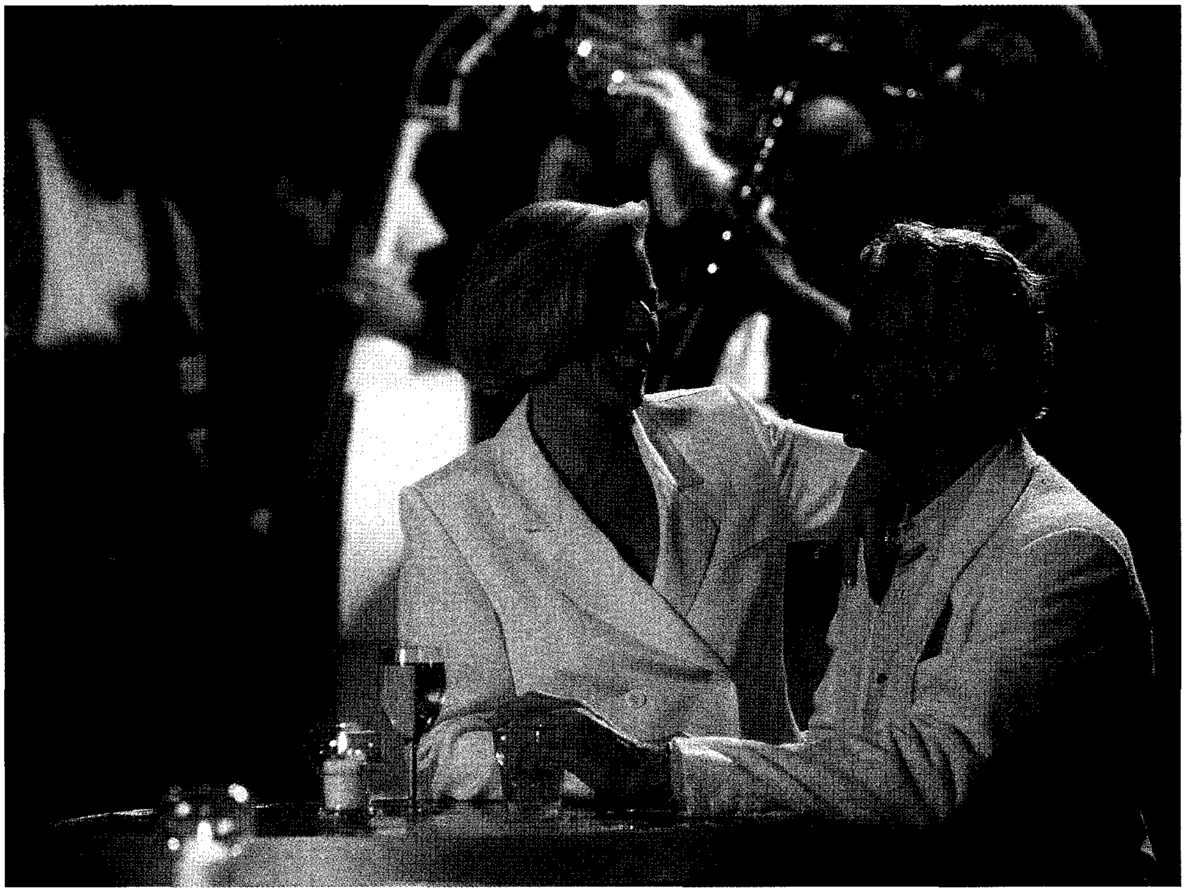
"I tried it, but it is very big," the Turk who had been arrested volunteered.

"I started it, but I didn't understand it," his friend said.

We talked for about twenty minutes, and then I made my way back to Kathleen and asked her if Highgate was still a working cemetery. (It is. Rod Stewart's parents are buried there.) On the bus for central London, I wondered again



"I think I'll be more relaxed once my secondary sex characteristics kick in."



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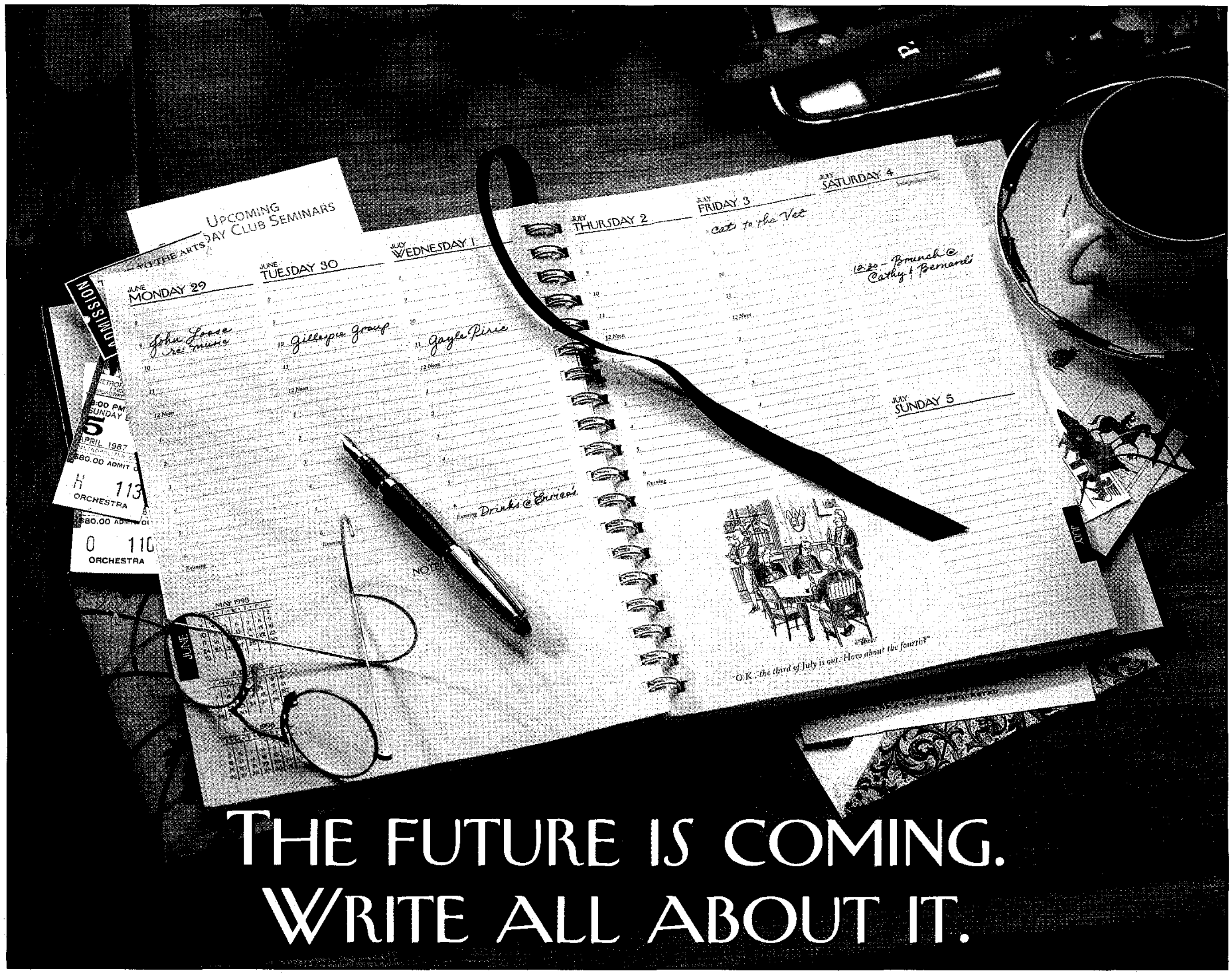
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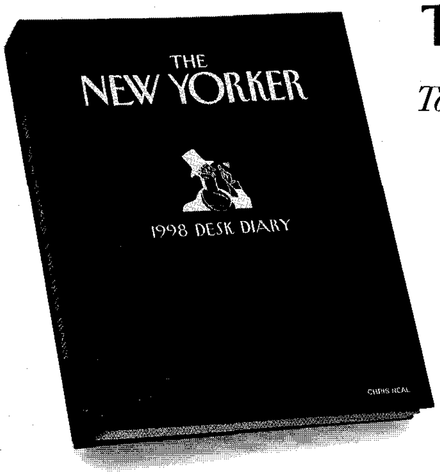
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why Marx is so little read these days.

Maybe it is because the economy is doing well, but even in good times he has lessons to teach us, such as the fact that raising workers' living standards depends on maintaining a low rate of unemployment—something that many orthodox economists denied until recently. Marx believed that wages were held down by the presence of a "reserve army" of unemployed workers who attempt to underbid the employed. Reduce the ranks of this army, he said, and wages would rise—just as they have started to do in the last year. Since the middle of 1996, the unemployment rate has averaged about five per cent, its lowest level in twenty-four years, and inflation-adjusted median hourly wages have risen by 1.4 per cent, their first appreciable rise in almost a decade.

Perhaps the most enduring element of Marx's work is his discussion of where power lies in a capitalist society. This is a subject that economists, with their fixation on consumer choice, have neglected for decades, but recently a few of them have returned to Marx's idea that the circumstances in which people are forced to make choices are often just as important as the choices. (Take the case of a robbery victim who is given the "choice" of handing over his money or being stabbed.) At Harvard, for example, Oliver Hart has developed a new theory of how firms operate which depends on the power struggle among shareholders, managers, and workers. Other economists are looking critically at the exercise of political power. Elhanan Helpman, another Harvard professor, and Gene Grossman, of Princeton, have constructed a formal model illustrating the way that the government is encouraged to introduce damaging trade policies by pressure from rival business lobbyists.

Marx, of course, delighted in declaring that politicians merely carry water for their corporate paymasters. "The executive of the modern State is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the bourgeoisie," he wrote in the "Manifesto," and he later singled out American politicians, saying they had been "subordinated" to "bourgeois production" ever since the days of George Washington. The sight of a President granting shady businessmen access to the White House in return for campaign contributions would have shocked him not at all. Despite his errors, he was a man for whom our economic system held few surprises. His books will be worth reading as long as capitalism endures. ◆

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Anyone whose childhood was governed by strict parental rules and restrictions might be inclined to envy **Ptolemy Tompkins**, author of ***PARADISE FEVER.*** For Ptolemy, the son of bestselling '70s New Age guru Peter Tompkins *(The Secret Life of Plants)*, boyhood was a time of freedom and experimentation spent among a surreal assortment of orgiasts, Yeti-hunters, spaceship communicants, nude beekeepers, and the visionaries of every stripe who inhabited his charismatic father's universe. While unusual, exciting, outrageous, and very funny, this boy's life was less than idyllic. There was trouble in the "paradise" Ptolemy Tompkins describes in his memoirs, but warmth and much humor as well.

PARADISE FEVER
GROWING UP IN THE SHADOW OF THE NEW AGE
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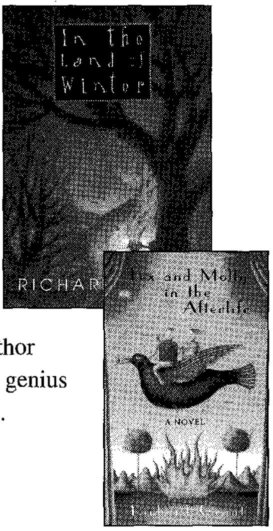

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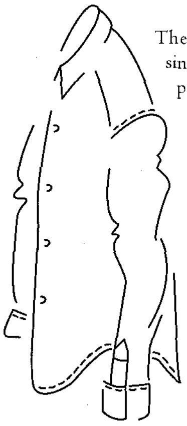

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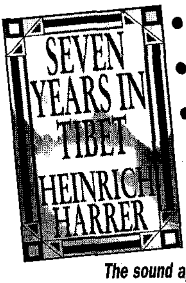

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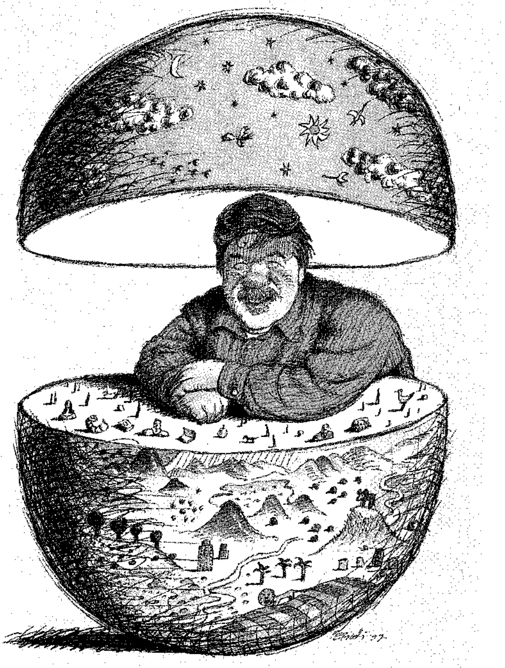
MILLENNIUM FEVER

The scariness of too many zeros.

BY JOHN UPDIKE

One surefire prediction about the future: in a few years, the next millennium will arrive. No one knows quite what to make of this fact, but it must be, we feel, somehow momentous. At the purely computational level, computers, wherein years have been programmed as two digits and “00” has hitherto signified the year 1900, may be stumped, and the worldwide financial network collapse, reducing us all to insolvency and barter. More generally, some millenarian change is indicated, even though the new millennium has already crept into our mundane lives: the college class of 2001 has donned its freshman beanies, and bonds due in the twenty-first century are paying interest in many a contemporary portfolio. “What's the fuss?” Stephen Jay Gould in effect asks in his succinct book “Questioning the Millennium: A Rationalist's Guide to a Precisely Arbitrary Countdown” (Harmony/Crown; $17.95).

Arbitrary indeed: there is nothing in nature keyed to the number one thousand. The decimal system of counting most likely derives from our ten manual digits, which in the twists of evolution could have been less or more. The Maya had an elaborate mathematics based on twenty, and a base of two works elegantly for computers. The three heavenly cycles that measure the passage of calendrical time—the earth's rotation, the revolution of the moon around the earth (lunation), and the revolution of the earth around the sun—are mutually irregular. A lunation takes 29.53059 days, and a solar revolution 365.242199 days. The fractions have forced makeshifts upon the keepers of the calendar; societies, such as those of imperial China, Judaism, and Islam, that use a predominately lunar calendar deploy twenty-nine-day months (known as “defective” or “hollow”) and thirty-day months (“full”), which still leaves them almost eleven days short of the solar year. The irregularity of the solar year, measured in rotations of the earth (days), has necessitated, in Christendom, a series of adjustments—a familiar story that Gould retells with his characteristic relish for historical detail. The Julian calendar, introduced by Julius Caesar in 45 B.C., instituted the leap year, but an actual solar year is more than eleven minutes short of three hundred sixty-five and a quarter days. By the late sixteenth century, the annual eleven-minute surplus amounted to ten full days, generating some problems with the



The end of a century brings with it a ruthless disposal of accumulated trash, once viewed as treasure.

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equinoxes, "particularly for priests and astronomers charged with the solemn and sacred duty of determining the date for Easter." A committee for calendar reform convened by Pope Gregory XIII decided that ten days must be dropped from the calendar: the days from October 5 through October 14, 1582, do not exist in Western history. The committee, headed by the Jesuit mathematician Christopher Clavius, also fine-tuned the leap years: a leap year would be omitted at the turn of each century, except for those centuries divisible by four hundred. This brought the calendar year within 25.96 seconds of the solar year—"accurate enough to require a correction of one day only every 2,800 years or so."

Gould's keen interest in calendrics may outwear the reader's. He explores at length the riddle of the so-called idiot savants who can swiftly calculate the day a certain date falls on, and the problem of exactly when a century begins—a problem traceable to a sixth-century monk, Dionysius Exiguus, or Dennis the Short. Dennis, in preparing a chronology for Pope St. John I, added a variation on the traditional reckoning of years from the founding of Rome (A.U.C., *ab urbe condita*) by dating time also from the infant Christ's circumcision, eight days after Jesus' supposed birth on December 25, 753 A.U.C. The first year of this new sequence he called 1 A.D. (Anno Domini) instead of the year 0. Thus all subsequent zero years end rather than begin a set of ten. Every new century incites a debate as to exactly when it begins; an Englishman of 1800 commented on "the idle controversy, which has of late convulsed so many brains, respecting the commencement of the current century." In the instance close upon us, does the third millennium begin in the year 2000 or, as in the movie title, 2001? Popular instinct, conditioned by odometers, votes for the rollover of nines into zeros as the critical moment; but at the last such rollover high culture, in the form of university presidents and newspapers, opted for 1901. The *Times*, on the last day of 1899, stated, "Tomorrow we enter upon the last year of a century," and the British magazine *The Nineteenth Century* changed its name (adding "*and After*") only with the January, 1901, issue. This time around, Gould confidently predicts, popular preference will prevail over élitist precision, and "the world will rock and party on

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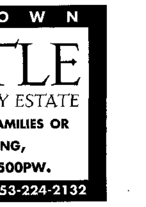
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January 1, 2000." A day-date savant whom Gould consulted on the question unhesitatingly responded, "In 2000. The first decade had only nine years."

Day and night, full and new moons, solstices and equinoxes are empirical events; the rest is a man-made skein of numbers, a fallible approximation. Gould in conclusion says that he has "always and dearly loved calendrical questions because they display all our foibles in revealing miniature"—our foible, that is, of looking to nature for anthropocentric order and, not finding it there, seeking to impose it. Gould's ability to empathize with failed science, to retrace its awkward but earnest steps, is perhaps his outstanding quality as an essayist. He sympathetically treats Archbishop James Ussher's often ridiculed dating, in his "*Annales veteris testamenti a prima mundi origine deducti*" (1650), of the creation of the world to precisely noon on October 23rd of the year 4004 B.C. Gould admits Ussher was bound to find that, as current Christian theory demanded, four thousand years passed from the creation to the birth of Jesus. The four extra years have their origin in another imprecision of Dennis the Short, who overlooked the evidence that King Herod, the persecutor of the infant Jesus, had died in the year 4 B.C.

If nature does not deal in even thousands, the Bible does, especially the writer of Revelation, who saw an angel lay hold of Satan and bind him for a thousand years, and cast him in a bottomless pit. When the thousand years have expired, "Satan shall be loosed out of his prison," and with his allies Gog and Magog battle for the world, until the fire from God in Heaven devours them, and the Devil is cast into a lake of fire and brimstone; then the dead shall stand before God, and those whose names are not written in the Book of Life will be cast into the same lake, and a new Heaven and earth established. These verses, and the visions related in the Old Testament Book of Daniel, inspire the faiths of the millenarians (one "n," since the word derives from a different Latin root than "millennium," meaning "a thousand years"). Millenarian sects have arisen within Christianity since the second-century Montanists; twentieth-century examples include the Branch Davidians who met their fiery end at Waco and the polite Jehovah's Witnesses who come so

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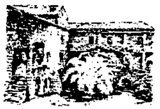
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persistently to the door. Especially in America, it seems, there is a longing for the end, for a cataclysmic shakeup, for what Gould nicely calls "an imminent termination to the current order." Perennially, those who do not profit by the current order—the slaves, the losers, the excluded—take solace in the hope of such a termination, and of course Christianity itself was millenarian in this sense; both Christ and St. Paul asserted that the end was near, within the lifetime of the living. The year 2000 is shadowed, even in this secular and scientific age, by the prospect of the Second Coming, of the sweeping destruction and redemption that so many spirited sects have firmly predicted, only to slink away from their mountaintops disappointed, soothing their scorched beliefs with ingenuities of reinterpretation. Within the New Testament, the second epistle of Peter addresses the faithful who have met "scoffers, walking after their own lusts, And saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." Peter offers the expectant flock a sonorous and celebrated equivocation: "Beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

NEITHER God's nor Nature's timetable, then, is exactly ours. However, it does not follow, from Gould's rationalist questioning of the millennium, that nothing will happen in the year 2000. The number is a cultural construct, but we dwell within culture, and make things happen within it. The last such event was the year 1000 A.D. (The year 1000 A.U.C., I calculate, fell in 246 A.D., while Rome was enjoying the brief reign of the Arabian-born Emperor Philip, at the outset of what Gibbon calls "twenty years of shame and misfortune.") Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century historians painted a vivid picture of the "panic terror" that came upon the European population of the year 999; William Robertson, a Scots peer of Gibbon and Hume, wrote, "A general consternation seized mankind; many relinquished their possessions, and abandoning their friends and families, hurried with precipitation to the Holy Land, where they imagined that Christ would quickly appear to judge the world." Pope Sylvester II

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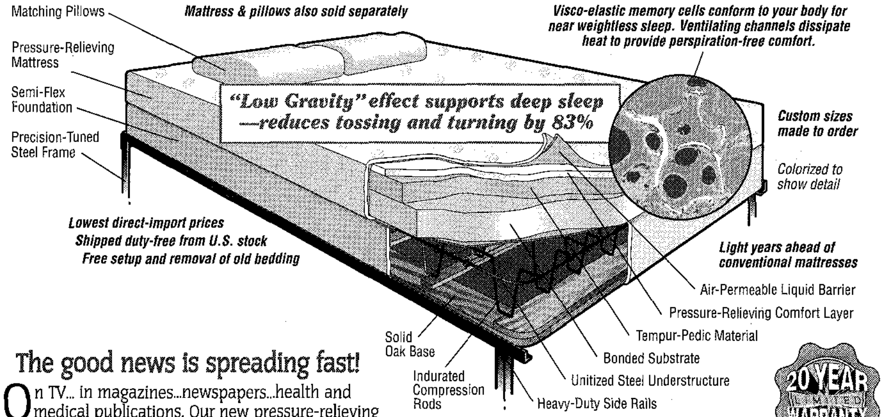
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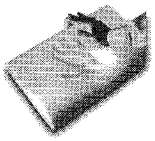

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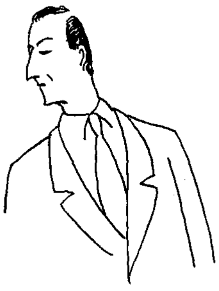
was alleged to have had all the bells of Christendom ring out at the millennial moment. Later historians doubt that much of the sort happened, since calendrical confusion still obtained, and New Year's Day scarcely existed. Gould, however, who has audited some of the fierce debates that rage over this issue, is convinced that "sufficient evidence now exists to support at least a modest claim for substantial millennial stirring, especially in peasant and populist strata of society"; they may not have had clocks, but the chronologies of the eighth-century Venerable Bede had popularized throughout Europe the A.D. dating system. Though no papal or royal statement of the time mentions the imminent Armageddon, a contemporary monk called Raoul Glaber wrote that shortly after the year 1000 had safely passed, a wave of church-building took place—"the world put on the pure white robe of churches." In the broad perspective, things did pick up in the eleventh century, as if men, seeing that the world was still in place, felt free to focus on earthly concerns such as trade and technology; the anarchic Dark Ages yielded to the high Middle Ages of cathedrals and centralized kingdoms.

More recently, as one century gives way to another, the journalistic orgy of retrospection and prediction cannot but infiltrate the mood of people and affect, if not politics, culture. Centuries feel bumptious in the beginning, thick in the middle, and sickly at the end. Though the seminal texts of Romanticism—Goethe's "Sorrows of Young Werther," Rousseau's "Émile" and "Confessions," Wordsworth and Coleridge's "Lyrical Ballads"—lie within the end of the eighteenth century, Romanticism awaited the galvanic figure of Napoleon, who defeated Austria at Marengo in 1800, before it pervaded the popular imagination. Romanticism's final fin-de-siècle flicker, in such artists as Oscar Wilde and Huysmans, became, in the early, rather mauve works of Pound and Joyce and Proust, the sparks of modernism. In fiction, realism of a strangely pure, non-programmatic sort announced itself in Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" and Colette's first Claudine novel, both published in 1900. Relativity came along five years later, mixed into a dizzying, dangerous stew of subatomic revelations. Who can say, until hindsight clarifies the picture, what rough beast was slouching through our own fin de siècle to be born? One development is visibly in progress: the end of a century, like the end of a house's tenancy, brings with it a ruthless disposal of accumulated trash, once viewed as treasure. Old styles, old scruples, old debates, old gossip, old books—out with them! The departed century's literary masterpieces undergo drastic winnowing, and already we can see, in young people's indisposition to read at all and a jaundiced anti-canon mood within academia, a massive casting out and forgetting such as has disposed of most of the Greek and Latin texts that once formed the basis of an education.



I was born in 1932, and one of my first idle speculations concerned whether or not I would live to see the year 2000. It was nip and tuck, by the actuarial charts of Depression America. Now the odds seem pretty good, and I look forward with irrational expectancy to the ominous and charismatic New Year. Until then, my life will have been entirely a twentieth-century one, imbued with a certain temporal patriotism, despite the carnage and cruelty the century has housed—more than any other, if pain can be quantified. As a boy, I thrilled to the trumpets that blared when, in the darkened movie house, the three-dimensional letters of "20th Century Fox" appeared amid swivelling floodlights. And to the hope of someday riding the 20th Century Limited, in one of those spacious compartments where movie stars in glamorous silk pajamas and bathrobes (Myrna Loy, say, and William Powell) puffed cigarettes in holders and cracked witticisms while the sleeping cornfields poured by. And to the Trylon and the Perisphere, approached through what seemed miles of parked cars, in that hopeful year of 1939, when the future was a benign matter of spiralling highways and a family helicopter in every garage. My father beside me, as it happened, had been born in 1900, on George Washington's birthday, and he walked through life with the springy step of a man twice favored. May the children born in 2000 get off to a comparably auspicious start. ♦

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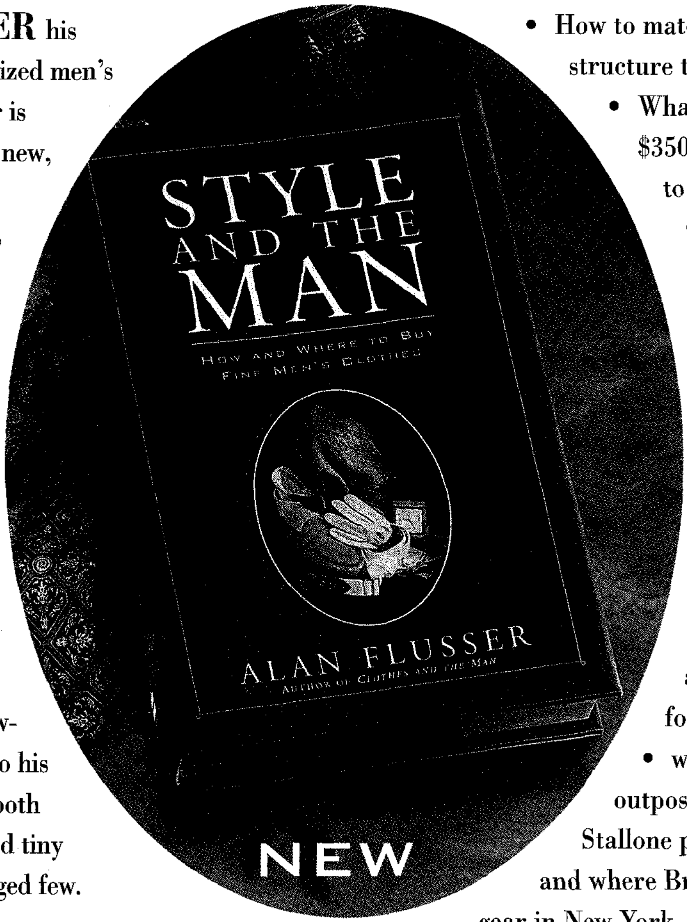
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BRIEFLY NOTED

THE CALCUTTA CHROMOSOME, by Amitav Ghosh (Avon; $23). In this futuristic medical thriller, which travels from New York to Calcutta and back again, Ghosh unseams both chronology and distance with a Borgesian flair. A computer analyst, a reporter, and a film star come together to search for clues surrounding the disappearance of a Nobel Prize-winning scientist renowned for research on the malaria parasite. Despite the novel's post-twentieth-century gadgetry—gregarious computers fluent in the dialects of the Upper Amazon, Simultaneous Visualization headgear—its characters find themselves powerless against a destiny that was written for them long before, in Victorian India. Nothing is straightforward in this mystery, and no clue should be overlooked—least of all a "digitally challenged" hand.

TIMEQUAKE, by Kurt Vonnegut (Putnam; $23.95). The cataclysm of the title—in 2001, time undergoes a tremor, and everyone must relive the nineties—provides an excuse for Vonnegut and his longtime alter ego, Kilgore Trout, to trade rants: on desert camouflage, thirties socialism, the joys of waiting in line at the post office, the traitorousness of Dillinger's Hungarian girlfriend, semicolons. The resulting quilt of snippets is equal parts memoir, literary charm, self-congratulation, humanist sermon, randy geriatric fantasy, and toastmasterly jokefest. This book, Vonnegut's last, has its moments, but unfortunately we wouldn't want to be reading it again in ten years.

INTERFACE CULTURE: HOW NEW TECHNOLOGY TRANSFORMS THE WAY WE CREATE AND COMMUNICATE, by Steven Johnson (HarperEdge; $24). In the genre of books about techno-culture, Johnson's approach is refreshingly levelheaded: the closest the author comes to hyperbole is in claiming that the now ubiquitous metaphorical landscape of personal computing ("desktop," "windows," "icons," "mouse") is "one of the great symbolic accomplishments of our era." "Interface Culture" is a consideration of the ways in which different designs on our computer screens enable us to organize, navigate, and understand the vast universe of cyberspace, and it covers everything from the crucial distinctions between channel-surfing and Web-surfing to the pitfalls of confusing metaphor with simulation. A World Wide Web pioneer, Johnson is a co-founder and the editor-in-chief of the Webzine *FEED*, and, in a similar spirit, this low-key, informed book is designed to provoke further thought without inciting flame wars.

BEFORE THE BEGINNING: OUR UNIVERSE AND OTHERS, by Martin Rees (Addison-Wesley; $25). "The lure of the fundamental is very powerful," writes Rees, who is Great Britain's Astronomer Royal, and there is nothing more fundamental—abstruse though it sometimes seems—than the long-scale evolution of the universe. Rees, who argues that our universe may really be part of a "multiverse"—"just one element . . . in an infinite ensemble: a cosmic archipelago"—examines the history of this universe from the moment called the Planck time, which is an unimaginable brief instant after the Big Bang, to an era a trillion years hence, when "any conceivable form of life or intelligence would have to keep cool, think progressively more slowly, and hibernate for long intervals." "Before the Beginning" is a fascinating, eminently readable meditation on what is known and what is merely conjectured about our universe and its enigmatic neighbors.

GROWING UP DIGITAL, by Don Tapscott (McGraw-Hill; $22.95). The author argues that today's digitally adept kids are developing longer attention spans, improved literacy, better social skills, and a greater aptitude for detecting bullshit on-line and off. This book, a fatuous marketing survey masquerading as a sociology study, is not convincing, but it does bring home the depressing likelihood that Tapscott's "N Gen" (Net Generation) will be the most studied, most labelled, and most demographically categorized youth culture ever. Researchers who once had to hunt down kids in malls for their focus groups can now find young surfers on-line and invite them to "chat" about their preferences, and that is just what Tapscott did for "Growing Up Digital." One can only hope that these kids will develop bullshit detectors sooner rather than later: they're certainly going to need them.

IMAGINED WORLDS, by Freeman Dyson (Harvard; $22). The future is that undisprovable place about which it is impossible to be completely right or completely wrong. "Imagined Worlds," by the physicist and space scientist Freeman Dyson, is not a blueprint for the future so much as a study—by turns optimistic and skeptical—of the way blueprints have predicted and failed to predict what lies ahead. "Ethical progress," Dyson writes, echoing J. B. S. Haldane and Einstein, "is the only cure for the damage done by scientific progress." This is an extraordinary book, written in the wisdom of old age but with the hopeful courage of a man whose commitment to science, if not necessarily to its products, has kept him young.

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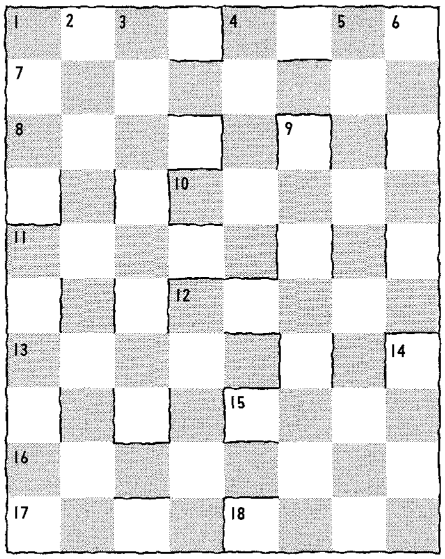

ACROSS

- 1 Remove duplicate letters from access cards (4)
- 4 Record *d* = 100 (4)
- 7 Leave senior holding identical fabric (8)
- 8 Some bemused birds from Oz (4)
- 10 Farewell broadcasts started late (5)
- 11 Tyne consumes one every twenty-four hours (5)
- 12 Reporters reserve troop (5)
- 13 Bad grade in a large exam (5)
- 15 Heard dog so long (4)
- 16 What's inside pleases (8)
- 17 Stops, not starting repairs (4)
- 18 Face swarm from the east (4)

DOWN

- 1 Declined a dropout's degree (4)
- 2 Parallel porno scam I arranged (10)
- 3 Adjusting tenure is greedy (8)
- 4 Marvellous letters at front and back of diary? (5)
- 5 Mediocre doctor doesn't care (6-4)
- 6 Defoe character changed course (6)
- 9 Headache initially miffed Arthur's mom (8)
- 11 Mar six piano keys? (6)
- 12 Trapped by bears, lieutenant stops (5)
- 14 Army entertainer (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 18 appears on page 263. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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SHOUTS & MURMURS

A GLIMPSE BACK FROM 2050

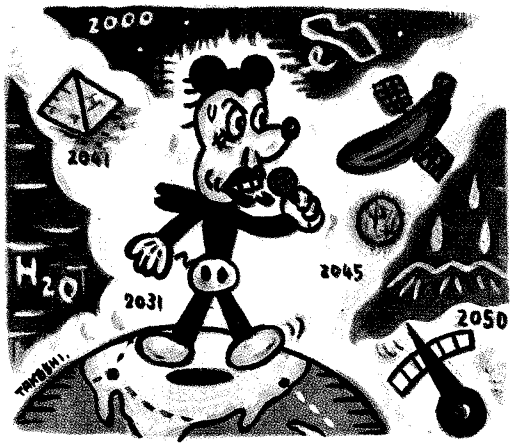
BY BRUCE McCALL

LIKE, #1, th' Inglish languij itself chang'd as so-sy-uh-tee ak-seller-aytud inta th' post-litrat eeruh, and in onli a fü yeerz had bekum all-most un-rekony-zubul! Bud, like, jus fer sent-u-ment's saik, less rite this hole paij of reflekshuns in th' "ol Inglish" stile of 1997.

Fin-de-siècle Americans expected so much from the next millennium. A 1999 Fox News/National Enquirer poll forecast a cleaned-up Teamsters, re-growable hair, and rip-proof shopping bags among the top hundred sure bets for that great gettin'-up-2000-A.D. morning. Ah, you pre-third-millennium gravity slaves! So naïve!

We almost hesitate to report that the Franklin Mint now prints all U.S. currency and that we have to buy our $10 bills in twelve monthly installments of $1.95, that our first gay President was outed—and ousted—in a lurid heterosexual scandal, and that women still can't get a foothold in sumo wrestling. Sorry, twentieth-century dreamers, but so damned much about your race toward that bright tomorrow turned out to be an appointment in Samarra.

Early in the millennium, for instance, we found that "Elvis" character living behind a false wall in a Memphis house trailer, but the comeback bombed, and then the poor slob overdosed again. Sure, the foot-powered folks who lived back in the wheeled epoch would now be happily dosing on mobility pills. On the other hand, the failure of world climate control under the Globedome would break their hearts. Remember, in those days they still went down to the "sea" (vast pools of unboiled natural H_2O, a clear liquid back then) in "ships"—giant bath toys that floated back and forth across today's Grand Salt Canyons, hauling "garbage" out and "immigrants" in.



We forget that cynicism was still a pejorative term back then, so by the hidebound ethos of the previous millennium Congress's decision to lower the voting age to five the same day it passed the Free Candy Bill would have smelled "to high heaven," whatever that means. Certain bedrock American values, our forebears would be glad to learn, did hold. Note that in 2014 the International Rocket Association—*once the "National Rifle Association"*—threatened to launch an attack on Washington if Capitol Hill upheld a ban on intercontinental squirrel-hunting missiles. And Liz Taylor, at her thirty-third wedding, to North Korean strongman Kim Jong Bob, wore a traditional wedding gown. Yet you'd also find so many of your sacred shibboleths in smithereens: Canada condemned by a U.N. vote of 634 to none for invading the République de Québec; a left-handed three-quarters-female shortstop named the National League M.V.P.; the Jewish Alcoholic Pride Day march, a million mensches strong. Don't let's even *ponder* how that gender-fixated circa-1999 society would have greeted Dr. Rodman's invention of the vagenis!

Progress has by no means stalled on all fronts. The Mir space station is almost fixed. (Russia, by the way, decided to clone the Romanovs back into existence—and after all that fuss!) Cuba quit NATO. Liposuction is out, giant cannibal leeches are in. Walt Disney, revived, can't draw a recognizable Mickey Mouse, fully discrediting cryonics. Yup, the gardens on Mars have proved bountiful. Get your red-hot twenty-foot zucchinis!

Still, it's trickier than it ought to be to cite twenty-first-century advances that would do our forebears proud. And all too easy to finger developments that would give those home-dwelling, semi-amphibian, haired ancestors of ours pause. Their beloved Pulitzers becoming an off-camera event at the MTV Music Video Awards for Best Video Based on a Linear "Idea" (a nineteen-hundreds term for a conceptualization). Amelia Earhart's plane poking up out of the San Andreas Fault near Petaluma one day in 2031, knocking a hundred years of oceanographic theory into a cocked hat. The Bureau of Labor Statistics ranking "film director" as the most common U.S. occupation. Egypt suing the Gates estate to reclaim the pyramids. Archeologists digging for the lost city of Detroit in 2045 and stumbling upon Jimmy Hoffa.

But, ultimately, as mankind raced into the future, our great-grandparents from that time before the sport of time-warping might be forgiven for shivering with sudden bouts of déjà vu. Perhaps, after all, the more things changed the more they stayed the same. No, you idealism-addled baby-raisers, we never did go metric. Yes, "Seinfeld" still tops the late-night ratings. And this just in: the Stones may tour next summer. ♦

TAKESHI TADATSU

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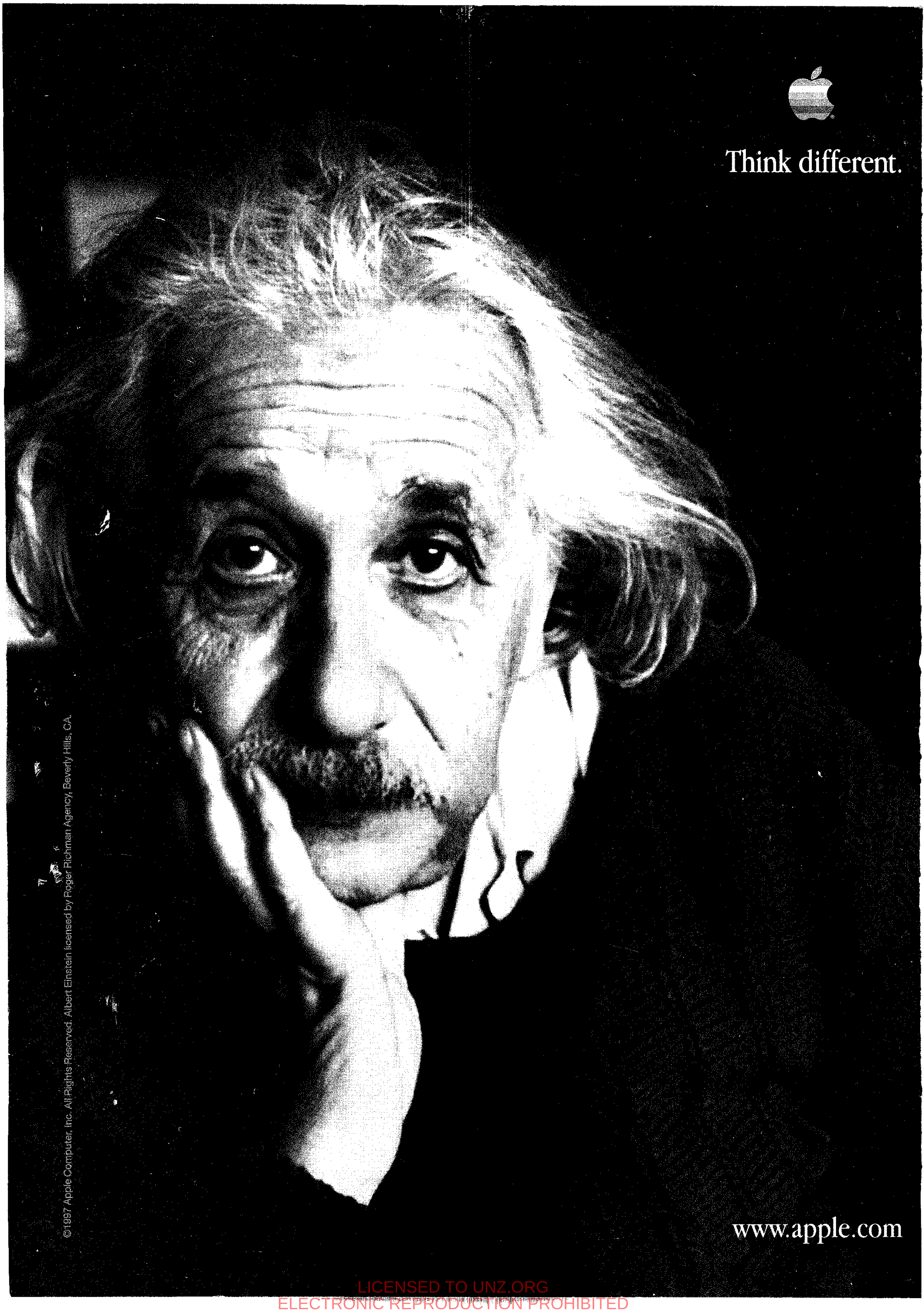
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